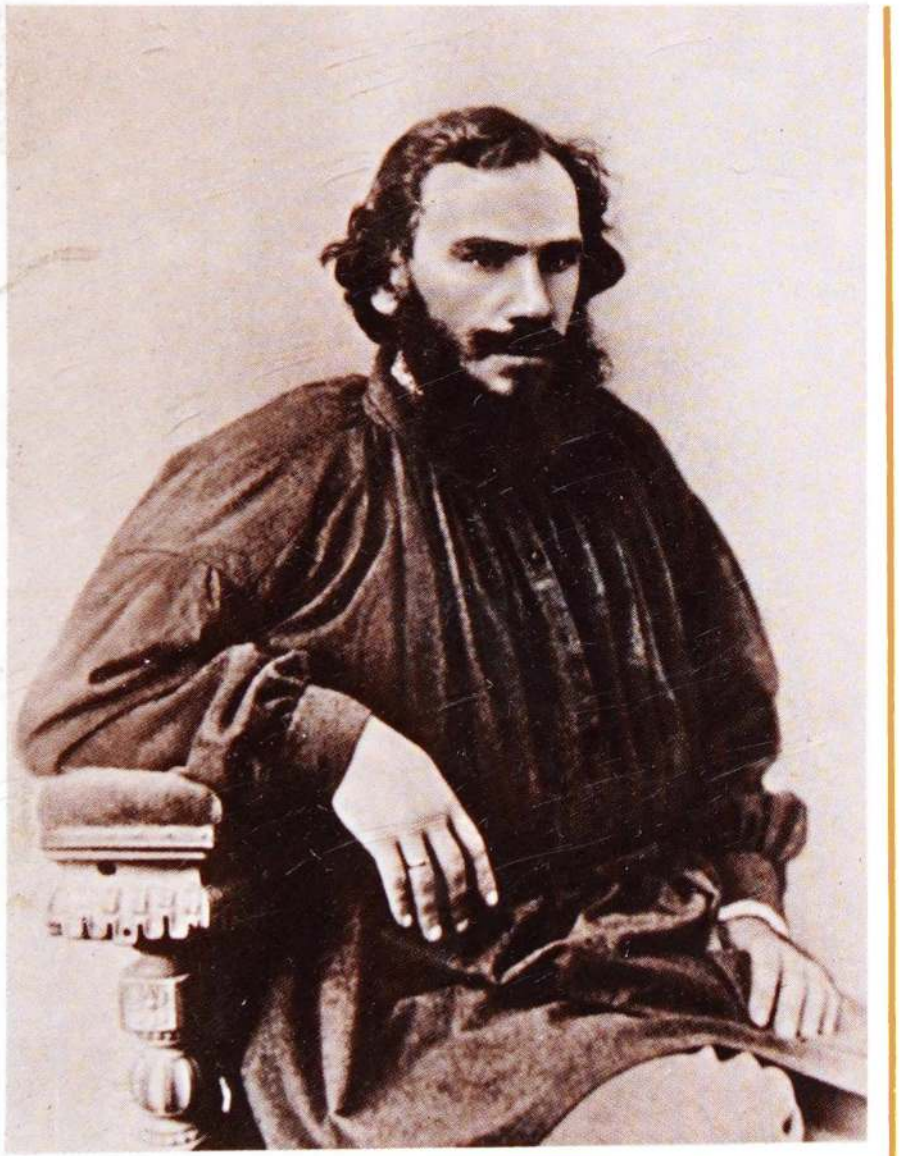
PROGRESS · RUSSIAN CLASSICS SERIES

LEV TOLSTOY

Anna Karenina



I did not hesitate to name *Anna Karenina* the greatest social novel of all time.

Thomas Mann

He sees the world from behind the scenes of politics and society, whilst most of us are sitting to be gulled in the pit.

George Bernard Shaw

If a man could but write like Tolstoy and have all the world listen to him!

Theodore Dreiser

PROGRESS · RUSSIAN CLASSICS SERIES

LEV TOLSTOY

Anna Karenina

Book Two

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Translated from the Russian by *Margaret Wettlin*
Illustrated by *Orest Vereisky*

Лев Толстой

АННА КАРЕНИНА

На английском языке

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PART FIVE

1

Princess Scherbatsky thought the wedding could not possibly take place before Lent, which was only five weeks off, since only half the trousseau could be got ready by that time; but she could not but agree with Levin that it would be dangerous to postpone it until after Lent, for Prince Scherbatsky's old aunt was so ill that she might die any day, and then the period of mourning would make them put off the wedding even longer. For that reason she consented to hold the wedding before Lent, deciding to divide the trousseau into two parts, a big and little trousseau. She would make ready the little trousseau for the wedding and send on the big one later, and she became very cross with Levin for being unable to give her a serious answer as to whether or not he agreed to this. The arrangement seemed the more convenient in that the young couple were to go to Levin's country estate directly after the wedding, where there would be no immediate need for the big trousseau.

Levin was still in a state of delirium in which he and his happiness seemed to be the main and sole aim of the universe and he felt that he had no cause to think or concern himself about anything at all, that everything was and would continue to be taken care of by others. He did not even make any plans or adopt any aims for his future life; he left that, too, to others, sure that everything would be perfect. Koznishev, Oblonsky and the princess took him in hand and saw that he did what he was expected to do. He merely consented to whatever they proposed. His brother raised money for him, the princess

advised that they leave Moscow immediately after the wedding and Oblonsky advised their going abroad. He agreed to everything. Do what you like with me if it amuses you, he said to himself. I am happy, and nothing you do can add to or detract from my happiness. When he told Kitty that Oblonsky thought they should go abroad, he was surprised by her rejecting the idea and by discovering that she had definite views of her own as to how they were to live. She knew that Levin had work in the country to which he was devoted. He could see that she did not understand his work and had no desire to understand it. But this did not keep her from considering his work of utmost importance. Knowing that their home would be in the country, she did not wish to go abroad, where she would never live, but to the place which was to become her home. Levin was surprised to hear her express her intention so decidedly. But since it was all the same to him, he asked Oblonsky (as if Oblonsky were obliged to do whatever he asked) to go to the estate and make it ready for them to the best of his ability and with the good taste of which he had such an abundance.

"By the way," Oblonsky said to him when he got back from the country where he had prepared everything for the young couple's home-coming. "Have you a certificate saying you have taken the sacrament?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, the church won't marry you without it."

"Good heavens!" cried Levin. "It's been at least nine years since I've been to communion. I completely forgot about it."

"You're a fine one!" said Oblonsky. "And it's me you accuse of being a nihilist! But it won't do, you know. You've got to take the sacrament."

"But there are only four days left."

Oblonsky arranged it for him. And Levin prepared himself to go through with it. It was very hard for him, an

unbeliever who yet respected the beliefs of others, to attend and take part in religious rites. Now, when he was in such a softened state, so particularly sensitive to all things, he found it not only hard but well-nigh impossible to be a hypocrite. Now, in a state of glory, of exultation, it behoved him either to lie or commit sacrilege. He felt he could do neither. But press Oblonsky as he might to obtain a certificate without going through the ritual, Oblonsky remained firm—he must take the sacrament.

"Why make such a fuss, old boy? A mere two days. The priest's a dear, clever old chap. He'll have the tooth out before you know it."

As he stood through early mass the first time, Levin tried to revive youthful memories of the strong religious feelings he had experienced at the age of sixteen and seventeen. He was soon convinced that this was impossible. Then he tried to look upon it as an empty custom of no significance whatever, like paying calls. But he could not do this either. Levin's attitude to religion, like that of most of his contemporaries, was extremely vague. He was unable to accept it, yet he was not fully convinced that there was nothing behind it. Consequently, unable as he was to believe in the significance of what he did, nor yet to look upon it indifferently as a mere formality, he felt awkward and ashamed throughout the entire period of preparation for the sacrament, doing things he did not understand and which were therefore, as an inner voice told him, false and wrong.

During the service he would at one moment listen to the liturgy, trying to find in it a meaning that did not run counter to his own views; then, discovering that he could not comprehend it and was obliged to reject it, he would try not to listen and give himself up to the thoughts, observations and recollections that rose in his mind with extraordinary vividness as he stood idly in the church.

He attended early mass, late mass and vespers, and the next day, rising earlier than usual, went to church at

eight o'clock without breakfast to hear the matutinal reading of the laws and make confession.

The church was empty except for a poor soldier, two old women and a few celebrants.

A young deacon with the two halves of his long spine showing distinctly beneath his thin cassock, came to meet him and led him directly to a little table against the wall where he began reading the laws. As he read, especially when he kept slurring hastily over "Lord have mercy", which came out "Loramercy, Loramercy" Levin felt that his own thoughts were locked up and sealed and must not be disturbed lest they should throw his mind into confusion, and so, standing behind the deacon, he did not listen and did not attempt to comprehend, but gave himself up to his own reflections. How wonderfully expressive her hands are, he said to himself, recalling how on the previous evening they had sat together at a table in the corner. They had had nothing in particular to say to each other, as was true most of the time these days, and she put her hand on the table and opened and shut it and laughed as she watched it. He recalled kissing the hand and then examining the lines on the rosy palm. " 'Loramercy' again," he thought, crossing himself and bowing and noticing the agility with which the deacon bowed. "Then she took my hand and examined the lines. 'You have a lovely hand,' she had said." He looked at his hand and at the deacon's blunt fingers. It will soon be over. Or no, he seems to be beginning all over again, he thought as he listened to the prayer. No he's finishing; there, he's bowing to the earth; that comes just before the end.

The deacon stealthily accepted the three-ruble note in a hand half-covered by his velvet cuff, said he would write out the certificate, and went to the altar, his new boots striking loudly on the stone floor of the empty church. Presently he peered out from behind a door and beckoned to Levin. Locked-up thoughts began to stir in Levin's mind, but he hastened to drive them away. I'll go

through with it somehow, he said to himself and went to the altar rail. He stood on the step and, turning to the right, saw the priest. He was standing at the lectern leafing through the missal, an old man with a meagre greying beard and tired kindly eyes. He bowed slightly to Levin and began reading the prayers in a mechanical voice. When he finished he bowed to the earth and turned to Levin.

"Christ is invisibly present to receive your confession," he said, pointing to the crucifix. "Do you believe all that the Holy Apostolic Church teaches?" he went on, withdrawing his eyes from Levin's face and folding his hands under his stole.

"I entertain doubts, I doubt everything," said Levin in a voice that rang unpleasantly in his own ears.

The priest waited a few moments for him to go on; when he did not do so, the priest shut his eyes and said in a quick voice with a Volga accent, stressing the "o's":

"Man in his weakness is subject to doubt, but we must pray that God in his mercy strengthen our faith. What sins are you guilty of?" he asked without the slightest pause, as if eager to waste no time.

"Doubt is my greatest sin. I doubt everything and find myself most of the time in a state of doubt."

"Man in his weakness is subject to doubt," reiterated the priest. "What is it you doubt most?"

"I doubt everything. Sometimes I even doubt the existence of God," said Levin impulsively, instantly shocked by the unseemliness of what he said. But his words seemed to make no impression at all upon the priest.

"What doubt can there be of the existence of God?" put in the priest hastily with a scarcely perceptible smile.

Levin said nothing.

"How can you doubt the Creator when you see the work of His hand?" went on the priest in a quick ordinary voice. "Who has adorned the sky with celestial bodies? Who has wrapped the earth in beauty? Who but the

Creator could have done it?" he asked, looking questioningly at Levin.

Levin felt this was no time to enter into a philosophical discussion with the priest and so he only said what directly related to the question.

"I don't know," he said.

"You don't know? How can you doubt that God created it all?" asked the priest with an amused sort of perplexity.

"I don't understand anything," said Levin, blushing and feeling that his words were foolish and that they could be nothing but foolish in such a situation.

"Pray to the Lord and ask His help. Even the Holy Fathers suffered doubts and asked God to confirm their faith. The devil is very powerful and we must not succumb to him. Pray to the Lord and ask His help. Pray to the Lord," he repeated hurriedly.

The priest was silent a little, as if considering something.

"I have heard you are about to marry the daughter of my parishioner and spiritual son, Prince Scherbatsky?" he said with a smile. "Charming young lady."

"Yes," said Levin, blushing for the priest. Why should he bring this up at the confession? he asked himself.

As if in reply to his unspoken query, the priest said:

"You are about to enter into holy matrimony and God may bless you with offspring, is that not so? How can you teach your little ones if you have not overcome the temptation of the devil, leading you into a state of unbelief?" he said in mild rebuke. "If you love your child you, as a good father, will not want to give him only wealth, luxury and position; you will want to show him the way to salvation, you will want his soul to be illumined by the light of truth. Is that not so? What answer will you give when your innocent one says to you, 'Papa, who made all that delights me in this world–the earth, the water, the sun, the flowers and the grass?' Surely you will not say 'I don't know.' You cannot help knowing, for the Lord God

in His great mercy has revealed it to you. Or if your child should ask you 'What awaits me beyond the grave?' What can you say when you know nothing? How shall you answer him? Will you abandon him to the allurements of the world and the devil? That would be very wrong of you," said he, pausing and bending his head on one side and looking at Levin with his meek and kindly eyes.

Levin made no answer this time, and not because he did not want to argue with the priest but because no one had as yet put these questions to him; when his children should ask him there would be time enough to consider how he would answer them.

"You are entering upon a time of life," went on the priest, "when it is necessary to choose a path and not stray from it. Pray that the Lord will show you His grace and be merciful unto you," he concluded. "May the Lord God Jesus Christ, in the fullness and bounty of His love for mankind, forgive this, His erring child. . . ." With a concluding prayer the priest gave Levin his blessing and dismissed him.

On returning home Levin experienced the joyous relief that an unpleasant task was accomplished, and accomplished in a way that had not made him lie. He was, moreover, left with the vague impression that the things the good kind old man had said were not as foolish as they had seemed to be at first, that there was something in them that must be made clear.

Not now, of course, thought Levin, but sometime in the future. More than ever before he felt that there was something unclear and unclean in his soul and that in respect to religion he was in the same position he had found others to be in and had disapproved of, the position for which he had so harshly criticized his friend Sviazhsky.

He and Kitty spent the evening at Dolly's. Levin was in unusually high spirits and in explaining his state of mind to Oblonsky he said he was as happy as a little

dog being taught to leap through a hoop, who is so delighted the first time he goes through that he squeals and wags his tail and jumps up on the table and window-sill in ecstasy.

2

On his wedding-day Levin, according to tradition (and both the princess and Dolly insisted that all traditions be strictly observed), did not go to see his betrothed and had dinner in his hotel with three bachelors who chanced to drop in: Koznishev, Katavasov (a university friend, now a professor of natural science, whom Levin met in the street and brought back to the hotel with him) and Chirikov (his best man, a judge in the Moscow court, with whom Levin went bear-hunting). The dinner was a gay affair. Koznishev was in the best of humours and was greatly amused by what he found to be Katavasov's originality. Aware that his originality was recognized and appreciated, Katavasov made the most of it. Chirikov gladly and good-naturedly supported any subject that was taken up.

"Yes, indeed," said Katavasov, drawing out his words in his usual lecture-room manner, "our friend Konstantin Levin has always displayed first-rate abilities. I am speaking of one who is absent, for Levin is no longer with us. By the time he left the university he was devoted to science and had human interests. Now one half of his abilities are directed to deceiving himself and the other half to justifying this deception."

"A greater enemy of the married state than you it has never been my privilege to meet," said Koznishev.

"No, I am not an enemy. I am a friend of division of labour. Those who are incapable of making anything else ought to make children; the rest–to contribute to their happiness and enlightenment. That is how I see it. A great many people would like to mix up these two trades. I am not of their number."

"How I will gloat when I find out you have fallen in love!" said Levin. "Be sure to invite me to your wedding."

"I am already in love."

"Yes, with cuttlefish! Do you know," said Levin, turning to his brother, "that Katavasov is writing a dissertation on the nourishment and. . ."

"Now don't mix things up. What difference does it make on what? The thing is I really am in love with cuttlefish."

"But it won't keep you from loving a wife as well."

"The cuttlefish may not interfere, but the wife is sure to."

"Why should she?"

"Just wait. You'll see. You love running the farm and hunting. Well, you'll see."

"Arkhip dropped in today. He says there's lots of elk in the woods near Prudnoye and two bears," said Chirikov.

"Well, you'll have to hunt them without me this time."

"There's the truth for you!" said Koznishev. "You can say farewell to bear-hunting from now on. Your wife won't let you go."

Levin smiled. The idea that his wife would not let him go was so delightful that he was ready to renounce the pleasure for all time.

"But really it's a pity to think of those two bears being tracked down without your help. Remember our last trip to Khapilovo? Come along, we're sure to have a great time," said Chirikov.

Levin did not wish to cause him chagrin by asserting there could be nothing marvellous anywhere without her, so he kept quiet.

"There's sense behind this ritual of taking farewell of bachelor life," said Koznishev. "Happy as I hope you may be, even so it's too bad to give up your freedom."

"Come now, man, be honest: don't you have a desire to escape by jumping out of the window like the hero of Gogol's comedy?"

"I'm sure he does but he won't admit it," said Katavasov, and broke into a roar of laughter.

"Well, there you are, the window's open... Let's be off to Tver. I know where we can scare a bear out of its lair. Come on, we'll take the five o'clock train! And a fig for those left behind!" said Chirikov with a smile.

"Believe it or not," Levin smiled back, "I've searched my heart and can't find the slightest regret at parting with my freedom."

"Bah! Your heart's in such a topsy-turvy state just now you can't find anything in it," said Katavasov. "Wait a bit. When you've put it in order you'll find it."

"No, I'd have at least an inkling that besides my... er... feeling" (he did not wish to use the word *love* with them) "and my happiness, there was at least some semblance of regret at losing my freedom. But quite the contrary; I rejoice in losing my freedom."

"Very bad. A hopeless case," mourned Katavasov. "Well, let's drink to his recovery or at least to the realization of a hundredth part of his dreams. Even that would be happiness such as the world has yet to see!"

Soon after dinner the guests departed to dress for the wedding.

Left alone, Levin went over in his mind the talk of these bachelors and once more asked himself: was there in his heart the slightest regret that he was forfeiting the freedom of which they spoke? The question brought a smile to his lips. Freedom? What did he want with freedom? Happiness lay only in loving, in thinking her thoughts and wishing her wishes–in a word, no freedom at all; that was happiness!

"But do you know her thoughts, her wishes, her feelings?" a voice whispered in his ear. His smile vanished and he became lost in thought. Suddenly he was possessed by an odd feeling. He found himself in the grip of doubts and fears–doubts of everything.

What if she does not love me? What if she is marrying me only for the sake of being married? What if she herself does not know what she is doing? he asked himself. She may come to herself and, having just married me, understand that she does not love me and can never love me. The strangest, most vicious thoughts pressed themselves upon him. He thought of her with Vronsky and became as jealous as he had been the year before; it was as if the evening he had seen her with Vronsky was only last evening. He suspected her of not having told him everything.

He leaped to his feet. This can't go on! he said to himself in despair. I shall go to her, I shall say to her for the last time—we are both free and had we not better remain so? Anything is better than constant misery, shame, infidelity! With his heart full of despair, hating everybody including her and himself, he left the hotel and went to her house.

He found her in one of the back rooms. She was sitting on a trunk giving instructions to a young maid and fussing with heaps of many-coloured frocks spread on the backs of chairs and on the floor.

"Oh!" she cried, radiant with joy on seeing him. "How did you...? I didn't expect you. Here I am deciding what to do with my maiden frocks, who to give them to."

"Very good," he said, glowering at the maid.

"You may go, Dunyasha, I'll call you later," said Kitty. "What's the matter?" she asked as soon as the girl had gone. She noticed his strange face, dark and troubled, and she was frightened.

"Kitty! I'm suffering tortures. I cannot go on suffering alone," he said in desperation, standing directly in front of her and looking into her eyes beseechingly. When he read only love and candour in her eyes he knew nothing would come of what he had intended telling her, but still he had to hear her reassurances. "I have come to say it is not too late yet. This can all be stopped and set right."

"What? I don't understand. What is the matter with you?"

"What I have told you a thousand times and cannot help thinking: that I am unworthy of you. You cannot be willing to marry me. Think it over. You have made a mistake. Think well. It is impossible that you should love me. If . . . ah, better to say so now," he said without looking at her. "I shall be miserable. Let people say what they like; anything is better than such misery. Now is the time, before it is too late."

"I don't understand," she answered, frightened. "You wish to break it off . . . not to go on?"

"Yes, if you do not love me."

"You are mad!" she cried, reddening with vexation.

But he looked so pitiful that she suppressed her vexation and, snatching a frock off a chair, sat down next to him.

"What have you been thinking? Tell me everything."

"I've been thinking that you couldn't possibly love me. What could you love me for?"

"Good heavens! What can I. . . ?" she said, bursting into tears.

"Oh, what have I done!" he cried and, falling on his knees in front of her, began kissing her hands.

When the princess came into the room five minutes later she found them completely reconciled. Not only had Kitty assured him that she loved him but she had answered his question as to what she could love him for. She told him she loved him because she saw into his soul; she knew what he loved and everything he loved was good. He found this clear enough. So when the princess entered the room they were sitting on the trunk sorting out the frocks and arguing because Kitty intended giving Dunyasha the brown frock she had been wearing when Levin proposed to her and he insisted that this frock must not be given away and Dunyasha could have the blue one.

"Can't you understand? She's a brunette and it doesn't suit her. I've thought it all out."

When the princess found out what had brought him here she scolded him half in earnest, half in jest, and sent him home to get dressed and not keep Kitty from having her hair done, for Charles would come to do it any minute.

"She hasn't eaten anything all these days as it is and has lost her good looks and here you are upsetting her with this nonsense," she said to him. "Be off with you, be off with you, my boy!"

Levin went back to the hotel feeling guilty and ashamed but much relieved. Koznishev, Dolly and Oblonsky, all in wedding attire, were waiting to bless him with the icon. There was no time to lose. Dolly still had to go home to fetch her curled and pomaded little boy who was to carry the icon to the altar. Besides that she had to send a carriage for the best man and see that the carriage that took Koznishev should come back here... In a word, there were many complicated things to think of. One thing was certain, no time was to be lost for it was already half past six.

Nothing came of the icon-blessing ceremony. Oblonsky assumed a comically-solemn pose beside his wife, took the icon and, ordering Levin to bow to the earth, blessed him with a good-natured ironic smile and kissed him three times; Dolly did the same and would have rushed away, but her mind was a muddle of carriages that had to be sent goodness only knew where and for whom.

"This is what we shall do: you take our carriage and fetch him, and Sergei Ivanovich, if he'll be so kind, will go with you and then send back the carriage."

"I will, with pleasure."

"We'll be along presently. Have you sent off the things?"

"I have," replied Levin, and told Kuzma to put out his clothes.

3

A crowd of people, mostly women, surrounded the church, brightly lighted for the wedding. Those who had missed their chance of going inside gathered beneath the windows–pushing, quarreling, peering through the gratings.

More than twenty carriages had been ranged along the street by the gendarmes. In defiance of the cold, a police officer stood at the entrance in a dazzling uniform. Still the carriages kept coming, and out of them stepped ladies carrying flowers and holding up their trains, and gentlemen who took off fur caps or high hats as they entered the church. Both chandeliers and all the candles in front of the icons were lighted already. The golden gleam on the red background of the iconostasis, the gilded wood-carving of the icons, the silver of the candelabras and candlesticks, the stone flags of the floor, the carpets, the holy banners hanging above the choir-loft, the steps of the altar, the darkened pages of the ancient missals, the cassocks and rich vestments–all were flooded with light. On the right-hand side of the church, from the crowd of frock-coats and white ties of uniforms, silks, satins, taffetas, velvets, hair, flowers, bare arms and shoulders and long gloves, came a vivacious if subdued hum of voices that was oddly echoed in the high dome. Every time the door opened with a little squeak the hum of voices ceased and everyone turned round in the expectation of seeing the bride and groom enter. But it had opened dozens of times and each time it had turned out to be a latecomer who joined the invited guests on the right, or a spectator who had got past the police officer by trick or blandishment and joined the crowd of outsiders on the left. By this time the invited and uninvited alike had passed through all the stages of anticipation.

At first they had supposed that the bride and groom would appear any moment and attached no importance

to the delay. Soon, however, they glanced at the door more and more often and asked one another whether something were not amiss. In the end the delay became embarrassing and relatives and friends engaged in conversation so as to create the appearance of composure.

The arch-deacon, as if to remind them that his valuable time was being wasted, coughed with such violent impatience that the windows rattled. The weary singers up in the choir-loft now tried out their voices, now blew their noses. The priest kept sending an altar boy or a deacon to see if the bridegroom had not arrived, and he himself in a purple robe with embroidered cincture went frequently to a side door to look for the bridegroom. At last one of the ladies glanced at her watch and said, "This is very strange indeed!" and at this all the guests moved uneasily and loudly expressed their astonishment and displeasure. One of the best men rode off to find out what the trouble was.

Kitty, long since ready in her white gown and long veil wreathed with orange blossoms, had been waiting with her sister, Madame Lvova (chief bridesmaid), in the Scherbatsky's drawing-room, where for more than half an hour they had been looking out of the window in futile expectation of the best man who was to come and tell them the bridegroom was at the church.

Meanwhile Levin, in trousers but without waistcoat or dress coat, was pacing the floor of his hotel room, opening the door every other second to peer up and down the corridor. But the person he was expecting did not appear in the corridor and with a despairing wave of his hand he would turn back to Oblonsky, who was sitting and smoking serenely.

"Was ever a man in such a ridiculous and horrible fix?" he said.

"Yes, rather foolish," acquiesced Oblonsky with a comforting smile. "But calm yourself, you'll have it in a minute."

"Think of it!" said Levin with restrained rage. "And these absurd open waistcoats!" he said, looking down at his wrinkled shirt. "What if they've sent off my luggage to the station already?" he cried in despair.

"Then you'll put on one of mine."

"That's what I ought to have done long ago."

"You mustn't look comical. Wait, *everything will shape up.*"

The trouble was, that when Levin had asked Kuzma to put out his things, the old servant had brought his dress coat, his waistcoat, and all that was required.

"Where's my shirt?" Levin had cried.

"You're wearing it," replied Kuzma with a tranquil smile.

He had not remembered to leave out a clean shirt when he had been told to pack up everything and take the bags to the Scherbatskys', from where the young couple were to set out that very evening; the only thing he had left out was Levin's dress suit. The shirt Levin had been wearing since morning was wrinkled and could not possibly be worn with an open waistcoat. The Scherbatskys' house was too far away to go there for the shirt. They sent for a new one. The footman came back: all the shops were closed, it was Sunday. They sent for one of Oblonsky's shirts. It was much too wide and too short. In the end they had to send to the Scherbatskys' and unpack the luggage. Everyone was waiting for the bridegroom at the church and here was he pacing up and down the room, like a caged animal, glancing out into the corridor and wondering with horror and despair what Kitty must be thinking, especially after what he had told her that very day.

At last the guilty Kuzma came flying into the room all out of breath but with the shirt in his hands.

"Just in time . . . Loading the luggage on the cart already. . ." he gasped.

Three minutes later, afraid to look at the clock, Levin was rushing down the hotel corridor.

"That won't help," smiled Oblonsky as he hurried after him unhurriedly. "*Everything will shape up, everything will shape up,* I tell you."

4

"They've come!..." "There he is!..." "Which one?" "The younger man?" "And she, poor dear, more dead than alive!" were the remarks that came from the crowd when Levin met his bride at the entrance and went with her into the church.

Oblonsky told his wife the reason for the delay and the guests smiled and whispered among themselves. Levin saw nobody and nothing; his eyes were glued to his bride.

Everyone said she had lost her looks of late and was not nearly as pretty as usual. Levin did not find it so. He looked at her high-piled hair from which the long veil flowed, and the white flowers, and the standing collar in tiny pleats that so chastely covered her long neck on either side and left it open in front, and her amazingly slender waist, and it seemed to him she was lovelier than ever—not because those flowers and that veil and the Paris gown added anything to her beauty, but because in spite of the elaborateness of her toilette, the expression of her dear face, her glance, her lips, was the same innocently truthful expression peculiar to her.

"I was beginning to think you had run away," she said to him with a smile.

"What happened was so foolish I'm ashamed to admit it," he said, blushing and finding it necessary to turn to Koznishev, who came up to him just then.

"A fine story, that of the shirt," said Koznishev, with a shake of his head and a little laugh.

"Oh, yes," replied Levin, unaware of what was said.

"Well, Kostya, the time's come to decide a weighty question," said Oblonsky with a mock-serious look. "Pre-

cisely at this moment you are in a position to appreciate its importance. I have been asked: are the candles to be new ones or ones that have been lighted before? Ten rubles difference," he added, shirring his lips into a smile. "I made the decision but I'm afraid you may not agree with it."

Levin understood it was a joke but he could not laugh.

"Well then, what is it to be?–new or used candles?"

"New ones, of course."

"Very glad. The matter is settled," grinned Oblonsky, then: "What an imbecile a man becomes at his wedding!" he remarked to Chirikov when Levin, after staring at him blankly a moment, went to his bride.

"Mind, Kitty! You must step on the carpet first!" admonished Countess Nordston who came up at this moment. "A fine one, you!" she said to Levin.

"Are you not frightened?" asked Maria Dmitrievna, an elderly aunt.

"Are you chilly, darling? You look so pale. Wait, bend down," said Kitty's sister, Madame Lvova, smiling and lifting her beautiful round arms to adjust the flowers on Kitty's head.

Dolly came up as if to say something, but she began to cry and could not speak and only laughed unnaturally.

Kitty looked at everyone with the same abstracted gaze as did Levin. The only response she could make to the words spoken to her was the happy smile that came so naturally to her now.

By this time the officiants had donned their vestments and the priest and deacon made their way to a lectern standing at the back of the church. The priest turned to Levin and said something to him, but Levin did not hear.

"Take the bride's hand and lead her," said the best man.

For some time Levin could not understand what was required of him. They kept prompting him and almost gave up in despair because he would reach out with the

wrong hand or clasp her wrong hand. At last he understood that without changing his position he was to take the bride's right hand in his own right hand. When he succeeded in doing this the priest walked a few steps ahead and stopped beside the lectern. Relatives and friends surged after them with a low hum of voices and a swishing of trains. Someone bent down and straightened the bride's train. Presently it became so quiet in the church that the dripping of candle grease could be heard.

The elderly priest in his tall headdress and with his glistening silver hair pushed behind his ears, thrust his thin arms out from under the heavy silver and gold brocade chasuble with a cross embroidered on the back of it, and began fingering something on the lectern.

Oblonsky unobtrusively went up to him, whispered in his ear and resumed his place with a wink at Levin.

The priest lighted two flower-bedecked candles, held them at an angle in his left hand so that the wax would drip off slowly, and turned to the bridal pair. The priest was the same old man who had heard Levin's confession. He fixed his sad and weary eyes on the bride and groom, heaved a sigh, withdrew his right hand from under his chasuble and blessed the groom: in the same way but with a touch of cautious gentleness he held his clustered fingers above Kitty's bowed head. Then he gave them the two candles and, taking the censer, slowly withdrew.

Can it really be true? Levin asked himself. He glanced at his bride. He saw her in profile from above and knew from the faint quivering of her lips and lashes that she felt his eyes on her. She did not look up but the high frilled collar stirred and touched her little pink ear. He could see that a sigh was caught in her throat, and the gloved hand holding the candle was trembling.

All the fuss over the shirt, his tardiness, the words exchanged with friends and relatives, their indignation, the ludicrousness of his position—all of this was as if it had never been; he felt awed and happy.

A tall handsome arch-deacon in a silver robe and with his hair brushed into curls that stood out on either side of his cap, walked briskly ahead holding out his stole with two fingers in a habitual gesture and came to a halt in front of the priest.

"Thy blessing, Lo-ord," came the solemn chant in slow waves, one after another.

"Blessed be the Lord forever and ever, world without end," responded the priest in a meek sing-song voice as he went on fingering something on the lectern. Then, filling the church from windows to lofty arches, the wonderful harmonies of the invisible choir came swelling forth, grew in volume, broke off for a moment, then gently faded away.

The usual prayers were offered up for peace and salvation, for the Holy Synod and the Tsar; a special prayer was said for the Lord's servants Konstantin and Ekaterina, now about to be joined in holy wedlock.

"We beseech Thee, Lord, bestow upon them Thy love made perfect, and peace and help." It was as if all those congregated there were breathing the prayer along with the deacon.

Levin was stunned by the words. How did they know it was help he needed–yes, precisely help? he marvelled, recalling his recent doubts and fears. What do I know? What can I do in this awesome matter without help? Yes, it is help I need now.

When the deacon finished the prayer, the priest began reading to the bride and groom from the book:

"Eternal God, who doth join these who were separate in an indissoluble union of love; Thou who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca and their descendants according to Thy Holy Covenant, bless now Thy servants Konstantin and Ekaterina and lead them along the path of righteousness. For merciful is the Lord and full of loving kindness. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall

be, world without end." And once more the invisible choir filled the air with harmony: "A-a-men!"

"Eternal God, who doth join these who were separate in a indissoluble union of love..." how profound the words, and how exactly they express what one feels at such a moment! thought Levin. I wonder if she feels it too.

Turning his head, he met her eyes.

From the look in them he concluded that the words meant to her just what they meant to him. But he was mistaken. She hardly understood them; indeed she scarcely listened to the service. She could not listen and comprehend them, so completely was she in the grip of a feeling that kept growing stronger and stronger. It was a feeling of joy that that which had taken place within her six weeks earlier and which for all these six weeks had been a constant source of torment as well as of joy, had now reached fulfilment. On that day six weeks earlier when, in the drawing-room of their home in Arbat Street she in her brown frock had gone up to him and given herself to him without a word–on that day and at that hour she had in her heart broken completely with her former life and begun a new, different, wholly unknown life, although externally she went on with the old one. These six weeks had been supremely happy and supremely tormenting. All her life, all her wishes, all her hopes, were centred in this man whom she did not yet comprehend, yet to whom she was bound by a feeling even less comprehensible than the man himself, a feeling now attracting, now repelling. And at the same time she went on living in the conditions of her former life. As she lived this former life she was horrified to find herself completely and incurably indifferent to everything connected with it–its objects, its customs, the people she loved and who loved her, the distress her indifference caused her mother and especially her darling father, than whom no one had ever been dearer to her until then. One moment

she was horrified by her indifference, the next she rejoiced in the circumstances that had given rise to this indifference. She could think of nothing, she could wish for nothing that did not concern her life with this man; but the new life did not exist yet and she did not even have a clear picture of what it would be like. There was nothing as yet but anticipation, the fear and joy of the new and unknown.

But now the anticipation, uncertainty, the remorse she felt on renouncing her former life—all this was at an end and the new life was beginning.

She could not help being frightened by this new life just because it was unknown; but, frightening or not, it had already begun within her six weeks before; now that which had taken place in her soul long before was being sanctified.

Turning back to the lectern, the priest with difficulty picked up Kitty's tiny wedding-ring and, asking Levin to hold out his hand, slipped it over the first joint of his finger.

"God's servant Konstantin takes unto himself God's servant Ekaterina."

Then he took the big ring and put it on Kitty's little pink finger, repeating the same words in respect to Kitty.

Each time the bridal pair tried to guess what was expected of them they guessed wrong and the priest had to prompt them in a whisper. At last, having performed the ceremony, having made the sign of the cross over them with the rings, the priest gave the big one to Kitty and the little one to Levin again, and again they mixed everything up and exchanged rings twice and even so did not do what was expected of them.

Dolly, Chirikov and Oblonsky stepped forward to set things right. A rustle went through the audience, there were smiles and whisperings, but the solemn and exalted look on the faces of bride and groom did not change; on the contrary, the more mixed up they became with the

rings, the more solemn and serious they looked, and the smile with which Oblonsky whispered that they should now put the rings on each other's hands faded on his lips. His smile, he thought, must be offensive to them.

"Thou didst from the beginning create all creatures male and female," read the priest after the exchange of rings, "and didst give woman to man to be his helpmate and to perpetuate the human race. We beseech Thee, oh Lord our God, who hath glorified the truth in Thine offspring and hath made a covenant with Thy chosen servants, our fathers, from generation to generation, behold now Thy servant Konstantin and Thy servant Ekaterina and make fast their union in faith, in singleness of mind, in truth and in love. . ."

More and more convinced did Levin become that all his concepts of marriage and his dreams of how he would arrange their life together were mere childishness and that actually marriage was something else, something he had never comprehended and now comprehended less than ever, even though it was being accomplished with him; he felt a convulsive tightening in his chest and tears that would not be checked filled his eyes.

5

All Moscow, all their friends and relatives, attended the wedding. Throughout the ceremony in the brilliantly lighted church, in this gathering of elegantly gowned ladies, of gentlemen in white ties, dress suits and uniforms, the discreetly subdued conversation never ceased, supported mostly by the gentlemen, for the ladies were too intent on taking in every detail of a ritual that always touched their hearts.

Among those standing closest to the bride were her two sisters: Dolly and the eldest, the beautiful Madame Lvova, who had come from abroad for the occasion.

"Why should Marie have chosen a purple dress for a

wedding? It might as well be black," said Madame Korsunskaya.

"With a complexion like hers, what else could she choose?" replied Madame Drubetskaya. "But I can't understand why they should have held the wedding in the evening. Like merchants."

"Oh, it's prettier in the evening. I too was married in the evening," replied Madame Korsunskaya with a sigh, remembering how lovely she had looked that evening, how absurdly in love her husband had been, and how different everything was now.

"They say that if a man is best man for the tenth time he will never get married; I wanted to be best man for the tenth time this evening to make sure I was out of danger, but my place was taken," said Count Sinyavin to pretty little Princess Charskaya, who had designs on him.

Princess Charskaya merely smiled. She was watching Kitty and wondering how and when she would stand in Kitty's place with Count Sinyavin at her side; when this took place she would be sure to remind him of his witticism.

Scherbatsky told elderly Dame Nikolayeva that he intended holding the crown above Kitty's chignon to bring her good luck.

"She ought not to have worn a chignon," replied Dame Nikolayeva, who had long since resolved that if the widower she was angling for should marry her, their wedding would be as simple as possible. "I hate such trumpery."

Koznishev was talking to Daria Dmitrievna, jokingly assuring her that the custom of newlyweds going away directly after the wedding had become widespread because the young couple wanted to hide their embarrassment.

"Your brother has a right to feel proud. He couldn't have a sweeter bride. Aren't you jealous?"

"I've had to get over it, Daria Dmitrievna," he replied,

his face unexpectedly assuming a grave and melancholy expression.

Oblonsky was telling his sister-in-law his joke about divorce.

"Her wreath wants straightening," she put in without listening to him.

"What a pity she has lost her looks," Countess Nordston remarked to Madame Lvova. "Oh, but he isn't worth her little finger! Do you not agree?"

"Indeed not. I like him immensely, and not just because he is to be my brother-in-law," replied Madame Lvova. "How beautifully he is behaving, and it is not easy to behave beautifully in such circumstances—so easy to look ridiculous! And he looks neither ridiculous nor ill at ease; anyone can see he is deeply moved."

"I believe you were expecting the match?"

"More or less. She always loved him."

"Well, now we shall see who steps on the carpet first. I warned Kitty to do so."

"It makes no difference. We Scherbatskys are submissive wives. It runs in the family."

"I made a point of stepping on it before Vassili. And you, Dolly?"

Dolly was standing beside them and heard them but made no reply. She was too agitated. Her eyes were brimming with tears and she could not have spoken without crying. She rejoiced for Kitty and Levin. As she recalled her own wedding, she glanced at the beaming Oblonsky and forgot the present, remembering only her first innocent love. It was not only of herself she thought, but of all the women who were her friends and relatives; she saw them as they had looked on their one day of triumph when they, like Kitty, had stood at the altar with love, hope and fear in their hearts, taking leave of their past and entering upon an unknown future. Among the brides she called to mind was her dear Anna, who, as she had recently heard, was about to be divorced. She, too, had

stood there so chaste in her white veil and orange-blossoms. And now?

"How awfully strange," she murmured.

It was not only the sisters, the friends and relatives, who eagerly followed every moment of the ceremony. Women who were outsiders, mere onlookers, watched with excitement, with bated breath, fearing to miss a single movement, a fleeting look on the faces of bride and groom, and were vexed and did not answer, often did not even hear the unfeeling remarks passed by the men, some of them in jest, most of them irrelevant.

"What's she crying for? Don't she want to marry him?"

"Who wouldn't want to marry a man like him? A prince or something, isn't he?"

"That her sister in the white satin? Wait, in a minute the deacon will come booming out with 'Woman fear thy husband!' "

"The choristers from Chudovo?"

"No, it's the Synod Choir."

"I asked the footman. He says they're going straight off to his country estate. Terribly rich, they say. That's why her parents gave her to him."

"Oh, but they're a sweet couple."

"And you argued with me, Maria Vlasovna–said they wasn't wearing carnolines on the sides now. Look at her in the purple–an embassador's wife they say–with the flounces turned back . . . the top one and the under one."

"Poor little bride, decked out like a lamb for the slaughter. Say what you will, a body can't help feeling sorry for us women."

Such was the talk among the women who had succeeded in slipping in at the church door.

6

When the ceremony of the rings was over, an officiant unrolled a pink silk carpet in front of the middle lectern in the centre of the church and the choir sang a psalm set

to intricate music in which tenors and basses were antiphonal, and the priest, turning round, pointed out to the bridal pair the silk carpet laid down for them. Both Levin and Kitty had often heard the superstition that whoever put foot on the carpet first would become dominant in the family, yet neither of them remembered it when they took those first steps. They did not even hear the loud remarks and arguments, some of the observers maintaining that he stepped on it first, others that they both stepped on it at the same time.

After the usual inquiries as to their desire to form this union and as to whether or not they were bound to anyone else, to which they made answers that sounded strange in their own ears, a new ceremony began. Kitty listened to the words of the prayers and tried to grasp their meaning but could not. As the ceremony advanced she became more and more possessed of a feeling of solemnity and radiant happiness that robbed her of the power of concentration.

They prayed "that their love be pure and blessed with the fruit of the womb; and that their eyes be gladdened by beholding their sons and daughters". They were reminded that God made woman of Adam's rib, and "for her sake man shall leave mother and father and cleave to his wife, and the two shall be one", and "great is the mystery thereof". They prayed that God would make them fruitful and bestow His blessing upon them as He had bestowed it upon Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph, Moses and Zipporah, and that they should live to see their sons' sons. How very beautiful! thought Kitty as she listened to the words. But it could not be otherwise, she said to herself, and a joyful smile played upon her lips and was reflected on the faces of all who looked at her.

"Put it on her head!" prompted the onlookers when the priest brought out the crowns and young Scherbatsky held Kitty's high over her head with a trembling hand in a three-button glove.

"Put it on me," she whispered, smiling.

Levin glanced at her face and was struck by the happiness it radiated. Her feelings were communicated to him. He, too, felt happy and light of heart.

It was a joy to hear the deacon read the epistle, booming out the final verse in a way that did not disappoint the anticipations of the simple folk. It was a joy to sip the warm wine-and-water from the shallow chalice, and it was an even greater joy to have the priest, throwing back his chasuble, take them both by the hand and lead them round the lectern while the bass soloist broke into the triumphant notes of "Rejoice, Isaiah!" Scherbatsky and Chirikov smiled and seemed to be exulting too as, supporting the crowns of bride and groom, they caught their feet in the bride's train and now fell behind, now bumped into the couple when the priest stopped unexpectedly. The spark of joy sent up by Kitty ignited all who were in the church. Levin was sure that the priest and the deacon wanted to smile as badly as he did.

As he took off their crowns the priest read the last prayer, then congratulated the couple. Levin looked at Kitty. Never before had he seen her like this. She was gloriously transformed by the new happiness shining in her face. He wished to say something to her but was not sure the ceremony was over. The priest came to his aid. With his kindly smile he said softly, "Kiss your wife, and you kiss your husband," and he took the candles out of their hands.

Levin gently kissed her smiling lips, gave her his arm and led her out of the church with a strange and novel sense of closeness. He did not believe, could not believe, that it was true. Only when their shy and wondering glances met did he believe it, for their glances said they were now one.

That same night, after the bridal supper, they left for the country.

7

Anna and Vronsky had been travelling in Europe for three months. They had visited Venice, Rome and Naples and had just come to the small Italian town where they intended remaining for awhile.

A handsome head-waiter with his thick pomaded hair parted from the back of his neck to his forehead, wearing a tail-coat and a white batiste shirt that hardly spanned his broad chest, and with a cluster of watch-fobs dangling on his round belly, was standing with his hands in his pockets, narrowly eyeing a gentleman who had accosted him and whom he answered sharply. The sound of steps approaching the stairway from the other side of the vestibule made the head-waiter turn round and, seeing it was the Russian count occupying the finest suite of rooms, he respectfully took his hands out of his pockets and announced with a bow that a courier had come and left word that the palazzo could be leased. The steward was ready to sign an agreement.

"Ah! Very well," said Vronsky. "Is my lady in?"

"She went for a walk, sir, but has come back," replied the head-waiter.

Vronsky took off his soft wide-brimmed hat and ran a handkerchief over his sweating brow and his hair, now grown so long that it half covered his ears and was brushed over the bald spot on the top of his head. Throwing a brief, unseeing glance at the gentleman who remained standing there looking at him, he turned to go.

"This gentleman is Russian and has asked for you, sir," said the head-waiter.

With a feeling that was half vexation that there seemed no spot where he could avoid meeting acquaintances, and half a longing for anything that would break the monotony of his existence, Vronsky glanced again at the gentleman who had slightly withdrawn and was standing

waiting; at one and the same moment the eyes of each of them lighted up.

"Golenischev!"

"Vronsky!"

It was indeed Golenischev, one of Vronsky's friends in the Corps of Pages. Golenischev had sided with the liberal-minded students in the Corps, had graduated with a civil rather than a military rank, and had not entered any service whatever. He and Vronsky had gone their separate ways on leaving the Corps and had met only once since.

At the time of that meeting Vronsky understood that Golenischev had chosen to occupy himself with highly intellectual and liberal labours which led him to despise Vronsky's rank and activities. Accordingly Vronsky had given him the cold rebuff he delivered with such facility and which eloquently said: "You may approve or disapprove of my way of life, I don't give a fig for that; but you must show me respect if you wish to consider yourself my acquaintance." Golenischev had responded with contemptuous indifference. One might suppose that this meeting would have deepened the gulf between them. But now they both beamed with pleasure and shouted with joy on recognizing each other. Vronsky had not imagined he could be so glad to see Golenischev, but apparently he did not appreciate how very bored he was. Entirely forgetting the unpleasant impression their last encounter had made on him, he turned a joyful face to him and eagerly held out his hand. The same look of pleasure supplanted the uneasy look in Golenischev's eyes.

"How glad I am to see you!" said Vronsky, showing his strong white teeth in a friendly smile.

"I heard the name of Vronsky, but I didn't know which Vronsky. I, too, am glad."

"Come along. What are you doing here?"

"I've been living here for almost two years. Working."

"Ah," said Vronsky sympathetically. "Well, come along."

Instead of speaking Russian, he addressed his friend in French according to the Russian habit of resorting to French when saying things not meant for servants' ears.

"Are you acquainted with Madame Karenina? We are travelling together. I am going to her now," he said, studying Golenischev's face intently.

"Ah, I didn't know," replied Golenischev casually, although he did know. "Have you been here long?" he asked.

"This is the fourth day," replied Vronsky, once more looking at his friend searchingly.

Yes, he's a decent chap; he sees things in the right light, Vronsky said to himself, having drawn this conclusion from the expression of Golenischev's face and the latter's attempt to change the subject. I can introduce him to Anna, he sees things in the right light.

In the three months he and Anna had been travelling abroad, meeting new people constantly, he kept asking himself how these people looked upon his relationship to Anna; in most cases he found that the men saw it *in the right light.* But if one were to ask him or those who saw it in the right light what this right light was, neither he nor they would have known what to say.

As a matter of fact, those whom Vronsky credited with seeing things *in the right light* did not see them in any light at all, they simply behaved as well-bred people always behave in respect to all the complicated and insoluble problems life presents; they behaved decently, avoiding innuendoes and awkward questions. They pretended to understand the importance and significance of the situation, to accept and even approve of it, but they considered it unnecessary and bad taste to go into explanations.

Vronsky instantly perceived that Golenischev was one of this sort, and therefore he was doubly welcome. And

indeed Vronsky could have wished for nothing better than the way in which Golenischev behaved on being introduced to Anna. Clearly it cost him no effort whatever to avoid all talk that might lead to embarrassment.

He had never met Anna before. He was astonished by her beauty and even more astonished by the simplicity with which she accepted her position. She blushed when Vronsky came in with Golenischev, and this child-like blush suffusing her lovely open face pleased him greatly. Even more pleased was he by her immediately addressing Vronsky as Alexei, so that there might be no question of their relationship, and by telling Golenischev they intended moving into a house they had just leased and which was called here a palazzo. Golenischev liked this frank and simple admission of their relationship. Seeing how gay, well-disposed and vivacious Anna was, and knowing both Vronsky and Karenin, Golenischev believed he understood her perfectly. He believed he understood what she herself could not understand, namely: how, having caused her husband such grief, having abandoned him and her son and sacrificed her good name, she could be gay, vivacious, and happy.

"It's in the guide-book," said Golenischev, referring to the palazzo Vronsky had just leased. "An excellent Tintoretto hangs there. Of his last period."

"This is what we shall do: the weather is fine, we shall all go over and have another look at the house," said Vronsky, turning to Anna.

"Very well. I will go and put on a hat. You say it's hot out?" she asked, stopping in the doorway and looking questioningly at Vronsky. Once more a blush dyed her cheeks.

Vronsky could tell from her look that she did not know what he intended his relations with Golenischev to be and whether she was behaving as he would have her behave with him.

He looked at her long and tenderly.

"No, not very," he said.

She believed she understood; the main thing was that he seemed pleased with her, and so, smiling, she went into the next room with her quick step.

The friends exchanged glances; confusion was written on both their faces; it was as if Golenischev, obviously admiring Anna, wanted to say something about her and did not know what to say, and Vronsky wanted and yet was afraid to have him speak.

"So there you are," said Vronsky by way of beginning conversation. "You are living here, you say? Still engaged in the same work?" he asked, remembering that someone had told him Golenischev was writing.

"Yes, I am writing the second part of *Two Fundamentals,*" said Golenischev, flushing with pleasure at the mention of his work. "To be more exact. I have not yet begun writing, I am just getting ready, collecting material. The second part will be much broader and cover almost all questions. Nobody in Russia wants to recognize the fact that ours is a Byzantine heritage." And he began to expound his viewpoint at length and with great vigour.

At first Vronsky was made uncomfortable by knowing nothing about the first part of *Two Fundamentals,* a work to which the author referred as to something universally known. Later on, when Golenischev began expounding his ideas and Vronsky was in a mood to follow them, he listened with interest even without knowing *Two Fundamentals,* for Golenischev spoke well. But the irritation with which Golenischev discussed his chosen theme surprised and disappointed Vronsky. The more Golenischev spoke, the brighter the glitter of his eyes, the more frenzied the blows aimed at imagined antagonists, and the more harried and injured became the expression of his face. Recalling what a thin, lively, good-natured and generous little boy Golenischev had been, always first in his studies, Vronsky could not understand why he should

now be so irritable, and he regretted it. He especially regretted that Golenischev, who came from one of the best families, should place himself on the same level as the common scribblers who caused him such anger and irritation. Was it worth it? This displeased Vronsky, but he could see that Golenischev was unhappy and he pitied him. An unhappiness amounting almost to madness was expressed on Golenischev's rather handsome and mobile face as, without noticing that Anna had re-entered the room, he rushed ahead, excitedly expounding his ideas.

When Anna in hat and shoulder-cape came and stood beside Vronsky, twirling a sunshade in her beautiful hands, it was a relief to free himself from the jaundiced eye Golenischev had fixed on him and turn with a fresh upsurge of love to his charming companion, so brimming with life and love. Golenischev could not immediately recover himself; he was glum and morose for awhile, but Anna, who was well-disposed to everyone (at least at that time) soon brought him round by being light-hearted and unaffected. After trying various subjects, she hit on that of painting, which he discussed so well that she listened attentively. They went on foot to the newly-leased house and examined it.

"I am glad of one thing in particular," Anna said to Golenischev as they were walking back. "Alexei will have a splendid studio. Be sure to take that room," she said to Vronsky, addressing him in an easy familiar way, knowing that in their loneliness Golenischev was sure to become an intimate friend and nothing need be hidden from him.

"Why, do you paint?" asked Golenischev, turning abruptly to Vronsky.

"I began long ago and now I've taken it up again," said Vronsky, growing red.

"Oh, he is wonderfully talented," said Anna with a happy smile. "I, of course, am no judge; but those who are have said so."

8

Anna, in the first period of her emancipation and rapid recuperation, felt unpardonably happy and full of the joy of life. The recollection of the unhappiness she had caused her husband did not mar her own happiness. This recollection was, on the one hand, too dreadful to think of. On the other hand, her husband's unhappiness had brought her too great a happiness to leave room for regret. The recollection of everything that had occurred after her illness: her reconciliation with her husband, their rupture, the news of Vronsky's attempt to take his own life, his visit, the preparations for a divorce, her leaving her husband's house, her parting with her son—all this was as a delirious hallucination from which she awoke alone with Vronsky in a foreign land. The recollection of the wrong she had done her husband evoked a feeling akin to repulsion, akin to what a swimmer must feel when he tears himself loose from a drowning man's death-grip. The other man drowns; that, of course, is lamentable, but since it is the only means of saving himself the gruesome detail had best be forgotten.

In the first period of the final rupture a line of reasoning occurred to her that offered consolation, and now whenever she thought back over all that had happened she resorted to that line of reasoning: I could not help making him unhappy, she thought, but I do not wish to take advantage of his unhappiness; I, too, am suffering and will go on suffering: I have lost that which I prized above all else—my good name and my son. I have done wrong and therefore I do not wish to be happy, I do not wish to get a divorce, I will suffer disgrace, and I will suffer separation from my son. But however sincere was Anna's wish to suffer, she did not suffer. There was no disgrace whatever. With the tact they both possessed in a large degree, she and Vronsky never allowed themselves to be caught in a compromising position: they avoid-

ed meeting Russian ladies abroad, they met only people who pretended to thoroughly understand their position, to understand it even better then they did themselves. Nor did the separation from her beloved son cause her suffering at first. Her little girl, *his* child, was such a darling and Anna became so completely attached to this child when she had no other, that she rarely thought of her son.

The zest for life, heightened by her recovery, was so great, the conditions of life were so new and delightful, that Anna felt unpardonably happy. The better she came to know Vronsky the more she loved him. She loved him for his own sake and for his love of her. Her complete possession of him was a source of constant joy. She was always glad to be with him. All his traits of character, which revealed themselves one by one, were inexpressibly dear to her. She admired his appearance (which had changed now that he was in civilian attire) as only a young lady in love can do. She found everything he said, thought and did peculiarly lofty and noble. The extent of her admiration often frightened her; try as she might, she could find nothing in him that was not excellent. She dared not let him know that she looked upon herself as a nonentity in comparison; she fancied he would be more apt to fall out of love with her if he knew it, and she feared nothing so much as the loss of his love, though there were no grounds for this fear. She could not but be grateful for his devotion to her and could not but show him she appreciated it. He whose calling, in her opinion, was statesmanship, in which field he would certainly have distinguished himself, had sacrificed his ambition for her sake; yet never did he utter a word of regret. He was more than ever loving and solicitous; the consciousness that he must prevent her ever feeling the awkwardness of her position did not desert him for a moment. This man, so masculine by nature, completely subordinated himself to her, did not allow himself to cross her or even to exercise his will in respect to her and lived, it appeared,

with the sole purpose of anticipating her every wish. She could not but appreciate this, even though the intensity of his solicitude, the constant atmosphere of concern with which he surrounded her, sometimes weighed heavily upon her.

Vronsky, on the other hand, even though he had achieved the fulfilment of what he had so long desired, was not completely happy. He was soon sensible that the fulfilment of his desire represented but a grain of sand in the mountain of happiness he had expected to enjoy. He felt he had made the common mistake of those who regard happiness as the fulfilment of desire. In the first period of joining his life to hers and discarding his uniform, he experienced all the delights of general freedom, a thing he had never known before, as well as of free love, and he was satisfied. But not for long. He soon felt rising within him the desire for desires: discontent. Unconsciously he found himself snatching at every passing whim, imagining each to be his desire and purpose. Since they were living abroad without any ties whatever and outside of the round of social life that took up their time in St. Petersburg, they had to find some means of occupying sixteen hours of every day. The diversions of bachelor life that had occupied Vronsky on former trips abroad were not to be thought of now, for one such attempt brought upon Anna a fit of dejection as unexpected as it was incommensurate with the cause—a late supper with bachelor friends. Nor could they mix with local or Russian society because of the ambiguity of their relationship. Sightseeing, of which they had already done a great deal, did not hold for him, a Russian and a man of intelligence, the inexplicable significance Englishmen attach to it.

As a starved animal seizes upon any object in the hope of finding it edible, so Vronsky unconsciously seized now upon politics, now upon the latest books, now upon pictures.

Since in his youth he had shown a talent for painting and later, not knowing what to do with his money, had begun collecting engravings, he now chose painting as an occupation, studied it and expended upon it the untapped store of energy that demanded an outlet.

He did indeed have a gift for understanding art and copying pictures unerringly and with taste, and he concluded that he possessed all that goes to make up an artist; and so, having deliberated for some time as to what genre he would choose–the religious, historical or realistic–he began to paint. He knew all the schools and could find inspiration in any one of them; what he did not know was that one could be inspired by what was in one's heart alone, irrespective of schools and genres and caring nothing about what school or genre the finished painting would represent. Inasmuch as he did not know this and took his inspiration not directly from life itself, but indirectly from life as already expressed in art, he was quickly and easily inspired and just as quickly and easily painted pictures that were very much like those belonging to the school of art he wished to imitate.

The school of art that appealed to him most was the French school, so graceful and effective, and in this manner he began painting a portrait of Anna in Italian costume, and he and everyone who saw the portrait considered it a great success.

9

The old neglected palazzo with its high moulded ceilings, frescoed walls and mosaic floors, with its heavy yellow draperies at lofty windows, with vases on console tables and chimney-pieces, with carved doors and gloomy halls hung with pictures–this palazzo by its very appearance created in Vronsky, once they had moved into it, the pleasing illusion that he was not so much a Russian landowner and retired cavalry officer as an enlightened

lover and patron of the arts, as well as a painter himself in a small way, and one who had given up society, ambition, and excellent connections for the sake of the woman he loved.

Vronsky played the role he had adopted on moving into the palazzo admirably, and after making the acquaintance of a number of interesting people through Golenischev he was at first quite content with his life. Under the tutelage of an Italian professor of painting, he drew from life and studied medieval Italy. So enthralled was he by medieval Italy that he even took to wearing a hat and throwing a scarf over one shoulder in the medieval manner, which became him exceedingly.

"Here we live and know nothing of what is going on about us," Vronsky said one morning to Golenischev, who had dropped in to see him. "Have you seen this picture by Mikhailov?" and he handed his friend the Russian newspaper he had just finished reading and pointed to an article about a Russian painter living in that very town who had nearly completed a picture that had caused much talk and been purchased in advance. The article criticized the government and the Academy for not offering aid and encouragement to so outstanding a painter.

"Yes, I've seen it," said Golenischev. "The man is not without talent but he follows an absolutely false trend. The Ivanov-Strauss-Renan conception of Christ and religious painting."

"What is the painting about?" asked Anna.

"Christ before Pilate. Christ is represented as a Jew with all the realism of the new school."

Since this question touched on one of Golenischev's favourite themes, he launched forth:

"I don't understand how they can make such a crude mistake. Christ's image is embodied in the works of the old masters. If the new men want to paint a revolutionary or a sage instead of God, let them choose Socrates or Franklin or Charlotte Corday, but not Christ. They choose

the very person they cannot possibly express in their art, and besides–"

"Is it true that Mikhailov is in straitened circumstances?" asked Vronsky, feeling that he, as a Russian patron of the arts, ought to come to the artist's aid regardless of whether the picture was good or bad.

"I hardly think so. He's an excellent portrait painter. Have you seen his portrait of Vasilchikova? But it seems he wants to drop portrait painting, in which case he really may be hard up. But as I was saying–"

"Couldn't I ask him to paint Anna's portrait?" said Vronsky.

"But why?" said Anna. "After the portrait you have done I want no other. Let him paint Annie's" (as she called her infant). "Ah, there she is," she added looking out of the window at the pretty Italian wet-nurse who had taken the child into the garden, then covertly glancing at Vronsky. This pretty nurse, whom Vronsky had used as a model for one of his pictures, was the only thorn in Anna's flesh at the time. While painting her, Vronsky had admired her beauty and her medieval look and Anna, afraid to admit even to herself that she was jealous, was particularly attentive to her for that very reason and lavished favours on her and her baby boy.

Vronsky, too, looked out of the window and then into Anna's eyes. Quickly turning to Golenischev, he said:

"Are you acquainted with Mikhailov?"

"I've met him. He's a queer egg and totally uneducated. One of these new savages, you know, that are to be met with everywhere nowadays; one of these free-thinkers, who are brought up *d'emblée* as unbelievers, sceptics and materialists. In the old days," went on Golenischev, not seeing or not wishing to see that both Anna and Vronsky were anxious to change the subject, ". . .in the old days a free-thinker was a person brought up to revere religion, law and morals, who then, as a result of a great effort and inner struggle, came to free-thinking.

Nowadays we have a new type of spontaneous free-thinker who springs up without so much as having heard there were ever laws of morality and religion, that there ever was such a thing as authority, who immediately denies everything, who is, in a word, a savage. Well, he is one of them. He is, I believe, the son of a Moscow footman at the court and has never received any education to speak of. When he became a student of the Academy and made a reputation for himself he wanted, being a clever young man, to acquire education. So he turned to what he supposed was a source of education–the journals. In the old days a person seeking education–a Frenchman, say–would begin studying the classics: the theologians, the writers of tragedies, the historians and philosophers, you know–all the intellectual heritage that came his way. But in our day he immediately fell upon the literature of negation, quickly assimilated the quintessence of the science of negation and–there you are. But that is not all. Twenty years or so ago he would have come upon references in his reading to the struggle with authority and age-old conceptions, and from this struggle he would have learned that there was once a different point of view; but the only viewpoint he came upon in our day was one that does not even deign to argue with the old one, that openly says: there is nothing but evolution, natural selection, the struggle for existence. That and nothing else. Now in my article–"

"This is what we shall do," said Anna, who had long been glancing surreptitiously at Vronsky and saw that he was not at all interested in the artist's education, that he only wanted to help him and order a portrait from him. "This is what we shall do," she said, determinedly interrupting the overwrought Golenischev. "We shall go and see him."

Golenischev broke off and gladly agreed to go. Since the artist lived on the other side of town they decided to take a carriage.

In an hour the carriage with Anna sitting next to Golenischev and with Vronsky on the forward seat, drew up before an attractive new house on the other side of town. The wife of the yard-porter who came out to meet them said that Mikhailov admitted visitors to his studio but that he had gone home–his house was just down the street. They sent her to him with their cards and a request that they might be allowed to see his pictures.

10

The artist Mikhailov was as always working when Count Vronsky's and Golenischev's cards were brought to him. In the morning he had been at the studio painting his big canvas. When he came home he quarrelled with his wife because she had been unable to get round the landlady, who demanded her rent.

"I've told you twenty times not to go into explanations. You're foolish enough as it is, but you're three times as foolish when you begin explaining in Italian," he said after much bickering.

"Then pay the rent! I'm not to blame. If I had the money–"

"Oh, leave me in peace, for God's sake!" cried Mikhailov tearfully, and, stopping his ears, he went to his workroom behind the partition and locked the door. Idiot! he muttered as he sat down, opened a folder and began working with particular energy on a drawing he had begun.

Never did he work with such energy and success as when things went wrong, especially when he quarrelled with his wife. To hell with it all! he said to himself as he worked. He was drawing the figure of a man in a fit of anger. He had made a finished sketch but was dissatisfied with it. No, the other one was better–where is it? He went back to his wife and, scowling and evading her

eyes, asked his elder daughter what had become of the piece of paper he had given them. The paper with the discarded drawing on it was found, but it was stained with candle grease. He took it nonetheless,. propped it up on his table, withdrew a few paces and studied it with half-shut eyes. Suddenly he smiled and threw up his hands with pleasure.

"That's it!" he murmured and instantly picked up his pencil and began drawing hurriedly. The stain had thrown the figure into a new attitude.

As he sketched the new attitude he suddenly recalled the forceful face with protruding chin of the man who sold him cigars, and he gave the figure that man's face with its protruding chin. He laughed with delight. The stiff, artificial figure came to life and was exactly what it ought to be, brooking no change. The figure lived, it was clear and definite. The drawing could be changed in accordance with the demands of the new attitude; he could, indeed he must, put the feet in a new position and entirely change the left arm and throw back the hair. But in making these corrections he did not change the figure at all, he only removed whatever stood in its way. He took off the wrappings, as it were, that kept it from being fully seen; each new line only emphasized the entire figure with all the force brought to light by the stain. He was painstakingly finishing the drawing when the cards were brought to him.

"Just a minute, just a minute!"

He went to his wife.

"Come, Sasha, don't be angry," he said humbly and with a tender smile. "You were at fault, I was at fault. I'll arrange everything." Having made it up with his wife, he put on his hat and an olive-coloured coat with a velvet collar and went to his studio. He had forgotten all about the successful figure. He was completely taken up by the pleasure and excitement of having these Russians of consequence come to his studio in a carriage.

As to his picture, the one that was now standing on his easel, he had, in the depths of his soul, but one opinion–that no one had ever painted anything like it before. He did not think that this painting was superior to anything Raphael had ever done, but he knew that what he had wanted to say, and what he actually had said in this picture, had never been said before. He knew this definitely and had known it for a long time, ever since he had begun painting it. And yet the judgement of others, whoever these others might be, was of enormous importance to him and stirred him to the depths of his soul. The most trivial judgement, if it showed that the judge perceived if but an infinitesimal part of what he himself saw in his picture, stirred him to the depths of his soul. He always attributed to these others a more profound understanding than he himself possessed, and always expected them to discover things in his picture of which he himself was unaware. And it often seemed to him, as he listened to their opinions, that they did indeed discover these things.

He came with quick strides to the door of his studio, and despite his excitement he could not help being struck by the soft light encompassing Anna's figure in the gloom of the entrance where she was standing listening to something Golenischev was expounding hotly, while at the same time she strained forward to take in the approaching artist. The artist himself did not notice how he caught, how he snatched up, the impression of her, just as he had snatched up the protruding chin of the cigar man and stored it away to be taken out when needed. The visitors, already disappointed by what Golenischev had told them of the artist, were even more disappointed by his appearance. Thick-set, medium-sized Mikhailov with his bobbing walk, in his brown hat and olive-green coat, in tight trousers when wide ones had long been the fashion, and particularly with his broad common-looking face wearing an expression of diffidence mingled

with a desire to assert his own worthiness, made a very bad impression.

"Pray come in," he said, trying to look unconcerned as he stepped into the entrance, took the key out of his pocket and opened the door.

11

On entering the studio Mikhailov-the-artist ran his eyes over his guests again and made a mental note of the expression of Vronsky's face and in particular of his cheek-bones. Even though his artistic sense worked without cease at gathering material for future use, and even though he became more and more agitated as the moment drew near when his work would be submitted to their judgement, he quickly formed an opinion of these three people, an opinion subtly deduced from imperceptible factors. That fellow (Golenischev) was a Russian living here. Mikhailov did not remember his name or where he had met him or what they had talked about. He only remembered his face, as he remembered all the faces he had ever seen, but he also remembered that his was one of those faces stored away in his mind in the enormous section devoted to falsely-significant faces wanting in expressiveness. A mass of hair and an open forehead gave superficial significance to a face that offered nothing more than a petty, childish look of restlessness concentrated above the thin bridge of the nose. Mikhailov concluded that Vronsky and Madame Karenina were rich and distinguished Russians who understood nothing in art, like all rich Russians, but who assumed the role of lovers and connoisseurs of art. They have probably seen all the old things and are now doing the rounds of modern studios–that fraud of a German and that fool of a Pre-Raphaelite Englishman–and now they've come to me just to see that they haven't missed anything, he thought. He was only too familiar with the tendency of dilettantes (the more

clever they were, the worse) to visit the studios of contemporary artists with the sole purpose of being able to say that art had degenerated and the more one saw of the new artists the better one understood how inimitable were the works of the great masters of the past. This was what he expected, this was what he read in their faces and in that careless detachment with which they exchanged remarks among themselves as they looked at the casts and the busts and walked about freely, waiting for him to uncover his big canvas. And yet he was deeply agitated as he spread out his sketches, raised the blinds and removed the sheet, especially since, despite his conviction that all rich and distinguished Russians were boors and fools, he liked Vronsky, and he particularly liked Anna.

"Be so good as to come here," he said, going off to one side with his bobbing walk and pointing to a picture. "This is Christ before Pilate–Mathew 27," he said, feeling that his lips were quivering with excitement. He moved away and stood behind them.

For the few seconds in which the visitors looked at the picture in silence, Mikhailov also looked at it, and looked with the impartial eye of a stranger. For those few seconds he believed that the highest and fairest judgement would be pronounced by these visitors–precisely these for whom he had felt such contempt a moment before. He forgot all that he himself had thought of his picture, all that he had thought throughout the three years of painting it; he forgot all the merits he had considered indubitable; he looked at it now in a new way, with the impartial eye of a stranger, and he saw nothing good in it. In the foreground he saw Pilate's exasperated face and Christ's tranquil face, and in the background Pilate's retainers and the face of John watching what was going on. Every one of these faces, whose specific character had grown within him as a result of endless searchings, mistakes, and alterations; each of these faces that had cost

him such torture and brought him such joy; the many faces arranged and rearranged countless times for the sake of the general effect; all the shades of colour and tone achieved with such difficulty . . . now all of this, seen with their eyes, appeared to be commonplace, something said a thousand times over. The face dearest to him of all—the face of Christ, the focal point of the picture, which, when found, had thrown him into such ecstasy, now meant nothing as he beheld it with their eyes. He saw a well executed (and not even that; he detected innumerable faults in it now) repetition of those endless Christs of Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and those same soldiers and Pilate. It was all paltry, commonplace, stale, and even badly painted—spotty and feeble. They would be right in murmuring hypocritically polite remarks in the artist's presence, and laughing and feeling sorry for him when they were alone.

Their silence became unbearable (although it lasted no more than a minute). To break it and show that he was not disturbed, he forced himself to speak, addressing Golenischev:

"I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you before," he said shifting his glance nervously from Anna to Vronsky so as not to miss a single change in the expression of their faces.

"Yes, indeed. We met at Rossi's, don't you remember?—that evening when the Italian girl gave readings—a new Rachel, you know," said Golenischev easily, withdrawing his gaze from the picture without the least regret to turn to the artist. Seeing, however, that Mikhailov expected an opinion of his canvas, he added: "The picture has greatly improved since I last saw it. This time, too, your Pilate has made a great impression on me. You bring out his nature so clearly—a kind, good-natured fellow but every inch the functionary, one who 'knows not what he does'. But it seems to me. . ."

Suddenly Mikhailov's mobile face fairly beamed and

his eyes shone. He wished to say something but was too flustered to say it and pretended to be clearing his throat. Low as he rated Golenischev's ability to appreciate art, trifling as was the true observation that Pilate's face showed him to be a mere functionary, hurtful as it must have been to hear the first comment so insignificant a one, whereas nothing was said as to the picture's main points–even so Mikhailov was thrown into ecstasy by the comment. He wholly agreed with what Golenischev said about Pilate. The fact that this observation was one of a million that might have been made, all of which, as Mikhailov knew very well, would have been true, did not diminish for him the importance of Golenischev's observation. He loved Golenischev for it, and his state of depression was suddenly transformed into elation. At once his picture came to life for him, with all the indescribable intricacies of living things. Mikhailov tried to say that that was how he understood Pilate, but again the quivering of his lips kept him from speaking. Vronsky and Anna spoke in the hushed voices people usually use at exhibitions, partly to spare the feelings of the artist and partly to prevent themselves from being heard making the insipid remarks it is so easy to make when speaking of art. Mikhailov fancied that the picture had made an impression on them, too. He went up to them.

"How extraordinary Christ's expression is!" said Anna. This expression pleased her more than anything else, she felt that it was the focal point of the picture and that therefore the artist would be glad to hear her praise it. "It shows that he feels sorry for Pilate."

This was just another of the million true observations that could have been made as to the picture and the figure of Christ. She said that Christ felt sorry for Pilate. Christ's expression could not but be one of pity, for it expressed love, unearthly serenity, the acceptance of death and recognition of the futility of words. It was only natural that Pilate's expression should be that of a func-

tionary and Christ's–that of pity, for the one personified the life of the flesh and the other the life of the spirit. These thoughts and many others flashed through Mikhailov's mind. And again his face beamed with elation.

"And just see how the figure is executed–how surrounded by air! Why, one could walk round it!" said Golenischev, obviously making this remark to show that he did not approve of the idea, the meaning, of the figure.

"Yes, indeed, extraordinary technique," said Vronsky. "How those figures in the background stand out! There's technique for you!" he said, addressing Golenischev and alluding to a conversation they had had in which Vronsky expressed his despair of ever achieving superior technique.

"Yes, yes, really extraordinary," acquiesced Golenischev and Anna.

Despite his elation, this reference to technique stabbed Mikhailov painfully in the heart; he shot Vronsky a hostile glance and suddenly withdrew into himself. He often heard this word *technique* spoken, but he could not for the life of him understand what it meant. He knew the word was used to indicate the mechanical ability to draw and paint regardless of subject matter. Often he had noticed that, as in the present case, technique was opposed to its intellectual value, as if it were possible to make a good painting out of something bad. He knew it required the greatest care and concentration to remove the wrappings without injuring the work itself, and to remove *all* the wrappings; but this was not the art of painting, was not technique. If what he saw were revealed to a small child or a cook, either of them would be able to remove the wrappings. Whereas an artist displaying the most skilful and experienced technique could paint nothing with mechanical abilities alone, nothing unless the contours of the substance were revealed to him. Moreover he could see that if the talk had, nevertheless, turned to technique, there were no grounds for praising him. All

the things he had painted and was still painting were full of eyesores resulting from the carelessness with which he had removed the wrappings–eyesores that could not now be remedied without injuring the work as a whole. In almost all the faces and figures of this very picture he saw bits of unremoved wrappings that spoiled it.

"There is one thing I should like to say if you don't object," remarked Golenischev.

"Ah, I shall be very glad; do speak," said Mikhailov with an unnatural smile.

"It is that you have represented him as man-god rather than as god-man. But that, I believe, is what you wished."

"I cannot paint a Christ that does not exist within me," said Mikhailov glumly.

"Of course, but in that case, if you will allow me to express my idea–your picture is so excellent that my criticism can do it no harm–and besides, this is but my personal opinion. It hardly applies to your case. Yours is different. But let us take, say, Ivanov. I should say that if Christ is to be reduced to a mere historical personage, it would have been better for Ivanov to choose a different historical theme, a fresher, more original one."

"But if this is the greatest theme presented to art?"

"If one seeks, one will find others. But the heart of the matter is that art does not tolerate argument and exposition. For believers and non-believers alike, Ivanov's picture raises the question: is he a god or is he not? and this spoils the singleness of the impression."

"But why? It seems to me," said Mikhailov, "that for educated people there can no longer be any argument about this."

Golenischev disagreed and, insisting on his first idea, that the singleness of the impression was fundamental to art, he silenced Mikhailov.

Mikhailov was distressed, but he could find nothing to say in defence of his point.

12

For some time Anna and Vronsky had been exchanging glances, vexed by their companion's learned loquacity; in the end Vronsky, without waiting for Mikhailov, went over to another picture, a small one.

"Ah, what a jewel, what a jewel! Marvellous! What a jewel!" they both exclaimed in one voice.

What do they like so much? Mikhailov asked himself. He had forgotten all about this picture, painted three years earlier. He had forgotten the joy and suffering it had cost him when for several months running it had occupied him day and night, he had forgotten it as he always forgot his pictures once they were finished. He did not even want to see it and had brought it out only because he was expecting an Englishman who meant to buy it.

"Oh, that's just a little thing I did long ago," he said.

"How charming!" said Golenischev, who seemed to be sincerely captivated by the picture.

Two little boys were fishing in the shade of a willow tree. One, the elder, had just cast his line and was painstakingly pulling the float out from under a bush, all his attention concentrated on his task; the younger one was lying on the grass, his head with its tousled fair hair resting on his arms, his dreamy blue eyes fixed on the water. What was he thinking of?

His visitors' admiration of this picture roused Mikhailov's old feeling for it, but he feared and disliked spending feeling fruitlessly on things of the past, and for that reason, although he enjoyed hearing their praises, he tried to draw their attention to a third canvas.

Vronsky, however, asked if this picture might be purchased. Agitated as he was by their visit, Mikhailov found it unpleasant to have the talk turn to money matters.

"I brought it out to be sold," he replied, scowling.

When his visitors had gone Mikhailov sat down in front of his canvas of Christ before Pilate and went over in his mind all that had been said, and all that had not been said but implied. And strangely enough, things that had had such weight with him when the visitors were here and he had adopted their point of view, now lost all meaning for him. He began studying his picture with his own truly artistic eye, and this brought him confidence in its perfection and, accordingly, in its importance—a confidence essential for achieving that state of concentration excluding every other interest which alone enabled him to work.

The foreshortening of Christ's leg was not quite right. He took up his palette and began working. As he corrected the leg he kept glancing at the figure of John in the background, which his visitors had not noticed but which he knew to be the height of perfection. He had thought of taking up this figure when the leg was finished, but he was too excited to do so. He could no more work when he was too excited and saw too much than when his heart was cold. It was only one step from the state of coldness to the state of inspiration enabling him to work. Now he was too excited. As he was covering the picture he stopped, his hand on the sheet, a blissful smile on his lips, and gazed lingeringly at the figure of John. At last, as if the parting caused him pain, he let the sheet drop and turned away, tired but happy.

Vronsky, Anna and Golenischev were unusually gay and lively on the way home. They talked about Mikhailov and his pictures. The word *talent,* by which they meant some inborn, almost physical capability independent of mind and heart, and which they used as a name for all that the artist lived through, came up in their conversation again and again since they had no other means of representing something they wanted to talk about but had not the least understanding of. They said that he undoubtedly had talent, but that the development of his

talent was hindered by lack of education–the common misfortune of our Russian artists. The picture of the two boys, however, had made a great impression on them and they kept returning to it.

"What a jewel! How could he have done it?–and with such simple means! He himself doesn't realize how charming it is. I mustn't miss the chance, I must buy it," said Vronsky.

13

Mikhailov sold Vronsky his picture and agreed to paint Anna's portrait. On the appointed day he came and began it.

From the fifth sitting the portrait amazed everyone, not merely because it was a likeness but also because it reflected her own peculiar beauty. How could Mikhailov have done it? One would have to know and love her as I do to discover that sweet soulful expression, thought Vronsky, although it was only the portrait that had revealed to him that sweet soulful expression. But the expression was reproduced so truthfully that he and others imagined they had long been familiar with it.

"I've been slaving away all this time and nothing comes of it," said Vronsky of his own portrait. "And he just comes, takes a look, and paints it. That's what comes of having mastered technique."

"You will get it in time," consoled Golenischev, in whose opinion Vronsky had talent and, more particularly, education, which enabled him to take the lofty view of art. Golenischev's belief in Vronsky's talent was supported by his need of having Vronsky praise his articles and opinions, and he knew that praise and support must be mutual.

In other people's homes and particularly in Vronsky's palazzo, Mikhailov did not resemble the man he was in his own studio. He held himself deferentially aloof, as if

afraid of becoming close to people he did not esteem. He always called Vronsky Your Excellency and no matter how often Anna and Vronsky invited him, he never stayed to dinner or visited them except for the sittings. Anna was more cordial with him than with most people and was grateful for the portrait. Vronsky showed him something more than respect and seemed anxious to know the artist's opinion of his own picture. Golenischev lost no opportunity of instilling in Mikhailov a true understanding of art. But the painter remained cold to all of them. Anna was aware from the way he had of looking at her that he found pleasure in it, but he avoided talking to her. He was stubbornly silent when Vronsky talked to him about painting and just as silent when he showed him his picture; without doubt he found it an ordeal to listen to Golenischev's talk, but he never argued with him.

Mikhailov's reserve and his disagreeable, even hostile, attitude annoyed them when they got to know him better. They were very glad when the sittings were over and Mikhailov no longer came to the house and they were left in possession of this beautiful portrait.

Golenischev was the first to express an opinion that all of them shared, namely, that Mikhailov envied Vronsky.

"Oh, perhaps one oughtn't to say envy, because after all he has *talent,* but he resents having a rich member of society and a count to boot (they all hate titles, you know) paint just as well if not better than he does, and without any particular effort, whereas he has devoted his entire life to it. The main thing is education, which he utterly lacks."

Vronsky came to Mikhailov's defence, but in his heart of hearts he believed it because according to his view people belonging to another and lower sphere were sure to be envious.

The two portraits of Anna, both painted from life, ought to have shown him the difference between himself and Mikhailov, but he did not see it. He did, however,

abandon his portrait after Mikhailov's was done, deciding there was no need for a second one. He kept on with his picture dealing with medieval life and he himself and Golenischev and Anna in particular found it excellent because it was much more like the famous canvases they knew than was Mikhailov's.

Mikhailov, much as he had enjoyed painting Anna's portrait, was even happier than they were when the sittings came to an end and he did not have to listen to Golenischev's discourses on art and could forget Vronsky's painting. He knew he could not forbid him to paint; he knew that Vronsky and all other dilettantes had a perfect right to paint anything they liked, but he found it distasteful. One cannot forbid a man to make himself a doll out of wax and kiss it. But if that man brings his doll to a friend who is in love and begins fondling it as his friend fondles his beloved, the friend will find it distasteful. It was this unpleasant feeling Mikhailov experienced on viewing Vronsky's painting: he found it silly, exasperating, pitiful and offensive.

Vronsky's interest in painting and the Middle Ages did not last long. His taste in art was sufficiently good to keep him from finishing his picture. The picture was dropped. He vaguely understood that its faults, imperceptible at the beginning, would become glaring if he went on with it. The same thing happened to him as to Golenischev, who sensed that he had nothing to say and kept deceiving himself by asserting that his ideas had not matured, that he was brooding upon them and gathering material. This caused Golenischev torture and made him irascible. Vronsky could neither torture nor deceive himself, and he certainly could not become irascible. And so, with characteristic resolution, he gave up painting without attempting to explain or justify his action.

But without this occupation his life with Anna, who could not understand his disillusionment, was so wearisome in this Italian town, the palazzo suddenly looked so

old and dirty, the stains on the curtains, the cracks in the floors, the chips in the plaster of the ceilings became such an eyesore to him, and the company of the same old Golenischev, the Italian professor and the German traveller bored him so completely that life had to be changed.

They decided to go back to Russia and live in the country. In St. Petersburg Vronsky meant to make a division of property with his brother; Anna–to see her son. They would spend the summer at Vronsky's large family estate.

14

Levin had been married for over two months. He was happy, but not in the way he had expected. At every step he found himself disappointed in his former dreams and delighted by things he had not foreseen. Levin was happy, but on entering family life he saw at every step that it was not what he had anticipated. At every step he experienced what a person must experience who, after watching the smooth, felicitous gliding of a skiff over a lake, finds himself inside the skiff. He discovers that it is not enough to sit still and not rock it; he must constantly keep in mind where he is going, and that it is water and not ground under his feet, and that he must row, an exercise that hurts the hands of those who are not accustomed to it; only the watching is easy, not the doing, however pleasurable.

Formerly, when still a bachelor, he had smiled superciliously to himself on seeing the petty concerns, the quarrels and jealousy of married couples. He was convinced there would be nothing of this when he got married, that even in its outer forms his married life would not resemble that of others. And instead he found that his family life, far from being uncommon, was filled with all those petty concerns he had once so despised but

which now, against his will, assumed exceptional and indubitable significance. And Levin saw that it was not so simple to attend to all these petty concerns as he had once thought it would be. Even though he imagined he knew what family life ought to be, he, like all men, involuntarily conceived of it as an enjoyment of love which nothing ought to hinder, which no petty concerns ought to mar. As he saw it, he was to do his work and then find rest in the delights of love. She was to be his beloved and nothing more. Like all men, he forgot that she also had work to do. And he could not understand how she, this poetic creature, this adorable Kitty, could in the first weeks, nay, in the first days of their married life, think of and bother about table-cloths, furniture, guest beds, trays, dinners, the cook, and such things. When he was still but her betrothed he had been shocked by her being able to think of matters apart from their love, and by the determination with which she had refused to go abroad and had decided to go directly to the country, as if aware of some exigency. He was offended at the time, and since then had often been offended by her petty worries and fussing. But he saw she could not do without them. And because he loved her he could not help finding charm in her fussing, even though he did not understand it and laughed at it. It amused him to see how she distributed the new furniture brought from Moscow, rearranged her own room and his too, decided which were to be the rooms for guests and for Dolly, found a bed-chamber for her new maid, ordered dinners from the old man who was their cook, argued with Agafia Mikhailovna and took the supervision of provisions out of her hands. He saw the old cook smile affectionately as she gave her inept and impossible orders, saw Agafia Mikhailovna shake her head thoughtfully and indulgently on hearing the young mistress's directions as to the larder; he found Kitty incredibly charming when, half laughing and half crying, she came to tell him her maid Masha was used to treat-

ing her as a child and that was why none of the others would listen to her. He found this charming but odd and thought it would be better if they could do without it all.

He did not take into account the sense of change she was undergoing, transplanted as she was from her mother's home where, if she had a longing for kvass or a sweet she could not always get them, to this, her own home, where she could order anything she liked, buy mountains of sweets, dispense money at will and order any kind of cake she fancied.

She dreamed of having Dolly and the children come to see her, mostly so that she could order the children's favourite cakes and hear Dolly's appraisal of her household arrangements. She was irresistibly drawn to housekeeping, though she did not know the why or the wherefore. Instinctively feeling the coming of spring and knowing it would bring rainy as well as fair days, she hastened to build her nest, building and learning how to build at the same time.

Kitty's *petty* concern for her household, so inimical to the lofty ideal of happiness Levin had held at first, was one of the things that brought him disappointment; and her *touching* concern for her household, little as he understood it, could not but win his heart and was one of the things that brought him delight.

Their quarrels were another source of disappointment and delight. Never had Levin supposed there could be anything between him and his wife but tenderness, love and esteem, and suddenly in the first days of their life together they quarrelled, and so badly that she accused him of not loving her, of loving nobody but himself, and she cried and wrung her hands.

Their first quarrel was occasioned by Levin's riding off to some new farm buildings and coming back half an hour later than he expected because in trying to take a short-cut, he lost his way. During the ride home he

thought of nothing but Kitty, her love, and his happiness, and the nearer he got to home the brighter the light of his love burned within him. He ran into the room feeling just as he had felt, only more intensely, when he had gone to the Scherbatskys to make her an offer. And suddenly he was confronted by a lowering face such as he had never seen before. He attempted to kiss her but she pushed him away.

"What is the trouble?"

"I see you are cheerful," she began, forcing herself to be calm and withering.

But the moment she opened her mouth words of rebuke prompted by her senseless jealousy, by all that had tortured her in the half hour she had sat without stirring at the window, came pouring forth. At this moment, he understood for the first time what he had not understood when he had led her out of the church after their wedding. He understood that she was not only close to him but was part of him and he did not know where she ended and he began. He was made to understand this by the agonizing sensation of being split in two that he experienced at the moment. He felt offended at first, but presently he knew she could not possibly offend him because she was himself. He felt as a man must feel who, receiving a blow from behind, swings round to catch the culprit and discovers that he himself has accidentally delivered the blow and there is no one else to blame for it and all he can do is accept and endure the pain.

Never thereafter did he experience this with such force; it stunned him this first time and he could not immediately recover. His natural impulse was to find excuses for himself and show her she was wrong; but to show her she was wrong would only aggravate her anger and widen the gulf that was the source of their misery. One feeling, the usual feeling, prompted him to shift the blame from his own shoulders to hers; another and stronger feeling told him to fill up the gulf as quickly as possible before

it had a chance to widen. It was hard for him to accept her unfair accusations but it was even harder to defend himself and cause her more pain. He was like a man half-asleep who, suffering pain, tries to tear away the aching member and on waking understands that the aching member is the whole of him and cannot be torn away. He can only endure the pain until it goes away, and this Levin tried to do.

They made it up. Without saying so, she admitted she had been wrong and she was more tender with him than ever and their joy in love was redoubled. But this did not prevent their tiffs from being repeated, and very often repeated on the slightest and most unexpected provocation. They were often repeated because they did not yet know what each of them found important, and because both of them were often in a bad mood those first months. When one of them was in a good mood and the other in a bad one they kept the peace, but when both of them were in a bad mood conflicts arose for reasons so inconceivably petty that later they could not recall why they had quarrelled. On the other hand, when both of them were in a good mood their joy of life was redoubled.

Those first months were trying indeed. With particular acuteness they both felt a tautness, a pull from both sides of the chain binding them together. On the whole, their honeymoon–that is, the month following their wedding, to which tradition had taught Levin to look forward–turned out to have little honey in it and remained in both their memories as the most arduous and humiliating time they had ever lived through. For the rest of their lives both of them tried equally to erase from their memories all the ugly and shameful experiences of that morbid time when neither of them was in a normal state for long, when both he and she were not themselves.

Only in the third month of their married life, after returning from a month's visit in Moscow, did life become more smooth.

15

They had just returned from Moscow and were glad to be alone. He was sitting at his desk in the study and writing. She, in the wine-coloured dress that was particularly memorable and dear to him because she had worn it in the first days of their married life, was sitting on the sofa–that same old leather sofa that had stood in the study during the life of Levin's father and grandfather–working some *broderie anglaise.* As he sat there thinking and writing he was constantly filled with a joyful sense of her presence. He had not given up the management of his estate nor the book which was to elaborate the new principles at the basis of his new method of farm management; but as formerly his thoughts and activities appeared to be small and unimportant as compared with the gloom that had settled upon his world, so now they appeared to be small and unimportant as compared with the dazzling happiness his new world promised. He went on with his activities, but now he felt that the focal point of his attention had shifted, as a consequence of which he saw things quite differently and much more clearly. Formerly his activities had been an escape from life. Formerly he had felt that without these activities life would be unbearably dark and dismal. Now these activities were necessary to relieve the monotonous brightness of his life. As he took up his papers again and reread what he had written, he was gratified by the conviction that his work was valuable. It was new and useful. Many of his old ideas seemed extreme, some were unessential, but a number of what had been blank spots to him became clear when he reviewed the whole concept in his mind. He was now writing a new chapter on the reasons why Russian agriculture was in a bad way. He tried to prove that Russia's poverty was the result not only of the wrong distribution of land and bad management, but also of what fostered these ills, namely, the grafting of

an alien culture on to Russia–to be specific: modern means of communication, railways, bringing in their wake the concentrating of population in cities and the increase of luxury, which in its turn and to the detriment of agriculture brought factories, industry, credit and its partner–the stock exchange. He believed that if the country's wealth followed a natural course of development, all these phenomena would put in an appearance at the proper time, which was only when much effort had been exerted in the field of agriculture, creating good, or at least concrete conditions for progress. He believed the country's resources ought to be developed evenly, or at any rate in such a way that no other form of enterprise should spurt ahead of agriculture; that the level of communications should correspond with the level of agriculture, and that with the present mismanagement of the land railways, which had been introduced for political rather than for economic reasons, were premature and instead of helping agriculture, as had been expected, they hindered it by spurting ahead and bringing industry and credit in their wake; that just as the one-sided and premature development of an organ in an animal's body hinders the body's general development, so in Russia the introduction of credit, communications and factories, inevitable in Europe where the time was ripe for them, only did harm by spurting ahead of the main problem, which was farm management.

Meanwhile Kitty was thinking of how unnaturally attentive her husband had been to young Prince Charsky, who had indiscreetly sought her favour on the eve of their departure. Why, he's jealous, she said to herself. Good heavens! How darling of him, but how foolish! How very foolish, bless his heart! Jealous! If he only knew what all those gentlemen mean to me!–no more than Pyotr the cook! she said to herself as she gazed with a still novel sense of ownership at the back of his head and his sunburnt neck. Too bad to take him away from

his work (he'll make up for it!)–but I positively must see his face! Will he turn round if I stare at him? I do so want him to turn round! He must, he must! And she opened her eyes very wide as if to intensify the effect of her gaze.

Yes, such measures suck out all the sap and give a false shine, he murmured to himself, putting down his pen and turning round as he felt her eyes on him.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling and getting up.

He did turn round! she said to herself.

"Nothing special, I just wanted you to turn round," she said as she searched his face to find out whether he was displeased with her for interrupting his work.

"How good to be alone together! At least I find it so," he said, coming up to her with a radiant smile.

"And I couldn't be happier! I have no desire to go anywhere, especially to Moscow."

"What were you thinking about?"

"Me? I was thinking... No, no, go on with your writing, don't let your thoughts wander," she said, pursing her lips. "I've got to cut these little holes, see?"

She took up the scissors and began cutting.

"First tell me what it was," he said, sitting down beside her and watching the circular movements of the little scissors.

"Dear me, what was I thinking about? About Moscow, about the back of your head."

"What have I done to deserve such a happiness? It's unnatural. Too good to be true," he said, kissing her hand.

"As for me, the more I have, the more natural it seems."

"A lock's come loose," he said, gently turning her head. "A little tail. See?–here. No, no, we'll go back to work."

But they did not go back to work and a little later they sprang apart like guilty children when Kuzma came in to say tea was ready.

"Have they got back from town?" Levin asked Kuzma.

"Just. They're sorting the mail."

"Don't be long in coming," she said as she went out of the room, "or I shall read the letters without you. And then let's play some duets."

Left alone, he gathered up his papers and put them in a new portfolio she had given him, then he washed his hands at a new washstand with all sorts of fine accessories she had bought. Levin smiled at his thoughts and shook his head disapprovingly; he was bothered by a feeling akin to remorse. There was something shameful, flabby, *mushy*, as he put it, in their present life. This is no way to live, he said to himself. Soon it will be three months and I have done almost nothing. Today I got down to work for the first time and what came of it? Gave it up almost as soon as I began. I've practically dropped my daily activities. I rarely go off to inspect the farm. Either I can't bear to tear myself away, or I fear that she is bored. I used to think life before marriage didn't count, was just a sort of interim, and the real thing would begin after marriage. And here I am, almost three months have gone by and never have I been so idle and useless. This won't do, I must get down to work. Of course it isn't her fault. I have nothing to rebuke her with. I myself must be firmer, must assert my masculine independence. If I don't watch out I will get used to this life and teach her to like it. Certainly it is not her fault, he said to himself.

But it is hard for a person not to blame another for what displeases him, and this other the one nearest and dearest to him. And Levin vaguely nursed the idea—eh, not that she was to blame (she could not possibly be to blame for anything), but that her upbringing was to blame, as being too superficial and frivolous (that fool of a Charsky! I know she wanted to stop him but didn't know how). Yes, unfortunately she has no interests except housekeeping (*that* she certainly throws herself into!), clothes and *broderies anglaise*. She is not interested in my work,

in farm management, in the peasants, in reading, not even in playing the piano, which she does rather well. She does nothing and is perfectly content.

Yes, Levin passed judgement on her in his heart. He did not understand that she was preparing herself for the activities that would come when, besides being her husband's wife and the mistress of his house, she would bear, nurse and bring up children. He did not understand that she sensed this instinctively and in preparing herself for such immense work she did not rebuke herself for being carefree and enjoying her love as she gaily built her future nest.

16

When Levin went upstairs he found his wife sitting at a table with a new silver samovar and a new tea service on it. Having made Agafia Mikhailovna comfortable at a side-table with a cup of tea which Kitty herself had poured out for her, she was reading a letter from Dolly, with whom she was in constant and frequent correspondence.

"Your lady has put me here and told me I must sit with her," said Agafia Mikhailovna, smiling amiably at Kitty.

These words told Levin that the drama enacted between Kitty and Agafia Mikhailovna had come to an end. He saw that despite the chagrin Kitty's having taken the reins of management out of Agafia Mikhailovna's hands had caused her, Kitty had won and had made the old woman love her.

"Here, I've read your letter," said Kitty, handing him an illiterate letter. "It's from that woman, the one your brother. . ." she said. "No, of course I didn't read it. This one is from my people and from Dolly. Fancy that! Dolly took Grisha and Tanya to a children's ball at the Sarmatskys. Tanya went as a French marquise."

Levin was not listening to her; blushing, he took the letter written by Masha, his brother's former mistress,

and began reading it. This was the second letter Masha had sent him. In the first she wrote that his brother had packed her off for no good reason and she added with touching innocence that she wanted nothing and asked for nothing, penniless though she was; but she feared Nikolai Dmitrievich would die without her, him being so poorly, and wouldn't Konstantin Dmitrievich please come and look after him. This time she wrote quite differently. She had found Nikolai in Moscow and had begun living with him again and they had gone off to the provincial town where he held a post. But he had quarrelled with his chief and gone back to Moscow, and was taken so ill on the way that there was little hope of his recovering. "He keeps saying your name and the money's all gone."

"Here, read what Dolly says about you," Kitty began, smiling, but she broke off suddenly on seeing the change that had come over her husband's face.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"She writes that my brother Nikolai is dying. I am going to him."

Kitty's face changed too. Gone were her thoughts of Dolly and of Tanya as a French marquise.

"When are you going?" she asked.

"Tomorrow."

"And I, too. May I?" she asked.

"Kitty! What is this?" he said sharply.

"Why not?" she asked, wounded by his sharpness and disapproval. "Why should I not go with you? I will not be in the way. I–"

"I am going because my brother is dying," said Levin. "Why should you–?"

"Why should I? For the same reason."

And at such a crucial moment of my life she only thinks of how bored she will be alone! thought Levin. It angered him to believe she could use such a moment as an excuse.

"It is impossible," he said curtly.

Seeing that a quarrel was imminent, Agafia Mikhailovna quietly put down her cup and went out. Kitty did not even notice her go. She was again wounded by the tone in which her husband had pronounced these last words, and particularly by his seeming not to believe her reason.

"I tell you that if you go, I shall go too; I shall certainly go," she said quickly and angrily. "Why is it impossible? Why should you say it is impossible?"

"Because I must go God only knows where, over what roads and in what inns. You will only make it harder for me," said Levin, trying to remain cool.

"I will do nothing of the kind. I don't ask for anything. What you can put up with, I can too."

"If for no other reason, then because that woman will be there, with whom you cannot possibly associate."

"I don't want to hear anything about who or what will be there. I only know that my husband's brother is dying and my husband is going to him, and I am going with my husband so that–"

"Kitty! Don't be angry. But can't you see? How can you give way at such a moment to a woman's weakness, to a fear of being left alone? If you will be lonely here, go to Moscow."

"There now, you *always* credit me with the worst motives, the very lowest!" she said with tears of anger and outrage. "I'm not weak, I'm not... I only know I ought to be with my husband when he is in sorrow, but you intentionally want to hurt me, you intentionally don't want to understand–"

"This is horrible. A kind of slavery!" cried Levin getting up, unable to contain himself any longer. But at that very instant he felt he was inflicting blows on his own person.

"Why did you ever get married? You were free. Why did you do it if you regret it already?" she said, leaping to her feet and running into the drawing-room.

When he reached her she was sobbing.

He began speaking, trying to find words that would soothe if not dissuade her. But she would not listen to him or agree with him. He bent over her and took her resisting hand. He kissed her hand, her hair, her hand again, but she said not a word. It was only when he took her face in both hands and said "Kitty!" that she surrendered and made it up with him.

It was decided they would set out together on the next day. Levin assured her that he believed she only wanted to accompany him so as to be of some service, and he agreed there was nothing improper in Masha's being with his brother; but deep in his soul he set out with a sense of dissatisfaction with her and with himself. He was dissatisfied with her because she was unable to let him leave her at a time when he had to leave her (how strange to think that he, who so recently had considered the possibility of her loving him a happiness beyond attainment, now found himself unhappy because she loved him too well!); and he was dissatisfied with himself for not being able to hold out against her. Deep in his heart he objected even more seriously to her total disregard for that woman who was with his brother, and he shuddered to think of the clashes that might take place between them. The very idea that his wife, his Kitty, was to be in the same room with a woman of the streets filled him with horror and repugnance.

17

The hotel in the provincial town in which Nikolai Levin had put up was one of those provincial hotels which is built on new and improved principles aiming at cleanliness, comfort and even elegance, but which, owing to the quality of its clientele, rapidly sinks into filth while retaining its pretensions to modernity and comfort. These pretensions only make it worse than the general run of

filthy old inns. The hotel in question had already sunk to that state. The ex-soldier in a dirty uniform serving as porter and lounging at the entrance door smoking a cigarette, the dark, dismal, wrought-iron stairway, the flippant waiter in a stained frock coat, the lounge with a bouquet of dusty wax flowers on the table, the dust, litter and untidiness everywhere, and at the same time the new, contemporary, "railway" sort of self-satisfied activity—all this taken together and contrasted with their own clean young lives, made Levin's heart very heavy indeed, the more so that the false surroundings were so incompatible with what awaited them here.

After being asked what sort of room they wished, they were given the usual information that no first-class rooms were available; one was occupied by a railway inspector, another by a Moscow lawyer, a third by Princess Astafieva, who had just arrived from her country estate. The only thing to be offered was a dirty room and the promise of an adjacent one to be vacated by evening. Levin led his wife to the room allotted them, angry with her because things had turned out just as he had expected: at this first moment of their arrival, agitated as he was by thoughts of his brother, he could not rush straight to his bedside but had to see that his wife was taken care of.

"Go to him, go to him," she said meekly, with a guilty look.

He went to the door without a word and ran into Masha in the hall; she had been told of his arrival but had not dared to enter the room. She was exactly the same as he had seen her in Moscow—the same woollen dress with short sleeves and open neck, and the same dull good-natured expression on her pock-marked face, which was perhaps a little fatter.

"How is he? Speak up. Tell me the truth."

"Very bad. He don't get up. He's waiting for you. You . . . and your wife. . ."

Levin did not immediately comprehend the cause of her embarrassment; she herself explained it.

"I'll go away. I'll go down to the kitchen," she said. "He's heard. He knows. He remembers her from abroad."

She was speaking of his wife, of course, and Levin did not know what to reply.

"Take me to him," he said.

Scarcely had they gone a step when the door opened and Kitty looked out. Levin blushed with shame and vexation that his wife should have put him and herself in such an awkward position. Masha blushed even more. She shrank away and was crimson to the roots of her hair. At a loss what to say or do, she seized the ends of the kerchief on her shoulders and twisted them in her red fingers.

In that first instant Levin remarked the eager curiosity with which Kitty looked at this dreadful woman, so incomprehensible to her; but it lasted only an instant.

"How is he? How is he?" Kitty asked first him, then her.

"This is no place to talk," said Levin, looking uneasily at a gentleman who came jauntily down the corridor as if setting out on a business call.

"Then come in," said Kitty to Masha, who had slightly recovered, but the consternation on Levin's face made her say quickly: "Or no—go, go, and send for me later." She went back into the room and Levin went to his brother.

In no way had he anticipated what he saw and felt when he confronted his brother. He had expected to find him in that state of self-deception so common to consumptives, which had so impressed him during his brother's visit in the autumn. He had expected to see the physical signs of approaching death more marked—greater weakness, greater emaciation—but generally the same. He had expected to feel the same sorrow at the loss of his beloved brother and the same horror at the contemplation of death, only to a greater degree. This is what he

had prepared himself to find. But he found something quite different.

In the dirty little room with the stains of neglect on its painted panels, with the sound of voices coming through the thin partition, with unclean odours fouling the air, a body lay under a blanket on a bed that had been moved away from the wall. One arm of the body was lying on top of the blanket, the hand of which, big as a rake, was attached to a long thin rod perfectly even up to the elbow. The head was turned on the pillow, giving Levin a glimpse of sparse damp hair glued to the temples and an almost transparent forehead covered by taut skin.

Surely that dreadful body cannot be my brother Nikolai, thought Levin. But his doubts were dispelled when he went closer and saw the face. Despite the horrible changes in it, Levin had but to look at those live eyes raised to the visitor, had but to note the faint movement of the lips under the moist moustache, to accept the dreadful fact that this dead body was his living brother.

The glittering eyes turned a stern and reproachful glance upon him. And instantly this glance established a live relationship with the living. Levin was aware of the reproach in the glance and he felt guilty for his happiness.

When Levin took his hand, Nikolai smiled. The smile was faint, hardly perceptible, and in no way mitigated the sternness of the eyes.

"You didn't expect to find me like this, did you?" he murmured with difficulty.

"No . . . yes. . ." stuttered Levin. "Why didn't you let me know sooner, that is, at the time of my wedding? I made inquiries everywhere."

He had to speak so as not to be silent but he did not know what to say, particularly since his brother did not respond, only kept his eyes fixed on him as if probing the significance of every word. Levin told his brother that his wife had come with him. Nikolai expressed satisfac-

tion but said he was afraid his condition might frighten her. Silence ensued. Suddenly Nikolai stirred and began to speak. The expression of his face led Levin to think he would say something very important and meaningful, but he only spoke about his health. He blamed his doctor and regretted that an eminent Moscow physician had not been called, and Levin understood that he still had hope. As soon as he stopped speaking Levin got up so as to have if but a moment's respite from the torment of his emotions, and said he would go and fetch his wife.

"Very well, and I shall have them tidy up the room. It's dirty and probably stinks. Masha, clean the room," he said with difficulty. "And go away as soon as it's done," he added, glancing inquiringly at his brother.

Levin made no answer. Once out in the hall, he paused. He had said he was going to fetch his wife, but the thought of the shock the sight of his brother had been to him made him resolve to persuade her not to enter the sick man's room. Why should she suffer what I have suffered? he asked himself.

"How is he?" asked Kitty, fear written on her face.

"Dreadful, dreadful! Why did you come?" said Levin.

For a few moments Kitty meekly and pityingly gazed at her husband, then she went up to him and took his arm in both hands.

"Darling, take me to him, it will be easier for both of us. Just take me to him; take me and go away," she urged him. "Can't you understand it is much harder for me to see you and not see him? Perhaps I can be of help to you and to him. Please, please let me go," she pleaded, as if her whole life hung on it.

Levin could not refuse, and when he had somewhat recovered his composure he took her to his brother, quite forgetting about Masha.

With a light step, constantly glancing up at her husband and showing him a brave and sympathetic face, she went to the sick man's room and, once inside, turned

unhurriedly and shut the door without a sound. With quick soft steps she went over to the death-bed, choosing the side where he would not have to turn his head, and instantly took his enormous bony hand in her fresh young one, pressed it, and began speaking to him in a way women have of speaking with quiet animation, full of sympathy that does not give offense.

"We met at the watering place in Germany but we were not acquainted," she said. "I don't suppose you suspected then that I would become your sister-in-law."

"You wouldn't have recognized me, would you?" he said with the smile that had lighted his face the moment she entered the room.

"Oh, yes, I would have recognized you. How good that you let us know of your whereabouts! Not a day has passed but Konstantin has spoken of you and worried about you."

The sick man's animation did not last long.

Before she had finished speaking his face resumed the look of reproachful envy felt by the dying for the living.

"I fear you are not quite comfortable here," she said, escaping his gaze by glancing about the room. "We must ask the owner to give him another room," she said to her husband. "One nearer ours."

18

Levin could not look at his brother calmly, nor could he be calm and natural in his presence. When he was with him his eyes and attention involuntarily became overclouded and he could not see nor distinguish the details of his brother's state. He was conscious of a horrible smell, he saw the filth and disorder and his brother's terrible suffering, heard his moans and believed there was no help for it. It never occurred to him that he ought to apply his mind to understanding exactly what was making his brother so miserable, just how his body was

lying under the blanket, how those emaciated shoulders and hips were twisted, and to discovering if there were not some way in which they might be better arranged, some way in which he might be made to feel if not better, at least less bad. But cold chills ran up Levin's spine at the mere contemplation of such things. He was convinced beyond doubt that nothing could be done either to prolong his brother's life or to relieve his sufferings. The sick man sensed that his brother had given him up and resented it. This made it all the worse. It was torture for Levin to be in the sick-room but even worse to be out of it. And so under various pretexts he kept coming and going, finding it quite impossible to be alone.

Kitty thought, felt and acted quite differently. The sight of the sick man roused all her pity. And pity did not evoke in her woman's heart the feeling of horror and repulsion it evoked in her husband, but rather the need of doing something, of discovering exactly what was making the sick man so miserable and of helping him. Since there was not the slightest doubt in her mind that she ought to help him, there was not the slightest doubt that she could help him. And so she instantly set about doing it. Her attention was concentrated on the very things her husband shrank from contemplating. She sent for the doctor and for medicines, she had her maid and Masha sweep, dust and wash, she herself washed something, spread something under the blanket. By her order things were carried out of and brought into the sick-room. Several times she went back to her own room, completely disregarding the people she happened to meet in the hall, to unpack and bring sheets, pillowcases, towels and shirts to the patient.

On several occasions a waiter supervizing the serving of dinner to a party of engineers in the restaurant came at her call with a dour face, but he was incapable of refusing to do what she asked, so gently but insistently did she press him. Levin did not approve of all this. He did

not believe it would be of any service to the sick man; indeed he feared it would anger him. But although the sick man gave the appearance of being indifferent, he did not become angry, only ashamed, and on the whole seemed to take an interest in what she was doing for him. When Levin came back with the doctor for whom Kitty had sent him, he found his brother having his shirt changed at Kitty's request. The long white carcass seen from behind with its protruding shoulder blades, fleshless ribs and vertebrae, was completely bare and Masha and the waiter had got the fresh shirt in such a tangle they could not pull it over the long dangling arms. Kitty, who swiftly closed the door behind Levin, avoided looking in their direction, but on hearing the sick man moan she hastened over.

"Hurry," she said.

"Go away," murmured the sick man fretfully. "I'll do it myself."

"What's that?" asked Masha.

But Kitty had heard and understood that he was ashamed and displeased to have her see him naked.

"I'm not looking, I'm not looking," she assured him as she lifted his arm. "Masha, go to the other side and straighten out that sleeve," she added; then, addressing her husband, "There's a little vial in my bag–you know, in the side pocket–please find it and bring it while they finish tidying up."

When he returned with the vial Levin found the sick man lying down and everything round about completely changed. The foul odour was supplanted by the smell of vinegar and scent which Kitty had sprayed through a little pipe, closing her lips round it and blowing out her pink cheeks. There was not a sign of dust and a rug had been spread on the floor beside the bed. The table held a neat array of medicine bottles, a water-bottle, a change of linen and Kitty's *broderie anglaise.* On the bedside-table stood a glass of water, a candle and some powders.

The sick man himself, washed and combed, lay between clean sheets on a high pile of pillows in a clean nightshirt with a white collar round his scrawny neck; he did not take his eyes off Kitty, and they were filled with new hope.

The doctor Levin had found in the club and brought back with him was not the one who had been treating Nikolai and with whom Nikolai was displeased. The new doctor took out his stethoscope and listened, shook his head, wrote out a prescription and explained in great detail first, how the medicine was to be taken; secondly, what diet was to be observed. He advised raw or soft-boiled eggs and seltzer water mixed with fresh milk of a certain temperature. When the doctor left the sick man said something to his brother, but Levin caught only the last words, "...your Kate", but from the way in which he looked at her Levin knew he was praising her. He summoned "Kate", as he called her.

"I'm feeling much better," he said. "I'd have been well long ago under your care. What a relief!" He took her hand and raised it to his lips, but, evidently fearing she might recoil, he let it fall and merely stroked it. Kitty took his hand in both of hers and pressed it.

"Now turn me on my left side and go and get some sleep," he murmured.

No one but Kitty understood what he said. She understood because her mind was concentrated on anticipating his every wish.

"The other side," she said to her husband. "He always sleeps on that side. You turn him, he wouldn't want us to call a man and I can't do it. Perhaps you could," she said to Masha.

"I'm afraid," said Masha.

Dreadful as it was for Levin to embrace that dreadful body, to take hold of those parts hidden by the blanket which he tried not to think of, he obeyed his wife, assuming the resolute look she knew so well, opening his

arms and taking hold of his brother; but, strong as he was, he was struck by the strange weight of the emaciated limbs. As he lifted him, feeling a huge skinny arm encircle his neck, Kitty swiftly and silently turned the pillow, fluffed it up, and adjusted the patient's head and the sparse hair glued to his temples.

The sick man kept his brother's hand in his. Levin felt him pulling it towards him as if with some purpose. Without resisting, he waited with bated breath. Yes, his brother raised it to his lips and kissed it. Levin, shaking with sobs and unable to utter a word, went out of the room.

19

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes." That was what Levin thought in respect to his wife as he spoke to her that evening.

Levin was reminded of this verse from the Bible not because he counted himself among the wise. He did not consider himself wise, though he could not but know that he had more understanding than his wife and Agafia Mikhailovna, and could not but know that when he reflected on death he did it with all the strength of his intellect. He also knew that many men of great mind, whose writings he had read, had pondered the subject deeply, and yet had not known a hundredth part of what his wife and Agafia Mikhailovna knew. Different as were these two women (Agafia Mikhailovna and Kate, as his brother called her and as Levin found it particularly pleasant to call her now)—they were alike in this one thing. Both of them knew without doubt what life and death were, and if they could not have answered or even comprehended the questions that presented themselves to Levin, neither of them had any doubt as to the meaning of this phenomenon; their view of it, which they shared not only with

one another but with millions of others, was exactly the same. Proof of their being firmly convinced of what death was lay in their knowing with certainty what must be done in the presence of death and they felt no fear of the dying. Levin and others, for all they could expound on the theme of death, obviously did not know what it was because they were afraid of it and had not the slightest idea of what to do when people died. Had Levin been alone with his brother now, he would have looked at him in horror and awaited his death with even greater horror and not have known what else to do.

Moreover he did not know what to say, where to look, how to move. To speak of other things would, he felt, be offensive, it was out of the question; to speak of death, of morbid things, was also out of the question; and just as out of the question was it to keep silent. If I look at him, he will think I am studying him, am afraid of him; if I do not look at him he will think my mind is full of other things. If I go about on tip-toe he will be displeased, but I have not the heart to walk noisily.

Kitty, evidently, did not think of such things, indeed she had no time to think of them; she was too busy thinking of the dying man; there was something she knew, and so everything went well with her. She told him about herself and about their wedding, and she smiled and felt sorry for him and was gentle with him and told him of marvellous cures–and everything went well; in other words, there was something she knew. The proof that her activities and those of Agafia Mikhailovna were not merely instinctive, animal, irrational, lay in the fact that both of them, Kitty and Agafia Mikhailovna, not only looked after the dying physically in the effort to lessen their sufferings, but felt the need of something more important for the dying than mere physical care, something that had nothing to do with their bodies. In speaking of the old man who had recently died, Agafia Mikhailovna said: "Thank God he was given extreme unction. May

everyone have such a death." Kitty too, besides seeing that he had clean linen and water to drink and that his bed-sores were tended, urged him the very first day to receive the last sacrament.

When Levin left his brother for the night and went to the two rooms assigned them, he sat with drooping head, not knowing what to do. He could not so much as talk to his wife, to say nothing of having supper, getting ready for bed and considering what they were to do next. He felt ashamed. Kitty, on the other hand, was busier than ever, showed more initiative than ever. After ordering supper, she unpacked their things and helped make the beds, not forgetting to sprinkle them with Persian powder. Her faculties were stimulated and sharpened as are those of a man before a battle, at the most perilous and decisive moment of his life, when he demonstrates his worth once and for all and proves that everything preceding this moment has not been in vain but a preparation for this one all-important event.

She dispatched her work easily and well and before midnight everything was in its proper place, the rooms were neat and clean and had a homelike air, as if they were her own rooms: the beds were turned back, doilies were spread, combs, brushes and a looking-glass were set out.

Levin had felt that eating, sleeping and talking were unpardonable at such a time, that every movement he made was unseemly. She concerned herself with her brushes, but in such a way that there was nothing unseemly in it.

Yet neither of them could eat or fall asleep and they sat up till late.

"I am very glad I talked him into having the priest come tomorrow," she said from where she was sitting before her looking-glass in a wrapper, combing her soft fragrant hair. "I have never witnessed this ritual but mother told me it includes a prayer for recovery."

"Surely you do not think he can recover?" said Levin, his eyes on a spot at the back of her round little head where the natural parting of her hair disappeared every time she passed the comb through it.

"I asked the doctor, he said he could not last more than three days. But they don't really know. Anyway, I'm very glad I talked him into it," she said, peering at her husband through her hair. "Anything can happen," she added with that singular, rather cunning expression her face always assumed when she spoke of religion.

After that first talk about religion before they were married, neither of them had revived the subject, but she went on saying her prayers and going to church with the constant and changeless conviction that it was necessary. Despite his asseverations to the contrary, she was firmly convinced that he too was a Christian and just as good a one, if not better, than she was herself, and that all he said on the subject was just his way of having his masculine joke, as when he said of her *broderie anglaise*: "A good wife mends holes, but this one makes them on purpose."

"True enough, that woman Masha could not do what you have done," he said, "and . . . I must confess I am exceedingly glad you came. You're so good, so pure. . ." He took her hand but did not kiss it (he could not kiss it in the presence of death), he merely pressed it and looked apologetically into her shining eyes.

"It would have been torture for you to be here alone," she said and, lifting her arms to hide her face, which was flushed with pleasure, she coiled her hair into a knot and fastened it with pins. "Yes," she went on, pursuing the thought, "she does not know how. Fortunately I learned a great many things at the spa."

"Were some of the people there as ill as he is?"

"Even worse."

"I am haunted by visions of him as a young man. You

cannot imagine how attractive he was, but I didn't understand him then."

"Oh, I do believe you. I know that he and I would have been friends–" She broke off, frightened by the implication of her words, and turned eyes full of tears to her husband.

"Ah, yes: would have been," he said sadly. "He is one of those people of whom it is said they were not made for this world."

"But we still have hard days ahead of us, we must go to bed," said Kitty, glancing at her tiny watch.

20

DEATH

On the next day the sick man took the sacrament and was given extreme unction. During the ritual Nikolai prayed fervently. His large eyes, fixed on the icon standing on a card-table covered with a figured cloth, were filled with such impassioned hope and appeal that Levin could not bear to look at them. Levin knew that that impassioned hope and appeal would only make more bitter his departure from a life he loved so well. Levin knew his brother and the working of his mind; he knew that he had lost faith not because it was easier for him to live without faith but because the modern scientific explanation of life phenomena had, step by step, pushed out his faith, and therefore he knew that this return to it was not a lawful return, achieved in the process of reflection, but was a temporary return, springing from self-interest, from his ardent longing to get well. Levin also knew that Kitty fed his hopes with the stories she told of miraculous recoveries. Levin knew all this and it was unspeakably painful for him to look at those imploring, hopeful eyes, at that emaciated hand which the sick man could hardly lift to make the sign of the cross, at that taut-skinned

forehead and those sharp shoulders and the empty, rasping chest that could no longer contain the life for which he so urgently prayed. During the administering of the sacrament Levin prayed too and did what he, an unbeliever, had done a thousand times. He said, addressing God: "If Thou dost exist, cure this man (after all it has been done time and again), and in doing so Thou wilt save both him and me."

After the annointment the sick man suddenly felt much better. He did not cough once in the course of a whole hour, he smiled, kissed Kitty's hand, thanked her tearfully and said he felt well. Nothing hurt him and his strength and appetite returned. He sat up without aid when soup was brought and asked for meat. Though they knew his state was hopeless, though one look at him told them he could not possibly get well, Levin and Kitty shared for an hour his happy, if uneasy excitement, fearful that they might be mistaken.

"Better?" "Oh, much!" "Amazing!" "Nothing amazing about it!" "Decidedly better," they whispered, smiling at one another.

But their delusion did not last long. The sick man went to sleep tranquilly, but in half an hour his cough woke him up. And instantly he and those round him lost all hope. The reality of his suffering destroyed his, Levin's and Kitty's hopes irrevocably, leaving not so much as a recollection of their brief revival.

Without referring to what he had believed half an hour before, as if the remembrance were shameful, he called for his bottle of iodine covered with perforated paper so that he could inhale it. Levin gave him the bottle and his brother fixed upon him the same look of desperate hope he had worn while receiving the final rites, now urging Levin to confirm the doctor's words that the inhaling of iodine fumes worked wonders.

"Has Kate gone?" he asked hoarsely, turning round when Levin hesitantly confirmed the doctor's words. "I . . .

er... Of course it was for her sake I went through that farce. She's such a dear. But you and I cannot deceive ourselves. Here, this is what I believe in", and squeezing the bottle in his bony hand he began inhaling.

A little after seven o'clock of the same evening Levin and his wife were having tea in their room when Masha ran in breathlessly. Her face was white and her lips trembled.

"He's dying!" she gasped. "I'm afraid he will die any minute."

They ran to him. He had pulled himself to a sitting position and was bending over, leaning on one arm, his back and head drooping.

"What do you feel?" whispered Levin after a moment's silence.

"I feel I'm going," murmured Nikolai with difficulty but very distinctly, slowly squeezing out each word. He did not lift his head, he only raised his eyes but not high enough to reach his brother's face. "Go away, Kate," he added.

Levin jumped up and in an imperative whisper sent her away.

"I'm going," repeated the sick man.

"Why do you think so?" asked Levin for the sake of saying something.

"Because I'm going," he said again, as if enamoured of the phrase. "The end."

Masha came up to him.

"You'd feel better if you laid down," she said.

"I'll soon be lying quiet," he murmured. "Dead," he said sardonically, testily. "Well, put me down if you want to."

Levin lowered his brother so that he was lying on his back, then sat down beside him and gazed into his face, scarcely breathing. The dying man lay with closed eyes, but from time to time the muscles of his forehead contracted as if he were engaged in deep and intense contemplation. Involuntarily Levin went along with his brother in

contemplating this thing that was happening within him, but despite his efforts to think along with his brother, he could tell by the expression of that stern and placid face and by the play of muscles above the eyebrows, that something was being made clear to the dying man, and the something that was being made clear to him remained a mystery to Levin.

"Yes, yes . . . that's it. . ." said the dying man slowly, between pauses. "But wait." Another pause. "That's it," he suddenly pronounced with relief, as if he had found the answer. "Oh, God!" he groaned, heaving a deep sigh.

Masha felt his feet.

"They're getting cold," she whispered.

For a long time, for what seemed like an age to Levin, the sick man lay motionless. But he was still alive and from time to time he sighed. Levin was by now worn out by the intensity of his thinking. Yet for all the intensity of his thinking he could not understand his brother's "That's it". The dying man had left him far behind. No longer was Levin able to concentrate on the problem of death, his thoughts kept wandering to what he must do now, at once: close his brother's eyes, dress him, order a coffin. And oddly enough this left him cold, he did not feel grief or bereavement and least of all did he feel sorry for his brother. If there was anything he felt for his brother at this moment it was rather envy of the knowledge the dying man had acquired and he could not acquire.

For a long time he sat thus beside him, waiting for the end. But the end did not come. The door opened and Kitty appeared. He got up to prevent her entering, but the moment he got up he heard the dying man stir.

"Don't go," said Nikolai and held out his hand. Levin took it and with his other hand waved his wife away irritably.

He sat with the dying man's hand in his for half an hour, an hour, another hour. He no longer thought of death at all. He thought of what Kitty was doing, he won-

dered who occupied the next room and whether the doctor owned his own home. He longed to have something to eat and go to sleep. Cautiously he let go of his brother's hand and felt his feet. His feet were cold but he was still breathing. Once more Levin was about to tip-toe away, but again the sick man stirred and said:

"Don't go."

. . . . . .

Day dawned. The patient's condition was unchanged. Levin gently released his hand and, without glancing at the dying man, went to his room and fell asleep. Instead of being told when he woke up that his brother had died, as he expected, he was told that he had returned to his former state. He again sat up, coughed, ate, again talked of death and stopped talking of death, again expressed hope of getting better, yet was more glum and irritable than before. No one could placate him, not even Levin or Kitty. He was cross with everyone, said unpleasant things to everyone, blamed everyone for his sufferings and demanded that they send for the eminent Moscow physician. Every time he was asked how he felt he made the same reply, spoken with rancour and reproach:

"I'm suffering horribly, unspeakably!"

The sick man suffered more and more, especially from the bed-sores that could not be healed, and he grew more and more furious with those about him, blaming them for everything, especially for not sending for the Moscow physician. Kitty tried in every way to help him, to soothe him, but all in vain, and Levin saw that she herself was physically and morally worn out, although she did not admit it. The sense of death evoked by Nikolai's taking farewell of them that night when he sent for his brother, was now dispelled. All of them knew his death was inevitable and imminent, that he was already half dead. All of them wanted only one thing: that he should die as quickly as possible; and all of them, hiding this thought,

gave him medicine, looked for new medicines and doctors and deceived him and themselves and one another. It was all false–repulsively, offensively, impiously false. And this falseness was felt most acutely by Levin, both because of his nature and because he loved the dying man more than anyone else did.

Levin, who had long been harbouring the thought of reconciling Koznishev and Nikolai before the latter's death, wrote to Koznishev and read his reply to Nikolai. Koznishev wrote that he was unable to come, but in touching terms he asked his brother's forgiveness.

The sick man said nothing.

"What shall I write to him?" asked Levin. "I hope you bear him no grudge."

"None whatever," replied Nikolai, obviously piqued by the question. "Tell him to send me a doctor."

Three more harassing days passed; the sick man's condition did not change. Everyone who saw him desired his death: the hotel servants, the owner, all who were staying at the hotel, the doctor, Masha, Levin and Kitty. Only the sick man himself did not express this wish but was angry with them for not sending for the Moscow physician, and he went on talking about getting well. Only in rare moments when opium brought him relief from his misery did he, in a state of drowse, give expression to what he actually felt: "Oh, if only it were over!" or "Will the end never come?"

His suffering, steadily increasing, accomplished its purpose by preparing him to accept death. He could find no position that released him from pain, there was not a moment when he was free of it, there was not a limb, not a spot on his body that did not hurt, did not torture him. The very thoughts, memories, impressions, connected with that body now awakened in him the same aversion that the body itself did. The sight of other people, the sound of their voices, his own recollections–all of this brought him only anguish. It was communicated to those about

him and in his presence they did not allow themselves to speak, move about freely, or express their wishes. His entire life was one great sense of suffering and the desire to be rid of it.

Apparently he was undergoing the transformation that was to make him look upon death as a happiness, as the fulfilment of his heart's desire. Formerly desires springing from suffering or deprivation, such as hunger, thirst or weariness, were satisfied by bodily functions bringing pleasure; now, however, he could find no relief from deprivation and suffering and any attempt to get relief only brought new suffering. Consequently all his desires merged in one—the desire to be relieved of his suffering and its source, his body. But there were no words for expressing this desire for relief and therefore he did not speak of it but went on demanding the satisfaction of desires that could no longer be satisfied. "Turn me on the other side," he would say, and the next moment he would ask that they turn him back. "Give me some broth." "Take away the broth." "Tell me something, why are you silent?" But as soon as they began speaking he would shut his eyes and assume a look of weariness, indifference and distaste.

On the tenth day after their arrival in this town Kitty fell ill. She had a headache and vomited and was confined to her bed all morning.

The doctor explained that her illness was caused by exhaustion and agitation and recommended peace and quiet.

In the afternoon, however, Kitty got up and went with her embroidery to sit with the patient. He glanced at her crossly when she entered the room and gave a contemptuous smile when she said she had been unwell. All that day he kept blowing his nose and moaning pitifully.

"How do you feel?" she asked him.

"Worse," he said with difficulty. "Such pain."

"Where does it hurt?"

"Everywhere."

"Today it'll be over, you'll see," said Masha, and although she spoke in a whisper the patient, who was very alert as Levin had noticed, must have heard. Levin hushed her and glanced at the sick man. Nikolai had heard, but the words made not the slightest impression on him. His glance remained just as intent and reproachful.

"What makes you think so?" Levin asked Masha when she followed him out into the hall.

"From the way he plucks at himself," she said.

"Plucks at himself? What do you mean?"

"Like this," she said, plucking at the folds of her woollen dress. And in very fact Levin noticed that the sick man kept snatching at himself as if he wished to get rid of something.

Masha's forecast turned out to be true. By evening the patient lacked the strength to lift a finger and lay staring in front of him with fixed and unwavering concentration. Even when his brother or Kitty bent over him so that he might see them, he went on staring. Kitty sent for the priest to read the prayer for the dying.

Nikolai showed no signs of life while the priest read the missal, his eyes were shut. Levin, Kitty and Masha stood by the bed. Before the prayers came to an end the dying man stretched himself, drew a sigh and opened his eyes. When he finished praying the priest touched the dying man's cold forehead with the crucifix, then folded it into his stole and after standing in silence a little, felt the enormous hand, now cold and bloodless.

"It is over," said the priest and was about to turn away when the dead man's lips stirred and from the depths of his chest came the words very sharply and distinctly:

"Not yet... Soon."

The next moment his face lighted up and a smile formed under his moustache.

The women who gathered in the room began gently preparing his body.

The sight of his brother and the presence of death revived in Levin the horror roused in him by the mystery of death, its proximity and inevitability–the same horror he had felt that autumn evening when his brother was visiting him. Now the feeling was still stronger; even less than at that time did he feel capable of understanding the significance of death and even more horrible was the sense of its inevitability; but now, thanks to the presence of his wife, his feeling did not lead him to despair: in spite of death, he felt he must live and love. He felt that love had saved him from despair and that the threat of despair made his love stronger and purer.

No sooner had one mystery, the impenetrable mystery of death, taken place before his very eyes, than he was confronted by another, just as impenetrable, but a challenge to life and love.

The doctor confirmed his suppositions as to Kitty. She was with child.

21

From the moment when Karenin understood from his talks with Betsy and Oblonsky that nothing was demanded of him but that he should leave his wife alone, that he should not burden her with his presence, and that this was what his wife desired, he felt so lost that he was incapable of making any decisions, he did not know what he himself desired now, and, surrendering himself into the hands of those who with great zeal undertook the management of his affairs, consented to anything they proposed. Only when Anna left his house and the English governess sent to ask whether she was to dine with him or separately, did he fully comprehend his position, and he was appalled by it.

The most difficult thing about his position was that he could not connect and reconcile his past with his present. It was not the past when he had lived happily with his wife that confounded him. He had already painfully lived

through the transition from that past to the knowledge that his wife had been unfaithful to him; it had been hard but it had been comprehensible. If, having told him of her unfaithfulness, his wife had immediately left him, he would have been saddened and distraught, but he would not have been in the hopeless and baffling predicament in which he now found himself. He could not reconcile the forgiveness he had recently bestowed, his softening of heart, his love for his sick wife and another's child, with what had now taken place–that is, with his being repayed for his magnanimity by being left alone, disgraced, humiliated, shunned and despised by all.

In the first two days after his wife left him, Karenin received petitioners and his office supervisor, he went to the committee and he took his meals in the dining room as usual. Without asking himself why he did it, he mustered all his forces those two days so as to preserve the appearance of being calm and indifferent. When approached for instructions as to what was to be done with Anna's things and rooms, he made a well-nigh inhuman effort to show that what had occurred was not unexpected or an event out of the ordinary, and he succeeded in showing it; no one was able to detect in him a sign of despair. On the second day after Anna left him, Kornei handed him a bill from a fashionable shop that Anna had forgotten to pay and announced that the shop assistant himself had brought it; Karenin had him call the assistant.

"Forgive me, Your Excellency, for disturbing you; if you tell me to send it to Her Excellency, then be so kind as to give me her address."

Karenin considered a moment, or so it seemed to the shop assistant, then turned abruptly and sat down at his desk. Dropping his head on his hands, he sat there for some time, attempting once or twice to say something but failing each time.

Kornei, appreciating his master's feelings, asked the assistant to come back another day. When Karenin found

himself alone he realized he had not the strength to go on pretending to be firm and untroubled. He had them dismiss the waiting carriage, ordered that no one be admitted, and did not take dinner.

He felt unable to bear the pressure of contempt and hard-heartedness emanating from the shop assistant, from Kornei and every other person he met in those two days. He felt he could not protect himself from people's hate because this hate was not roused by his being bad (if it had been, he could try to be better), but by his being shamefully and revoltingly miserable. He knew that for this, for his heart being broken, they would show him no mercy. He felt they would destroy him, as dogs destroy one of their kind that is bleeding and yelping with pain. He knew he could save himself from his fellowmen only by hiding his wounds from them, and for two days he instinctively tried to do it, but now he felt incapable of keeping up the unequal struggle.

His despair was heightened by the consciousness that he was utterly alone in his grief. Not only in St. Petersburg was there no one to whom he could confide his sorrow and who would sympathize with him not as a high-placed official, not as a member of society, but as a suffering human being; there was no one in the whole world to whom he could turn.

Karenin had grown up as an orphan. He had a brother. The two brothers did not remember their father; their mother died when Karenin was ten years old. They were left with only a small fortune. Karenin's uncle, an important official who had been a favourite with the late emperor, brought the boys up.

Karenin finished school and the university with honours, and with his uncle's help set out on a career of public service. From that time on he gave himself up wholly to professional ambition. Neither in school, nor the university, nor later in his public activities, did he make friends. His brother was closer to him than anyone else, but he

served in the foreign office and always lived abroad, where he died shortly after Karenin's marriage.

While he was serving as governor of a certain province, Anna's aunt, a wealthy provincial noblewoman, tried to make a match between her niece and Karenin, who, if no longer a young man, was at least a young governor, and she succeeded in placing him in such a position that he had either to propose or leave town. For some time Karenin had been trying to make up his mind as to Anna. There were as many pros to his taking the step as there were cons, and nothing decisive occurred to force him to change his rule: when in doubt, do nothing. But Anna's aunt, through a friend, gave him to understand that his attentions had compromized the girl and honour demanded that he make her an offer. He made the offer and bestowed upon his betrothed, then upon his wife, all the feeling of which he was capable.

The devotion he felt for Anna left no room in his heart for other human attachments. And now, of all his many acquaintances, not one was close to him. He had innumerable so-called connections but his relations were not on the footing of friendship. There were many people Karenin could invite to dinner, ask to participate in some undertaking or offer his patronage, there were many with whom he could frankly discuss the behaviour of other functionaries and of high-placed government officials, but his relations with these people were limited to a single sphere defined by habit and custom and under no circumstances could they extend beyond this sphere. He had a university friend to whom he could have confided his personal troubles, but this friend was a school inspector in a distant province. Of those who were in St. Petersburg, the closest to him and the most eligible as confidants were his office supervisor and his doctor.

Mikhail Vasilievich Sludin, his office supervisor, was a plain, intelligent, kind and upright man and Karenin felt that he was well-disposed towards him; but the five years

they had been working together formed an obstacle to personal confidences.

After he had signed the necessary papers, Karenin was silent for some time and kept glancing up at Sludin; several times he tried to speak but could not. He had formed the question in his mind: "Have you heard of my misfortune?", but instead he said the usual thing: "Well then, will you get this ready for me?" and with that he let him go.

The other person, his doctor, was also well-disposed towards him, but between them there had long been a tacit understanding that both were overwhelmed by duties and were always in a hurry.

Karenin did not think of his female friends, not even of the foremost of them, Countess Lydia Ivanovna. He disdained and disliked all women, just because they were women.

22

Karenin forgot Countess Lydia Ivanovna, but she did not forget him. At the very moment of his most acute loneliness and despair she came to him and entered his study without being announced. She found him sitting in that same attitude, his head in his hands.

"*J'ai forcé la consigne,*" she said, entering with quick steps, breathless with excitement and from hurrying. "I've heard everything! Alexei Alexandrovich! Dear friend!" She pressed his hand in both of hers and gazed into his eyes with her own beautiful, pensive ones.

With a frown Karenin got up and, freeing his hand, drew up a chair.

"Won't you sit down, Countess? I am not seeing anyone because I am ill, Countess." As he said this his lips began to quiver.

"Dear friend!" repeated Countess Lydia Ivanovna, her eyes still on his, and suddenly her eyebrows turned up

where they meet, forming a triangle on her forehead, and her unlovely sallow face became even more unlovely and Karenin saw she was sorry for him and was about to cry. And he was touched. He seized her puffy hand and kissed it.

"Dear friend!" she said in a tremulous voice. "You must not succumb to your grief. Your grief is great, but you must find consolation."

"I am broken, I am prostrated, I am scarcely alive," said Karenin, letting go of her hand but still looking into her brimming eyes. "My position is so dreadful that nowhere, not even within myself, can I find any support."

"You will find support, seek it not in me, though I beg you to believe in my friendship," she said with a sigh. "Our support is in love, that love which passeth all understanding. His burden is light," she said with that exalted look he knew so well. "He will be your aid and support."

Even though she obviously found pleasure in pronouncing these words, reflecting as they did her own lofty sentiments, and even though they were an expression of that new ecstatic mysticism then popular in St. Petersburg, a mysticism Karenin found unduly emotional, he was grateful to her for them at this moment.

"I am weak. I am crushed. I was totally unprepared and I comprehend nothing."

"Dear friend," repeated Lydia Ivanovna.

"It is not the loss of what is now gone–it is not that," went on Karenin. "I do not regret that. But I cannot help feeling ashamed of the figure I cut in everyone's eyes. That is wrong, but I cannot help it, I cannot help it."

"It was not you who performed that noble act of forgiveness that filled me and everyone else with admiration, but He who dwells within you," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna, turning up her eyes ecstatically. "And for that reason you cannot feel ashamed of what you have done."

Karenin frowned, interlocked his fingers and cracked his knuckles.

"It is necessary to know all the particulars," he said in his thin voice. "A man's strength has its limits, Countess, and I have come to the limits of mine. All day I have been called upon to give instructions–instructions for running the house consequent upon" (he stressed the words *consequent upon*) "my solitary position. Servants, the governess, bills... I have been consumed in these little flames; it has been too much for me. At dinner ... last evening I almost left the dinner-table. I could not endure the look my son fixed on me. He did not ask the meaning of all this, but he wished to ask and I shrank under his gaze. He feared to look at me, but that was not the worst..."

Karenin wished to mention the bill he had been presented with, but his voice failed him. He could not recall that bit of blue paper demanding payment for ribbons and a hat without devastating self-pity.

"I understand, my friend," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna. "I understand everything. It is not from me you will find help and consolation, yet it is to help you if I can that I have come here. If only I could unburden you of all those humiliating little tasks... It is a woman's word, a woman's instructions that are needed. Will you allow me to offer them?"

Karenin pressed her hand without speaking to show his gratitude.

"You and I together will take care of Sergei. Practical affairs are not my forte. But I shall take it upon myself, I shall be your housekeeper. Do not thank me. It is not I who does it."

"I cannot help thanking you."

"But do not succumb to the feeling you spoke of, my friend–do not be ashamed of the loftiest heights to which a Christian can aspire: he that shall humble himself shall be *exalted.* You cannot thank me; it is Him you must thank and turn to for help. In Him alone do we find peace, consolation, salvation and love," she said, turning up her

eyes again, and from the silence that followed Karenin assumed she was praying.

As Karenin listened to her, phrases he had once found if not unpleasant at least ostentatious, now sounded natural and comforting. Karenin did not like the new ecstatic spirit. He was a believer interested in religion largely for its political significance, and the new teaching which permitted of new interpretations was distasteful to him precisely because it opened the doors to argument and analysis. Formerly he had been cold and even hostile to the new teaching, but he had never argued with Countess Lydia Ivanovna, who had taken it up; he had, rather, turned a deaf ear to her overtures. Today for the first time he listened without inner protest and indeed with satisfaction to what she said.

"I am deeply, deeply grateful for your deeds and for your words," he said when she finished praying.

Once more Countess Lydia Ivanovna pressed both of her friend's hands.

"Now I shall get down to business," she said with a smile after silently wiping the traces of tears from her cheeks. "I am going to Sergei now. I shall only apply to you when it is unavoidable," and she got up and went out.

Countess Lydia Ivanovna went to Sergei's rooms where, flooding the child's cheeks with her tears, she told him his father was a saint and his mother was dead.

Countess Lydia Ivanovna fulfilled her promise. She assumed entire responsibility for ordering and maintaining Karenin's household. But she had not exaggerated when she said that practical matters were not her forte. All her orders had to be changed since it was impossible to carry them out, and they were changed by Karenin's valet Kornei, who unobtrusively ran the house, quietly and tactfully telling his master what was needed as he

helped him dress. And still Lydia Ivanovna's help was in the highest degree effective: she offered him moral support by demonstrating her love and respect for him and, as it pleased her to think, by almost converting him to Christianity–that is, by converting him from a passive and indifferent believer into a firm and fervent adherent of the new interpretation of the Christian faith that was so widespread in St. Petersburg at the time. Karenin was easily converted. Karenin, like Lydia Ivanovna and others who shared their views, completely lacked depth of imagination, that intellectual faculty thanks to which conceptions born of the imagination are so real that they demand correlation with other conceptions and with reality itself. He saw nothing incredible or incongruous in the idea that death, existing for unbelievers, did not exist for him, and that since he had complete faith (he himself being the judge of the amount of his faith), his soul was free of all sin and he enjoyed salvation here on earth.

True, Karenin was faintly aware of the superficiality and erroneousness of this conception of faith, and he knew that when he had spontaneously responded to the impulse to forgive without considering that his forgiving was dictated by a higher power, he had experienced greater happiness than when, as now, he was always reminding himself that Christ dwelt within him and that when signing official papers he was fulfilling Christ's will; but it was expedient that Karenin should think in such a way, it was expedient that in this hour of his abasement he should have at least an imaginary height from which he, looked down upon by all, could look down upon others, and so he clung for salvation to this delusion of salvation.

23

Countess Lydia Ivanovna had been given in marriage while still a very young and starry-eyed girl to a rich, high-born, good-natured, convivial rake. They had not

been married two months before her husband left her; he answered her rapturous assurances of affection with a mockery and hostility that perplexed people who knew the count's goodness of heart and who found nothing objectionable in Lydia's exultation of spirit. Ever since then the couple, though not divorced, had been living apart, and whenever the husband met his wife he displayed the same mordent mockery no one could understand.

Countess Lydia Ivanovna had long since ceased to be in love with her husband, but she was always in love with someone. She had been known to be in love with several people at once, both male and female; she had been in love with almost everyone of eminence; she fell in love with every new prince or princess who entered the royal family; she had been in love with a Metropolitan of the Russian Church, a vicar and a priest; she had been in love with a journalist, with three Slavophils and with Komissarov; with a minister, a doctor, an English missionary, and with Karenin. None of these loves, now waxing, now waning, hindered her from developing the most elaborate and complicated relationships at the court and in society. But from the moment misfortune came to Karenin she had taken him under her special protection and given herself up to exertions in his house aimed at his welfare; and from that moment she was convinced that all her other loves were artificial and she truly loved only Karenin. She believed she had never felt for anybody what she felt for him. As she analyzed her former feelings and compared them with her present one, she clearly saw that she would not have fallen in love with Komissarov if he had not saved the Tsar's life, that she would not have fallen in love with Ristich-Kudzhitsky if there had not been the pan-Slavic problem, but that she loved Karenin for himself alone, for his lofty and misunderstood spirit, for the thin tone of his voice with its long-drawn intonations, which she found so charming, for his weary look, for his character and his soft white hands laced with swollen

veins. Not only did she take joy in meeting him, but she sought in his face signs of the impression she made on him. She wanted to please him not in words alone but in her entire person. For his sake she spent more time over her toilette than she had ever taken before. She found herself dreaming of what might take place if she were not married and he were unattached. She blushed with agitation when he entered the room and she could not suppress a rapturous smile when he paid her a compliment.

For several days now Countess Lydia Ivanovna had been in a state of great excitement. She had learned that Anna and Vronsky were in St. Petersburg. She must spare Karenin a chance meeting with his wife, she must spare him even the agonizing knowledge that that dreadful woman was in the same city and he might encounter her at any moment.

Through her acquaintances, Lydia Ivanovna found out where *those odious people,* as she called Anna and Vronsky, would be at any particular time, and accordingly she guided her friend's movements so as to prevent his running into them. The young adjutant, a friend of Vronsky's, who supplied her with information in the hope of procuring a business concession through her, told her they had wound up their affairs and were leaving on the following day. No sooner had Lydia Ivanovna enjoyed the relief this information brought when she was handed a note addressed in a hand she recognized with horror. It was Anna Karenina's hand. The envelope was opulently stiff and the cream-coloured note-paper bore a huge monogram and gave off a delicate scent.

"Who brought it?"

"A messenger from the hotel."

For some time Lydia Ivanovna was unable to compose herself sufficiently to read the note. Her agitation brought on one of spells of asthma to which she was subject. When she was more tranquil she read the following letter written in French:

Madame la Comtesse,

The Christian sentiments that fill your heart allow me, I believe, to display the unpardonable boldness of writing to you. I am made miserable by separation from my son. I beg to be allowed to see him just once before I go away. Pray forgive me for forcing myself on your attention. I am appealing to you rather than to Alexei Alexandrovich only because I do not wish to cause that generous man suffering by reminding him of my existence. Knowing how friendly you are with him, I am sure you will understand me. Will you send Sergei to me, or shall I visit him at home at an appointed hour, or will you tell me when and where I may see him away from home? I cannot entertain thoughts of a refusal, knowing the magnanimity of him on whom permission depends. You cannot imagine how great is my longing to see my son, and accordingly you cannot imagine how deep will be my gratitude to you for your help.

Anna.

Everything in the letter irritated Countess Lydia Ivanovna: its contents, the reference to Karenin's magnanimity, and above all the tone, which she considered casual.

"Tell the messenger there will be no reply," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna and instantly she opened her writing-case and wrote to Karenin saying she hoped to see him at the congratulatory ceremony to be held at the court at noon of that very day.

"I must speak to you about an important and grievous matter. When I see you we will decide where we shall talk. Preferably at my house. I will order *your* tea to be served. It is imperative. He gives us our cross but He also gives us the strength to bear it," she added as a forewarning of what awaited him.

Countess Lydia Ivanovna had formed the habit of sending Karenin two or three notes a day. She enjoyed this way of communicating with him, blessed as it was with a grace and mystery that direct communication lacked.

24

Congratulations were over. As the guests left they exchanged remarks about the latest news, the awards just presented and the changes made in high government posts.

"I would make Countess Maria Borisovna Minister of War and Princess Vatkovskaya Chief of Staff," said an old man in a gold-braided uniform to a tall and handsome Lady-in-Waiting who had asked him about the new appointments.

"And I should be among the adjutants," replied the Lady-in-Waiting with a smile.

"Oh no, you already have your post. You are head of the Ecclesiastical Department. With Karenin as your vice."

"Good afternoon, Prince," said the old man, shaking the hand of a gentleman who had just come up.

"What were you saying of Karenin?" asked the prince.

"That he and Putyatov were given the Order of Alexander Nevsky."

"I thought he already had it."

"No. Just look at him," said the old man, pointing with his braided hat to the doorway in which Karenin, in his court uniform and with his new red ribbon stretched from shoulder to hip across his chest, was standing with an influential member of the State Council. "Glowing with self-satisfaction like a copper coin," he added after a pause in which he shook the hand of a handsome and athletically-built Kammerherr.

"Oh, but he has aged," said the Kammerherr.

"From his worries. He spends all his time drawing up projects now. He won't let that poor fellow go until he has expounded everything to him, point by point."

"Aged, you think? *Il fait des passions.* I believe Countess Lydia Ivanovna is jealous of his wife."

"Come, now, speak no evil of Countess Lydia Ivanovna."

"Why, is it evil to say that she is in love with Karenin?"

"Is it true that Madame Karenina is here?"

"That is, not here, at court, but in St. Petersburg. Yesterday I met her with Alexei Vronsky *bras dessus, bras dessous* on Morskaya Street."

"*C'est un homme qui n'a pas...*" began the Kammerherr, interrupting himself to bow and make way for a member of the royal family.

Everybody talked without cease about Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin, criticizing him and sneering at him while he walked slightly behind the member of the State Council whom he had caught and was holding fast by expounding his financial project without a moment's break.

At almost the same time that his wife left him, Karenin suffered the greatest catastrophe that can come to a public servant: the termination of what has been steady promotion. The end had come and everyone saw it clearly, yet Karenin himself was not aware that his career was over. Whether because of his conflict with Stremov, or of his trouble with his wife, or simply because he had reached the limits of what fate had marked out for him, Karenin's success in the service had come to an end as everyone could see. He still held an important post, and he was still a member of many commissions and committees, but he was an empty man from whom nothing more was expected. Whatever he said and whatever he proposed was received as old-fashioned, as precisely what was not wanted.

But Karenin did not feel this; on the contrary, now that he was eliminated from direct participation in state activities he saw all the drawbacks and mistakes of others more clearly and considered it his duty to point out the means of correcting them. Soon after his separation from his wife he began writing a report on the new courts, the first of a countless number of useless reports he was to write on every aspect of state administration.

Not only was he unaware of the hopelessness of his position and therefore did not grieve over it, but he even felt more gratified with his activities than he had ever felt.

"He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: but he that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife," said apostle Paul, and Karenin often recalled this text, guided as he now was in all things by the Holy Scriptures. He fancied that from the moment he was left without a wife he served the Lord with his projects more zealously than before.

Karenin was not disturbed by the obvious impatience of the council member to be free of him; he stopped expounding only when the member seized the opportunity of slipping away from him by hooking on to a royal personage who happened to pass them by.

Left alone, Karenin lowered his head to gather his thoughts, then glanced about absently and made for the door where he hoped to meet Countess Lydia Ivanovna.

How strong and robust they all look! Karenin said to himself as he took in the powerful build of the Kammerherr with his brushed and fragrant sidewhiskers, and the red neck of the prince squeezed into his uniform. Truly has it been said that everything in the world is evil, he thought, casting another sidelong glance at the Kammerherr's calves.

Unhurriedly propelling his legs and with his usual air of weariness and dignity, Karenin bowed right and left to the gentlemen who were talking about him, and raised his eyes to the door in search of Countess Lydia Ivanovna.

"Ah, Alexei Alexandrovich!" said the old man with a malicious glint in his eye as Karenin drew even with the little group and bowed his head coldly. "I have not congratulated you," he said, indicating the new ribbon.

"Thank you," said Karenin. "What remarkable weather today," he added, stressing the *remarkable* in his usual way.

That they were sneering at him he knew, but he expected nothing but hostility; he was used to it by this time.

On catching sight of Lydia Ivanovna's yellow shoulders burgeoning forth from her corset and her beautiful pensive eyes calling to him, as it were, from the doorway, he bared his ageless white teeth in a smile and went over to her.

Lydia Ivanovna had taken great trouble with her toilette as she always did these days. The aim of her toilette now was quite the reverse of what it had been thirty years earlier. Then she had wished to ornament her person, and the more the better. Now, on the contrary, she was sure to be decked out in a way so inconsonant with her age and figure that her one concern was to make less glaring the contrast between herself and her adornments. In respect to Karenin, she achieved her purpose; he found her attractive. For him she was the one island of kindness—even of love—in the sea of mockery and hostility that surged round him.

As he made his way through the battery of mocking glances, he was drawn as naturally to her loving gaze as a plant is drawn to the light.

"I congratulate you," she said, indicating the ribbon with her eyes.

Suppressing a smile of satisfaction, he shrugged his shoulders and shut his eyes, as if to say that such things could bring him no pleasure. Countess Lydia Ivanovna knew very well that this was one of his chief sources of pleasure, though he never owned it.

"How is our angel?" asked Countess Lydia Ivanovna, having Sergei in mind.

"I cannot say that I am satisfied with him," said Karenin, lifting his eyebrows and opening his eyes. "And Sitnikov is not satisfied either." (Sitnikov was the head tutor to whom Karenin had entrusted his son's upbringing.) "As I once told you, he exhibits a certain indifference to the vital problems that ought to stir the soul of everyone,

child and adult alike," and he began elaborating his ideas on the only subject that interested him outside of his work: the education of his son.

When, with the aid of Lydia Ivanovna, Karenin had returned to life and work, he felt it incumbent upon him to accept responsibility for the education of the son left on his hands. He who had never before considered the matter of education, now undertook a theoretical study of it. After reading a number of books on anthropology, pedagogics and didactics, he drew up a plan for his son's education and, engaging the best teacher in St. Petersburg to assist him, set to work. This work became a constant concern of his life.

"Ah, but his kindness of heart? I see that he has his father's heart, and with such a heart he cannot be a bad child," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna ecstatically.

"Perhaps... As for me, I am only doing my duty. I can do no more."

"You must come and see me," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna after a pause. "We must speak about a matter that I fear will cause you pain. I would give anything to spare you certain recollections, but not everyone is of the same mind. I have received a letter from *her. She* is in St. Petersburg."

Karenin started at the mention of his wife, but the next moment his face congealed in the death-like immobility that expressed his utter helplessness.

"I expected this," he said.

Countess Lydia Ivanovna gazed at him ecstatically, her eyes filling with tears of admiration for the greatness of his soul.

25

When Karenin entered Lydia Ivanovna's small, cozy sitting-room with portraits on the walls and old china set about, the lady herself was not there. She was dressing.

A round table had been covered with a cloth on which stood a Chinese tea-set and a silver tea-kettle over a spirit-lamp. Karenin looked absent-mindedly at the familiar portraits, then sat down at a little table and opened the Bible lying on it. He was roused by a rustle of silk skirts.

"Well, at last we can sit down and talk undisturbed over our tea," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna as, with a nervous smile, she hastily squeezed herself between the tea-table and the sofa.

After a few introductory remarks designed to prepare him for what was to come, Countess Lydia Ivanovna, blushing and breathing heavily, handed Karenin the letter.

He said nothing for some time after reading it.

"I do not suppose I have a right to refuse her," he said meekly, lifting his eyes.

"Oh, my dear friend! You never see evil in anything."

"On the contrary, I see evil in everything, but is it just?—"

His face expressed uncertainty and the need of advice, support and direction in a matter beyond his comprehension.

"Just!" interrupted Countess Lydia Ivanovna. "There is a limit to everything! I understand immorality," she said insincerely, for she could never understand that which leads women to immorality, "but I cannot understand cruelty—and to whom? To you! How can she come to the same town where you are? Ah, well, live and learn! I have lived to learn of your loftiness and her baseness."

"Who is to throw the first stone?" asked Karenin, obviously pleased with his own role. "I have forgiven everything and therefore I cannot deprive her of her need to love—to love her son..."

"But is it love, my friend? Is it sincere? Let us say you forgave, that you forgive, but does that give us the right to disturb the heart of that angel? He thinks she is

dead. He prays for her and asks God to forgive her her sins. It is better so. What would he think now?"

"I had not considered that," said Karenin, apparently agreeing with her.

Countess Lydia Ivanovna covered her face with her hands and said nothing. She was praying.

"If you ask my advice," she said, dropping her hands when the prayer was finished, "I would not advise you to consent. Do not I see how you are suffering, how this has opened your wound? But let us say that you give no thought to yourself as usual–to what can this lead? To new suffering on your part and torture for the child. If there is a spark of humanity left in her, she cannot wish this. No, I unhesitatingly advise against it and with your permission will write her a reply."

Karenin gave his permission and Countess Lydia Ivanovna wrote the following letter in French:

Dear Madame,

Any reminder of you can only cause your son to ask questions that cannot be answered without destroying his reverence for things that ought to be held sacred, and therefore I must ask you to accept your husband's refusal in the Christian spirit of love. May our Heavenly Father show you His mercy.

Countess Lydia.

This letter achieved the secret aim that Countess Lydia Ivanovna did not acknowledge even to herself. It hurt Anna cruelly.

When Karenin returned home after his visit to Lydia Ivanovna he could not take up his usual activities nor recover the inner peace he had enjoyed as a believer who has found salvation.

This reminder of a wife who had done him such injury, and before whom he was blameless, as Countess Lydia Ivanovna so justly informed him, ought not to have dis-

turbed him so; but he had no peace; he could not comprehend the book he was reading, he could not drive away agonizing memories of his former relations with Anna, he could not forget what he now felt to have been errors in his conduct towards her. The recollection of how he had responded to her confession of infidelity during the ride home from the races (in particular his only having required that she keep up appearances, and his not having challenged his rival) brought him tortures of remorse. He was likewise tortured by the memory of the letter he had sent her; but nothing seared his heart with shame and remorse as did his remembrance of that act of forgiveness that had done no one any good, and the solicitude he had shown for another man's child.

He felt this same shame and remorse as he went over in his mind the whole story of their past, and remembered the clumsy words in which, after much hesitation, he had made her an offer of marriage.

But wherein am I to blame? he asked himself. And this question always gave rise to another, as to whether other men, the Vronskys and Oblonskys and the Kammerherren with their sturdy calves—whether they felt differently, loved differently, married differently. And he conjured up in his mind an array of those strong, full-blooded, complacent gentlemen who always and everywhere drew his attention and roused his curiosity. He drove these thoughts out of his mind. He tried to convince himself that he lived not for this transient earthly life but for the life eternal and that his soul was filled with peace and love. But his conviction that in this transient, insignificant life he had committed certain insignificant errors caused him as much agony as if the eternal salvation in which he believed did not exist.

His hour of temptation, however, did not last long; soon Karenin was again filled with the peace and lofty sentiments that enabled him to forget that which he did not wish to remember.

26

"Well, Kapitonich," said Sergei, rosy and excited after his walk on the day before his birthday, as he handed his overcoat to the old hall porter who smiled down upon the little master from his great height. "Was that bandaged clerk here again today? Did papa see him?"

"He did. Soon's the secretary goes out, in I goes and announces him," said the porter, with a merry little wink. "Here, let me take them off."

"Sergei," admonished the boy's head tutor, pausing in the doorway that led to the inner rooms. "Take them off yourself."

Sergei, though he heard the tutor's low voice, paid no attention to it. He stood there holding on to the porter's belt and looking up into his face.

"And did papa do what he asked?"

The porter nodded.

Both he and Sergei had become interested in this bandaged clerk who had come seven times to ask for Karenin's help. Once Sergei had met him in the entrance and heard him beg the porter to announce him, saying that he and his children were on the verge of starvation.

Since then Sergei, who occasionally saw the clerk in the hall, took the greatest interest in him.

"Was he awfully glad?" he asked.

"Oh, but he was! All but danced, he did."

"Has anything been delivered?" asked Sergei after a little pause.

"We-ell, little master," drawled the porter with a shake of his head before lowering his voice to a whisper, "something's come from the countess."

Sergei instantly knew it was a birthday present from Countess Lydia Ivanovna.

"Has it? Has it? Where is it?"

"Kornei took it to your papa. And a very fine thing it is from the looks of it."

"How big? This big?"

"Smaller, but very fine."

"A book?"

"Oh, no. A thingumabob. But run along, run along, Vassili Lukich is calling," said Kapitonich, hearing the steps of Sergei's mentor approaching. Gently loosening the hold on his belt of the little hand that had almost slipped out of its glove, he winked and nodded towards the door.

"Just a minute, Vassili Lukich!" said Sergei with the bright and loving smile that always won the heart of conscientious Vassili Lukich.

So gay was Sergei's mood, so bright did everything look on that day, that he could not resist telling his friend the porter one more piece of good news he had heard from Countess Lydia Ivanovna's niece on their walk in the Summer Garden. This piece of good news took on special import, coinciding as it did with the good news of the clerk and the good news of his birthday present. Sergei felt that this was a day on which everyone ought to be gay and happy.

"Have you heard? Papa was given the Order of Alexander Nevsky!"

"Indeed I have. People have called already to congratulate him."

"Well, is he glad?"

"And could he help being glad? From the Tsar himself, little master! But it's only what your papa deserves," said the porter solemnly.

Sergei fell to thinking as he gazed at this face he knew so well, especially at the chin sagging between the sidewhiskers, which no one but Sergei had seen since he alone viewed the face from below.

"Your daughter hasn't been to see you for a long time, has she?"

The porter's daughter was a ballet dancer.

"How's she to come on a weekday? She's got her les-

sons to do. And you've got yours, little master, so run along."

Once in the study-room Sergei, instead of getting down to work, told his mentor he thought the package they had delivered must be some kind of machine. "What do you think?" he asked.

The only thing Vassili Lukich thought was that it was time to prepare his lesson for the grammar tutor who would come at two o'clock.

"But first tell me, Vassili Lukich—what is a higher order than Alexander Nevsky?" Sergei suddenly asked when he was seated at the desk with a book in his hands. "Did you know papa had been given the Alexander Nevsky?"

Vassili Lukich replied that the Order of Vladimir was higher than the Alexander Nevsky.

"And higher than that?"

"The Andrei Pervozvanny."

"And higher than that?"

"I don't know."

"Even you don't know?" and Sergei, his head in his hands, became lost in thought.

His thoughts were many and complicated. He thought—what if his father should suddenly, that very day, be awarded both the Vladimir and the Andrei and so visit Sergei's lesson in a more lenient mood, and he thought that when he was big he would surely be awarded all the orders, even the ones higher than the Andrei. The minute they thought of a higher order, he would be given it, and when they thought of an even higher one, he would be given that one, too.

In such reflections the time passed, so that when the grammar tutor arrived the lesson on *conditions determining the time, place and character of an action* was not learned and the tutor was displeased and disappointed. Sergei was affected by the tutor's disappointment. He knew he was not to blame for not having learned his lesson, but try as he might he could not do it; while the gram-

mar tutor was explaining it to him he thought he understood, but as soon as he was left on his own he could neither remember nor comprehend why such a short and clear word as "suddenly" should be a *condition determining the character of an action.* But he was sorry to disappoint his tutor and wanted to compensate in some way.

He chose a moment when the tutor was studying his book in silence.

"Mikhail Ivanich, when is your birthday?" he asked.

"You would do better to think about your work; birthdays mean nothing to rational beings—just a day like any other in which one ought to work."

Sergei looked at him attentively, at his sparse little beard, at his eye-glasses that had slipped down to the tip of his nose, and this led him to further reflections that kept him from hearing what the tutor was explaining. He knew the tutor did not believe what he was saying, he could tell it by the tone in which he said it. Why should they all have agreed to say everything in the same way, and all the same things and all so dull and stuffy? And why is he so cold to me, why doesn't he like me? Sergei asked himself sadly, unable to find an answer.

27

The lesson with the grammar tutor was followed by one with his father. While waiting for his father Sergei sat at the desk playing pensively with a penknife. One of Sergei's favourite pastimes was looking for his mother when he went for a walk. He did not believe in death at all, and particularly in her death, even though Lydia Ivanovna had told him of it and his father had confirmed it, and that was why he went on looking for her even after they had told him she was dead. For him every lady with a full and graceful figure and with dark hair was his mother. The sight of such a lady filled him with such tenderness that his breath failed him and tears sprang to his eyes.

He always expected such a lady to come up to him and lift her veil and he would see her face and she would smile at him and embrace him and he would catch a whiff of her scent and feel the caress of her hands and he would weep with happiness, as on that evening when he had lain at his mother's feet and she had tickled him and he had laughed and bit her white hands with all the rings on them.

Later, when he accidentally learned from his nurse that she was not dead and his father and Lydia Ivanovna explained that she was dead to him because she was wicked (a thing he could not possibly believe because he loved her), he went on looking and waiting for her. Today in the Summer Garden there had been a lady in a mauve veil whom he had taken for her and watched with beating heart as she came along the path towards him. But she turned off before she reached him. Today he felt a stronger upsurge of love for her than ever before and he mechanically notched the edge of the desk as he sat waiting for his father and thinking of her, staring into space with shining eyes. He was brought back to earth by Vassili Lukich's saying:

"Your papa is coming."

Sergei jumped up, went to his father, kissed his hand and studied his face for signs of the joy of having been awarded the Alexander Nevsky.

"Had you a nice walk?" asked Karenin as he settled himself in his armchair, pulled over the Old Testament and opened it. He had repeatedly told Sergei that every Christian ought to have a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, and yet he himself often had to refer to the book and Sergei noticed this.

"Oh, yes, it was awfully jolly, papa," said Sergei, sitting sidewise on the chair and rocking it, which was forbidden. "I saw Nadya." (Nadya was Lydia Ivanovna's niece whom she was bringing up.) "She told me they had given you another star. Are you glad, papa?"

"In the first place, stop rocking," said Karenin. "In the second, it is not the award that is dear but the labour that has earned it. I should like you to understand this. If you labour, if you study, just for the sake of a reward, your labour will be a burden; but if you labour with love," said Karenin, remembering how the consciousness of his duty had supported him that very morning when he was fulfilling the dull task of signing one hundred and eighteen papers, "you will find reward in the work itself."

The gay and tender light in Sergei's eyes instantly went out and he lowered them under his father's gaze. This was the same tone of voice his father always used with him and Sergei had learned to adapt himself to it. His father always spoke to him—at least so it seemed to Sergei—as if he were addressing an imaginary boy, one of those to be found in books and not at all like Sergei. So when he was with his father he always pretended to be like the imaginary boy out of a book.

"I trust you understand this," said his father.

"Yes, papa," replied Sergei in the role of the imaginary boy.

The lesson consisted of learning a few verses from the Gospels and retelling the opening chapters of the Old Testament. Sergei knew the verses from the Gospels quite well, but when he was repeating them he became so fascinated by the bone structure of his father's forehead, which curved so abruptly at the temples, that he got mixed up and transferred the end of one verse to the beginning of another. This produced the impression that he did not understand what he was saying, and Karenin was annoyed.

He frowned and began explaining something that Sergei had heard many times before and could never remember because he understood it too clearly—something similar to the word "suddenly" being a condition defining the character of an action. Sergei watched his father in fright,

with only one thought in his head: would his father make him repeat what he was saying as he sometimes did? So frightened was he by such a prospect that he understood nothing. Fortunately his father did not ask him to repeat it but went on to the study of the Old Testament. Sergei retold events well enough, but when he was asked questions as to what certain events foretokened, he could not answer even though he had been punished once for not knowing this lesson. It was when they came to the prophets who lived before the flood that he foundered, hummed and hawed, dug his penknife into the desk and rocked on his chair. The only one of these prophets he knew was Enoch, who had been taken alive up to heaven. He had remembered at least their names before, but now he had forgotten even them, owing, perhaps, to Enoch's being his favourite character in the entire Old Testament and to Enoch's being taken alive up to heaven which provoked a whole train of thought that occupied his mind as he sat with his eyes fixed on his father's watch-chain and a half-buttoned button on his father's waistcoat.

Sergei did not at all believe in the death they were always talking to him about. He did not believe that the people he loved could die, and certainly he did not believe that he himself would die. He found this impossible and incomprehensible. But he was told everyone would die; he asked people he trusted about this and they confirmed it; even his old nurse confirmed it, if reluctantly. But Enoch had not died, which meant that not everyone died. So why can't others serve God so well that He will take them alive up to heaven? mused Sergei. Bad people–that is, those whom Sergei disliked–might die, but all the good ones must be like Enoch.

"Well, then, who were the prophets?"

"Enoch, Enos–"

"You have already named them. This is bad, Sergei, very bad. If you do not try to learn that which a Christian should know above all else," said his father, getting up,

"then what can be of interest to you? I am displeased with you, and so is Pyotr Ignatich" (Sergei's head tutor). "I shall have to punish you."

His father and his tutor were both displeased with Sergei, and he really was a bad scholar. But it would have been a mistake to say he was incapable. On the contrary, he was a great deal more capable than the boys his tutor held up as an example to him. In his father's opinion, he did not wish to learn what they taught him. As a matter of fact he could not learn it. He could not learn it because his soul pressed more urgent demands upon him than those presented by his father and tutors. And since the two sets of demands conflicted, he waged an open struggle with his educators.

He was nine years old, he was but a child; but he knew his own soul, he cherished it, he protected it as the eyelid protects the eye, and he allowed no one to enter it unless the door was opened with the key of love. His educators complained that he did not wish to learn, but his soul was brimming over with the yearning for knowledge. And so he learned from footman Kapitonich, from his old nurse, from Nadya, from Vassili Lukich, but not from his tutors. The living stream his father and tutors had counted on for turning their mill-wheel had long since been diverted and turned quite another wheel.

His father punished Sergei by not allowing him to go and see Nadya, Lydia Ivanovna's niece, but the punishment turned out to be a favour: Vassili Lukich was in a good mood and showed him how to make wind-mills. He spent the entire evening working and dreaming of how he could make a wind-mill that he could ride on—hold on to the arms with his hands or tie himself to them and be spun round and round. Sergei did not give his mother a thought all evening, but when he was in bed he suddenly remembered her and prayed in his own words that his mother would come out of hiding the next day, his birthday, and visit him.

"Vassili Lukich, can you guess what I prayed for?–something extra, besides the other things."

"To study better?"

"No."

"For new toys?"

"No. You'll never guess. Something wonderful, but it's a secret. After it happens I'll tell you. Have you guessed?"

"No, I can't guess. You'll tell me," said Vassili Lukich, smiling, a thing he rarely did. "Well, lie down, I'll put out the candle."

"I can see better what I see and prayed for without the candle. There now, I almost told my secret," said Sergei, laughing gaily.

When the candle was taken away Sergei heard his mother and felt her presence. She was bending over him and caressing him with a loving glance. But presently her image was blurred by wind-mills and penknives and he fell asleep.

28

On arriving in St. Petersburg Vronsky and Anna stopped at one of the best hotels–Vronsky alone on a lower floor, Anna with the baby, the wet-nurse and a maid in a big four-room suite on an upper floor.

Vronsky went to see his brother on the very first day. There he found his mother, who had come from Moscow on business. His mother and sister-in-law behaved towards him as usual; they asked about his travels abroad and spoke of their common acquaintances, but they did not so much as mention his connection with Anna. On the next day, however, his brother came to see him and asked about her and Vronsky told him frankly that he looked upon his relationship with Anna as marriage, that he hoped to arrange a divorce and marry her; until then he considered her as much a wife as any other wife and asked

his brother to convey this to his mother and sister-in-law.

"If society does not approve, I do not care," said Vronsky, "but if my relatives wish to go on accepting me as a relative, they must accept my wife as well."

His elder brother, who had always revered the opinions of his younger brother, could not decide whether he was right or wrong until society had made its decision; he himself found nothing wrong with it and so he went with Vronsky to visit Anna.

In the presence of his brother, as in the presence of anyone else, Vronsky addressed Anna with the formal pronoun and behaved towards her as towards a close friend; but it was understood that his brother knew of their true relations and they spoke openly about Anna's leaving for the country to live on Vronsky's estate.

Despite his extensive experience as a member of society, Vronsky was labouring under a strange misapprehension arising out of the new situation in which he found himself. One would have expected him to know that the doors of society would be shut to him and Anna; but vague ideas formed in his brain as to such an attitude being a thing of the past, that nowadays, owing to such rapid progress (without realizing it he had become a supporter of all sorts of progress), society was changing its views, but the question as to whether these views would take hold or not was an open one. Naturally, he said to himself, she will not be received in court circles, but close friends can and must see things in their true light.

A person can calmly sit for hours with his legs crossed if he knows there is nothing to stop him from changing his position; but if he knows he has got to sit indefinitely with his legs crossed he will get cramps in his legs and they will twitch and jerk in the direction in which he wishes to stretch them. This is what Vronsky experienced in respect to society. Although in his heart of hearts he knew that the doors of society were shut to them, he made attempts to see if society had not changed and was willing

to receive them. Very soon he discovered that it would receive him but not her. As in the game of Cat-and-Mouse, arms went up to let him in and went down to keep her out.

One of the first ladies of St. Petersburg society he met was his cousin, Princess Betsy.

"At last!" she cried happily on seeing him. "And Anna? How glad I am! Where are you staying? I dare say our St. Petersburg seems horrid to you after your marvellous travels; I can imagine what a glorious honeymoon you had in Rome. What about the divorce? Is everything over?"

Vronsky observed that Betsy's rapture diminished on learning they had not got a divorce.

"I know I shall have stones thrown at me," she said, "but I shall call on Anna anyway; oh, yes, I shall certainly do so. I don't suppose you will be here long?"

True enough, she called on Anna that same day, but the tone she adopted was quite different from her former one. She appeared to be proud of her daring and hoped Anna would appreciate what a true friend she was. She remained not more than ten minutes, gossiping all the while about members of society and on leaving she said:

"You have told me nothing about the divorce. I, let us say, have flung caution to the winds, but my stiff-necked friends will freeze you out until you are properly married. Getting a divorce is so simple these days. *Ça se fait.* So you are leaving on Friday? What a pity we shall not see each other again."

Betsy's tone ought to have told Vronsky what he was to expect from society, but he made one more effort within his own family. He placed no hopes in his mother. He knew that his mother, who had been so enamoured of Anna when first she met her, would show her no mercy now for ruining her son's career. But he placed great hopes in Varya, his brother's wife. He believed she would not throw stones, but with simplicity and resolution would call on Anna and receive her in her home.

Vronsky went to see Varya on the second day after their arrival and, finding her alone, candidly told her what he wished.

"You know how fond I am of you, Alexei," she said after hearing him out, "and how ready I am to do anything for you, but I have said nothing because I know I can be of no service to you and Anna Arkadievna." She pronounced the name "Anna Arkadievna" with special emphasis. "Pray do not think I censure you in any way. Never. Perhaps in her place I would have done the same. I shall not and cannot go into detail," she said, glancing timidly into his gloomy face. "But we must call things by their proper names. You would like me to visit her and receive her in my home and in that way reinstate her in society. But please try to understand that I *cannot* do it. I have daughters growing up and I must keep my place in society for my husband's sake. Supposing I do go and see Anna Arkadievna; she will understand that I cannot invite her to come and see me in return, or if I do it must be in such a way that she will not meet those who see things differently. She would be offended. I cannot raise her—"

"I do not see that she has fallen lower than hundreds of women whom you receive in your home," interrupted Vronsky even more gloomily, and then he got up without saying anything more, knowing that his sister-in-law's decision was final.

"Alexei! Please do not be angry with me. Do try to understand that it is not my fault," said Varya, again giving him a timid smile.

"I am not angry with you," he said just as gloomily, "but I am doubly hurt. I am hurt that this will destroy our friendship. Not destroy it, perhaps, but weaken it certainly. You must know that things cannot be other than they are with me."

So saying, he left her.

Vronsky now understood that further attempts were useless and that he would have to spend the remaining days

in St. Petersburg as in a strange city, avoiding all contacts with his former friends so as to spare himself the wounds and annoyances he felt so deeply. One of the greatest annoyances for him in St. Petersburg was that Karenin or his name seemed to be everywhere. No matter what was being discussed, the conversation was sure to come round to Karenin; no matter where he went, he was sure to meet him. At least it seemed so to Vronsky, as it seems to a man with a sore thumb that everything is designed to hurt that thumb.

His stay in St. Petersburg was made more miserable by seeing that Anna was in a new and unaccountable frame of mind. At one time she appeared to be in love with him, at another she was cold, irritable and impenetrable. Something was troubling her that she hid from him, and she seemed callous to the affronts that made life insufferable for him and ought to have caused her, with her sensitive nature, even greater distress.

29

One of Anna's objects in returning to Russia was to see her son. From the moment she left Italy she was excited by the thought of seeing him. And the nearer they drew to St. Petersburg the greater grew the joy and significance of this meeting as she conceived it. She did not ask herself how it was to be arranged. She accepted it as only right and natural that she should see her son, once he and she were both in the same town. But on arriving in St. Petersburg her new position in society suddenly became perfectly clear to her and she knew it would not be easy to arrange such a meeting.

Now she had been two days in St. Petersburg. Not for a moment had she been free of thoughts of her son, and still she had not seen him. She felt she had no right to go directly to the house, where she might run into Karenin. She might not even be admitted, she might be insulted. Even the thought of writing to her husband and entering

into relations with him was agonizing; she could be tranquil only when she did not think of her husband. She might have made inquiries as to when and where her son went for walks and have gone to meet him, but this would not have satisfied her; she had looked forward to this meeting for so long, she had so much to say to him, she wanted so badly to take him in her arms and kiss him! Sergei's old nurse might have contrived something and helped her, but the nurse no longer lived in Karenin's house. Thus two days passed in a state of uncertainty and in an effort to find the old nurse.

On the third day Anna, hearing of the intimacy that had sprung up between Karenin and Countess Lydia Ivanovna, made the difficult decision of writing the countess a letter in which she would deliberately say that permission to see her son depended upon her husband's magnanimity. She knew very well that if the letter were shown to him his desire to appear magnanimous would prevent him from withholding permission.

The messenger who delivered her letter came back with the cruellest and most unexpected answer possible: that there would be no answer. Never had she felt so humiliated as in that moment when, having sent for the messenger, she listened to his detailed account of how he had waited and then been told: "There will be no answer." Anna was hurt and humiliated but she admitted that Lydia Ivanovna, from her own point of view, was right. Anna's grief was the greater because she endured it alone. She could not and did not want to share it with Vronsky. She knew that, even though he was the main cause of her unhappiness, the question of seeing her son would appear to him one of minor importance. She knew he would never be able to understand the depth of her suffering; she knew that the cold tone in which he would speak of it would make her hate him. This was a thing she feared above all else and so she hid from him everything that concerned her son.

All day long she sat at home thinking of a means of seeing Sergei, and in the end she decided to write to her husband. She was in the act of composing the letter when Lydia Ivanovna's note was brought to her. The countess's silence had quelled and subdued her, but her note, with all that Anna read between the lines, so incensed her, she found the countess's malevolence so outrageous as compared with her own legitimate and passionate devotion to her son, that she ceased blaming herself and felt bitter towards others.

Such coldness—a mere mockery of feeling! she said to herself. The only thing they want is to insult me and torture the child, and am I to submit? Not for the world! She is worse than I am. At least I do not pretend. She instantly resolved that on the next day, Sergei's birthday, she would go directly to her husband's house, bribe the servants, resort to deception if necessary, but see her son at any cost and put an end to the ugly lies they were telling him.

She drove to a shop, bought him some toys and thought out a plan of action. She would go early in the morning, at eight o'clock, before Karenin had got up. She would have money in her hand to bribe the porter and footman to let her in, and without lifting her veil would say she had been sent by Sergei's godfather to bring him birthday greetings and leave some presents beside his bed. The only thing she did not think of was what she would say to her son. Try as she might, no words would come to her.

At eight o'clock of the next morning Anna got out of a hired cab and rang the doorbell at the main entrance of her former home.

"See who it is. A lady it seems," said Kapitonich, not yet in his clothes, with a coat thrown over his shoulders and his feet in overshoes, as he peered through the window at the veiled lady standing at the door.

No sooner had the porter's helper, a young fellow Anna did not know, opened the door than Anna was inside.

Taking a three-rouble note out of her muff, she thrust it into his hand.

"Sergei... Sergei Alexeich," she murmured and would have slipped past him had not the fellow, after a glance at the note, blocked her way at the second glass door.

"Who d'ye want to see?" he asked.

She did not hear him and said nothing.

Noting the agitation of the unknown lady, Kapitonich came to the door, let her in, and asked what she wanted.

"I have come from Prince Skorodumov to see Sergei Alexeich," she murmured.

"The little master's not up yet," said Kapitonich looking at her intently.

Anna had not foreseen that the entrance hall of the house in which she had lived for nine years and in which everything was exactly as she had left it, would affect her so deeply. Memories one after another, both joyful and painful, surged within her with such force that for a moment she forgot why she was there.

"Will you wait?" asked Kapitonich as he took off her cloak.

In doing so he caught a glimpse of her face; he recognized her and silently bowed his head.

"Come in, Your Excellency," he said.

She wanted to speak to him, but was incapable of producing a sound; throwing him a guilty and imploring look, she began climbing the stairs with a swift light step. Kapitonich ran after her all bent over, his overshoes catching on the steps, trying to overtake her.

"The tutor is there, he may not be dressed, let me warn him."

Anna went on mounting the familiar stairs without comprehending what he was saying.

"Here, to the left if you please. Sorry, it's not tidied yet. They are in what used to be the parlour," said the porter, all out of breath. "Be so kind as to wait a moment, Your Excellency, I will just take a look," he said and,

passing her by, opened the tall door and shut it behind him. Anna stopped and waited.

"The little master has just waked up," he said, reappearing.

Just as he said it Anna heard the sound of a child yawning. From the mere sound of his yawn she recognized her son and saw him as clearly as if he were standing before her.

"Let me in, let me in," she said, and slipped through the tall door. To the right stood a bed, and on the bed sat a little boy in an unbuttoned night-shirt, stretching and arching his body as he finished a yawn. As his lips closed they curved in a blissful sleepy smile, and with this smile on his face he sank slowly and sweetly back on the pillow.

"Sergei," she whispered, gliding to him noiselessly.

Throughout her separation from him and during the exceptional upsurge of love she had felt for him of late, she had seen him in her fancy as the four-year-old child she loved best of all. Now he was not even as he had been when she had left him, he was even farther away from the four-year-old, had grown even taller and thinner. What was this? How thin his face was, and how short his hair! How long his arms! How he had changed since she saw him last! But it was he, with the characteristic form of his head, his lips, his soft neck and broad shoulders.

"Sergei," she said close to his ear.

He lifted himself on his elbow, turned his tousled head from side to side as if seeking something, and opened his eyes. For a few seconds he looked quietly and questioningly at his mother standing motionless beside him, then with a blissful smile he again shut his heavy eyelids and fell, not back on the pillow this time, but into her arms.

"Sergei, my darling!" she murmured, catching her breath and closing her arms round his plump body.

"Mamma!" he said, wriggling in her arms so that they would touch him all over.

Smiling sleepily, still with his eyes shut, he flung his soft little arms round her shoulders and snuggled up to her, bathing her in the sweet fragrance and warmth that only children give off in their sleep, and began rubbing his cheek against her face and neck.

"I knew it," he said, opening his eyes. "Today's my birthday. I knew you'd come. I'll get up in a minute."

So saying, he dozed off.

Anna looked at him greedily, noting how he had grown and changed in her absence. She recognized and did not recognize the bare legs, now so long, that stuck out from under the blanket, she recognized the thinner cheeks, the cropped curls at the back of his head where she had so often kissed him; she fondled them all and could not say a word for the tears that would rise.

"Why are you crying, mamma?" he said, now wide awake. "Mamma, why are you crying?" he repeated in a tearful voice.

"Crying? I won't cry. I am crying with joy. It has been so long since I saw you. I won't cry any more, don't fear," she said, swallowing down her tears and turning her head away. "Come, it is time you were dressing," she put in after a little pause in which she got control of herself. Still holding his hand in hers, she sat down beside his bed in the chair on which his clothes were laid out.

"How do you dress yourself without me? How..." She tried to speak simply and brightly but she could not and turned her head away again.

"I don't wash with cold water any more, papa doesn't let me. Have you seen Vassili Lukich? He'll be coming. Oh, oh, you're sitting on my clothes!"

Sergei burst out laughing. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma! Dearest, darlingest mamma!" he cried, throwing himself upon her again and hugging her. It was as if he fully understood what had happened only now, seeing her smile. "You don't want this," he said, taking off her hat. And as if seeing her anew now that her hat

was off, he began kissing her again.

"What did you think had happened to me? You didn't think I had died?"

"Oh, no! I never thought that!"

"You didn't, my precious?"

"I knew, I knew!" He kept repeating this favourite phrase as he seized the hand that was stroking his hair, pressed the palm to his lips and kissed it again and again.

30

Meanwhile Vassili Lukich—who had not understood at first who this lady was but had discovered from their talk that this was the mother who had left her husband, the mother he had never seen because she had left before he came—was now in a quandary as to whether he ought to enter the room or not, and whether he ought to tell Karenin or not. Deciding at last that his duty lay in getting Sergei out of bed at a certain hour and that therefore it made no difference to him who was sitting there, the boy's mother or anyone else, he dressed himself, went to the door and opened it.

But the tender embraces of mother and son, the sound of their voices and what they were saying made him change his mind. He shook his head, sighed, and shut the door. I will wait another ten minutes, he said to himself, clearing his throat and swallowing the lump in it.

In another part of the house the servants were in great perturbation. They knew that the mistress had come, that Kapitonich had let her in, that she was now in Sergei's room, that the master always went to see his son between eight and nine, that it would be calamitous for the husband and wife to meet and that they must take measures to prevent it. Kornei, the valet, went to the porter's room and asked who had admitted her and under what circumstances, and on finding out that Kapitonich had let her in and seen her to the nursery himself, took the old man to task. The porter maintained an obstinate silence, but when Kornei told him he ought to be dismissed for

such a thing Kapitonich leaped at him, shook his fist in his face and said:

"Oh, yes, you wouldn't have let her in, you wouldn't! Worked here ten years and nothing but kind words did you ever hear from her, and you'd have said, 'Be so kind as to get out!' Oh, you know on which side your bread's buttered, you do! All you think of is yourself, how to squeeze more out of the master and filch racoon coats!"

"Pig!" said Kornei contemptuously, turning to the old nurse who had just come in. "Judge for yourself, Maria Yefimovna: he lets her in without telling nobody, and Alexei Alexandrovich about to go into the nursery any minute."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said the nurse. "Can't you hold him back somehow, Kornei Vassilich?—the master, that is—and I'll run up and get the mistress away somehow. Oh, dear, oh dear!"

When the nurse entered Sergei's room he was telling his mother how he and Nadya had gone sliding down the hill and turned head over heels three times. She heard his voice, saw his face with its swift changes of expression, felt his hand, but understood nothing he was saying. She must go away, she must leave him—that was the only thing she thought or felt. She heard Vassili Lukich come to the door and clear his throat, she heard the nurse's steps approaching, but she sat as one in a trance, lacking the power to speak or move.

"Dear mistress," said the old nurse, coming over to Anna and kissing her hands and shoulders. "What a happy surprise God has given our birthday-boy! You've not changed in the least, ma'am."

"Ah, I did not know you were in the house, nurse dear," said Anna, coming to herself for a moment.

"I don't live here, I live with my daughter, I just come this morning to bring birthday greetings, Anna Arkadievna."

The nurse suddenly broke down and began kissing Anna's hand again.

Sergei, with beaming eyes and smile, jumped up and down on the carpet on his sturdy legs, holding on to his mother with one hand and to his nurse with the other. The tenderness his beloved nurse showed for his mother threw him into raptures.

"Mamma! She often comes to see me, and whenever she comes..." he began but he stopped on seeing the nurse whisper something into his mother's ear that brought an expression of fright and something like shame to her face that did not become her.

She leaned down to him.

She could not say *goodbye* but her look said it and he understood. "Dear, dear Kutik!" she said, calling him by the name she had used when he was very small. "You won't forget me? You–" She could say no more.

How many things did she think of later which she could have told him! Now there was nothing she could think of to say. But Sergei understood everything she wished to tell him. He understood that she was unhappy and that she loved him. He even understood what the nurse had whispered to her. He heard the words: "Always before nine", and he understood she was referring to his father and that his mother and father must not meet. This he understood, but there was one thing he could not understand: why had that look of fright and shame crossed his mother's face? He knew she was not to blame, yet there was something that frightened her and made her ashamed. He wanted to ask a question that would dispel his doubts but he dared not ask it: he saw she was suffering and he felt sorry for her. So he snuggled up to her without asking and said in a whisper:

"Don't go yet. He won't come yet."

His mother held him away to see whether he knew what he was saying, and she read in his frightened face that he was not only referring to his father but seemed to be asking her what he ought to think of his father.

"Sergei darling," she said, "love him; he is better and

kinder than I am; I have done him wrong. When you grow up you will judge for yourself."

"Nobody's better than you!" he cried in anguish through his tears as he threw his arms round her neck and drew her to him with all the strength of his tense, quivering arms.

"My darling, my little one!" murmured Anna and wept silently, like a child, just as he was weeping.

Just then the door opened and Vassili Lukich came in. At another door steps were heard and the nurse whispered in fright, "It's him", and handed Anna her hat.

Sergei dropped back on the bed and sobbed, covering his face with his hands. Anna pulled his hands away, once more kissed his wet face and walked rapidly to the door. Karenin came towards her. On seeing her he stopped and bowed his head.

She had just said he was better and kinder than she was, but when she swept him with a glance that took in all the particularities of his person she was filled with repugnance, resentment, and jealousy because of her son. Instantly she let down her veil and quickened her steps, almost running out of the room.

She had not even had time to take out the toys she had chosen so lovingly, so sadly, the previous day; she brought them back with her.

31

Much as Anna had longed to see her son, long as she had thought of and prepared for their meeting, she had not imagined it would shake her so profoundly. When she got back to her empty hotel rooms she could not at first understand why she was there. Ah, yes, everything is over and I am alone again, she said to herself. Without taking off her hat she sank into a chair beside the mantlepiece and became lost in thought, her eyes fixed on a bronze clock on the table between the windows.

The French maid she had brought from abroad came in

to ask if she did not wish to change her clothes. Anna looked at her in bewilderment and said:

"Later."

The footman asked if she would have coffee.

"Later," she said.

The Italian wet-nurse, having got the baby ready, brought her to her mother. As always when she saw her mother, the chubby, well-fed child gave her a toothless smile and began beating her fat little arms with the deep creases at the wrists, as a fish works its fins, making a rustling sound against her starched clothes. It was impossible not to smile at the baby, not to kiss her, not to give her a finger, which she clutched and put into her mouth by way of a kiss. Anna did all this and held her in her arms and jumped her up and down and kissed her fresh cheeks and bare elbows; but the sight of this baby only made her feeling for her son more clear; indeed this could hardly be called love as compared with what she felt for Sergei. The little girl was sweet, but for some reason she did not touch Anna's heart. On her first child, even though of an unloved husband, she had lavished all the love that had found no other outlet; the little girl had been born in tragic circumstances and had not received a tenth of the attention given to the first child. Moreover, the little girl was still but a promise to be realized in the future, whereas Sergei was almost a person already, and a beloved person; already he was seething with thoughts and feelings; he understood her, loved her, appraised her, she thought, recalling his words and glances. And she was separated from him forever, not only physically but spiritually, and nothing could be done to remedy it.

She handed the baby to the nurse and sent them away, then opened a locket containing a portrait of Sergei when he was about the same age as this baby. She got up, took off her hat and picked up an album that contained photographs of her son at various ages. She wanted to compare them and began taking the pictures out of the album. She

took all of them out but one, the last and best. He was sitting astride a chair in a white shirt, frowning with his eyes and smiling with his lips. It was a characteristic expression and she loved it best of all. With her dexterous little hands in whose slender fingers there was an unwonted tenseness today, she tried several times to pull out the picture but it refused to come. There was no paper-knife handy and so she pulled out the picture next to it (of Vronsky in a round hat and with long hair, taken in Rome) and pushed Sergei's picture out with it. Ah, you! she murmured, looking at Vronsky's picture and suddenly recalling that he was the one responsible for her present grief. Not once had she thought of him all morning. Now as she looked at that fine virile face, so familiar and so dear to her, she was engulfed in a wave of love for him.

But where is he? How can he leave me alone in my misery? she asked herself, blaming him for it and forgetting that she had hidden from him everything that concerned her son. She sent for him, asking him to come to her at once; she scarcely breathed as she waited for him, thinking of how she would tell him everything and of how he would comfort her with his love. The servant returned to say he had a visitor but would come soon and to ask her if she were able to receive him with Prince Yashvin, who had just come to St. Petersburg. He is not coming alone, even though he has not seen me since dinner-time yesterday, she thought. He is not coming so that we can talk and I can tell him everything, he is coming with Yashvin. Suddenly a dreadful thought struck her: What if he no longer loves me?

She went over in her mind the events of the past days and she fancied they corroborated this dreadful supposition: he had not dined with her the day before, he had insisted that they live separately in St. Petersburg, he was not coming to her now alone, but with a friend, as if he did not wish to be alone with her.

But then he ought to tell me. I must know. If I were

certain of such a thing, I know what I would do, she said to herself, but she was incapable of conceiving the position she would be in if she became convinced he no longer cared for her. She feared he no longer loved her, she was on the verge of despair, and in consequence she became more than usually animated. She rang for her maid and went to her dressing-room. She spent more time dressing than she had done all these days, as if, having fallen out of love with her, he would again fall in love with her because her gown and coiffure were particularly fetching.

She heard the bell before she was ready.

On entering the drawing-room it was Yashvin's eyes rather than Vronsky's that greeted her. Vronsky was looking at the photographs of her son she had forgotten to put away and did not hurry to turn to her.

"We have met," she said, putting her little hand in Yashvin's enormous one; he looked bashful, which did not go with his great size and coarse features. "We met last year at the races," she said, snatching her son's pictures out of Vronsky's hands and looking at him meaningfully with her lustrous eyes. "Were the races interesting this year? Instead of attending them I went to the races at the Corso in Rome. But you do not enjoy life abroad," she said with a gentle smile. "I know all about you, I even know your tastes, though I have met you only once or twice."

"I am sorry to hear it because my tastes are mostly bad," said Yashvin, biting his left whisker.

They talked a little and then Yashvin, noticing that Vronsky glanced at his watch, asked her if she expected to be in St. Petersburg long, unfolded his long legs and reached for his cap.

"Not long, I believe," she said, glancing at Vronsky in embarrassment.

"So I shall not see you again?" said Yashvin, getting up and turning to Vronsky. "Where are you dining?"

"Come back and dine with me," said Anna determinedly, as if angry with herself for showing embarrassment yet

blushing as she always did when her position was exposed to a newcomer. "The dinners are not good here but at least you will have the opportunity of being with him. Alexei is more attached to you than to any of his other friends in the regiment."

"Very glad," said Yashvin with a smile that told Vronsky he was much impressed by Anna.

Yashvin bowed and went out. Vronsky lingered.

"You are going too?" she asked.

"I am late already," he replied. "Go on! I'll catch you up!" he called to Yashvin.

She took his arm and with her eyes fixed on his she searched her mind for something to say that would detain him.

"Stay, there was something I wanted to tell you," she said, taking his blunt hand in hers and pressing it against her throat. "Did you mind my inviting him to dinner?"

"I am delighted," he said with a serene smile that revealed his even teeth. He kissed her hand.

"Alexei, your feeling for me has not changed?" she asked, squeezing his hand in both of hers. "I am miserable here, Alexei. When are we leaving?"

"Soon, very soon. You wouldn't believe how hard it is for me, too," he said, drawing his hand away.

"Well, go then," she said in a hurt tone and quickly walked away from him.

32

When Vronsky came back Anna was not at home. They told him a lady had come to see her shortly after he left and they had gone out together. Her going away without telling him where, her delay in returning, her having gone off in the morning without a word of explanation—all this, along with the strangely excited look she had worn that morning and the angry way in which she had snatched her son's pictures out of his hand in Yashvin's presence,

gave him food for thought. He decided he must have it out with her. He waited for her in her drawing-room. But Anna was not alone when she came back; her aunt, elderly Princess Oblonskaya, was with her. It was this aunt with whom Anna had gone to make her purchases. As if unaware of the anxious and inquiring look on Vronsky's face, Anna gave him a cheerful account of what she had bought that morning. He saw that something untoward was taking place within her. When her lustrous eyes briefly met his he detected a strained concentration in them, and in her speech and movements there was the nervous quickness and grace that had captivated him in the early days of their intimacy but frightened and alarmed him now.

The table was laid for four. When they were just about to go into the little dining-room Tushkevich came with a message for Anna from Princess Betsy. Princess Betsy regretted she could not come and say goodbye because she was unwell, but she asked Anna to come to her that evening between half past six and nine. Vronsky glanced at Anna when the time was specified; the marking of a time limit indicated that measures would be taken to see she should not meet anyone else there. Anna gave no sign of noticing it.

"I am very sorry but I am unable to come between half-past six and nine," she said with a faint smile.

"The princess will be greatly disappointed."

"So will I."

"I suppose you are going to hear Patti?" said Tushkevich.

"Patti? Ah, you have tempted me. I would go if I had a box."

"I can get you one," offered Tushkevich.

"I should be very grateful," said Anna. "And now will you not dine with us?"

Vronsky gave a scarcely perceptible shrug of his shoulders. He was completely at a loss to understand Anna.

Why had she brought the old princess back with her, and why had she invited Tushkevich to dinner, and, above all, why was she allowing him to get her a box? How could she, in her position, entertain the thought of attending Patti's subscription concert where the whole of St. Petersburg society was sure to be gathered? He looked at her gravely, but she responded with that same challenging glance, half gay, half desperate, whose meaning he could not decipher. At dinner she was aggressively vivacious; she appeared to be flirting now with Tushkevich, now with Yashvin. When they rose from the table and Tushkevich left to get her a box and Yashvin went for a smoke, Vronsky went down to his room with Yashvin. But in a very short time he ran upstairs again. He found Anna dressed in a pale satin and velvet gown she had had made in Paris; the gown was cut low over her bosom and on her hair she wore exquisite white lace that framed her face and accentuated her brilliant beauty.

"You are really going to the theatre?" asked Vronsky, avoiding her eyes.

"Why should you ask in such a frightened voice?" she inquired, again hurt by his not looking at her. "Why should I not go, pray?"

She pretended not to understand the meaning of his question.

"Oh, of course there is no reason whatever," he said with a frown.

"I am of the same opinion," she said, intentionally ignoring the irony of his tone as she calmly turned back a long scented glove.

"Anna, for God's sake! What is the matter?" he said, by chance using the very same words her husband had used to bring her to her senses.

"I don't understand what you are talking about."

"You know that you must not do this."

"Why must I not? I am not going alone. The princess has gone home to dress; she will go with me."

He shrugged his shoulders with a look of incredulity and despair.

"But don't you know. . ." he began.

"I don't want to know!" she almost shrieked. "I don't want to! Do I regret what I have done? No, no, and again no! If it were to be done all over again, I would make exactly the same choice. For us, for you and for me, only one thing matters—whether we love each other. Nothing else is of the slightest importance. Why are we living here separately and seeing so little of each other? Why cannot I go? I love you and that is all I care about," she said in Russian, looking at him with a peculiar gleam in her eye that he did not comprehend. "All, that is, so long as you do not change towards me. Why do you not look at me?"

He turned and looked at her. He saw all the beauty of her face and her finery, always chosen to suit her. But now this beauty and elegance were precisely what irritated him.

"My feeling cannot change, you know that, but I beg you not to go, I implore you," he said, speaking French again; his voice was tender and pleading but his glance was cold.

She did not hear what he said, she only saw the coldness of his glance, and she answered testily:

"Be so kind as to state why I must not go."

"Because it may cause you . . . cause you. . ." He faltered.

"Indeed I do not understand. Yashvin *n'est pas compromettant* and Princess Varvara is as good a chaperon as anyone else. Ah, here she is."

33

For the first time Vronsky felt exasperated, almost enraged with Anna for deliberately not wanting to comprehend her position. His feeling was heightened by his being unable to tell her the reason for his exasperation.

If he had frankly told her what he thought he would have said: "To appear at the theatre in that gown, in the company of a princess everyone knows, is tantamount to acknowledging your position as a fallen woman—even more: of defying society and thereby shutting yourself out of it for good."

He could not tell her that. But how can she not understand? What is happening to her? he asked himself. He felt that his esteem for her was decreasing at the same time that his sense of her beauty was increasing.

He returned to his room with a scowl on his face; sitting down beside Yashvin, who had propped his long legs up on a chair and was sipping brandy and seltzer-water, he asked for a similar drink.

"You were talking about Lankovsky's Moguchy. She's a good horse and I advise you to buy her," said Yashvin, stealing a glance at his friend's dark face. "Her croup is too heavy but her legs and head couldn't be better."

"I think I shall take her," said Vronsky.

He talked to Yashvin about horses without for a moment forgetting about Anna, unconsciously listening for the sound of steps in the hall and frequently glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Anna Arkadievna asked me to tell you she has left for the theatre, sir."

Yashvin, who was pouring another glass of brandy into sizzling seltzer-water, gulped down the drink, got up and buttoned his coat.

"Well, then, let us be off, too," he said, his lips under his whiskers curving in a smile that said he understood why his friend was in the doldrums, but he attached no importance to it.

"I shan't go," said Vronsky unhappily.

"Well, I must, I've promised. Goodbye, then. Come and take a seat in the stalls. Take Krassinsky's seat," Yashvin threw back as he went out.

"No, I'm busy."

A wife gives trouble, but a non-wife gives much more, said Yashvin to himself as he went out of the hotel.

Left alone, Vronsky got up and began walking about the room.

What's on tonight? The fourth subscription concert. Egor and his wife will be there, and mother too, no doubt. In other words–the whole of St. Petersburg. Now she has arrived, taken off her things and stepped into the light. Tushkevich, Yashvin, Princess Varvara... He saw it all in his mind's eye. And why not me? Am I a coward, or have I transferred my rights to Tushkevich? However you look at it–folly! The height of folly! Why should she place me in such a position? he asked himself, giving an exasperated wave of his hand.

His hand struck the table on which the seltzer-water and brandy were standing, nearly upsetting them. He snatched at them, really did upset them, angrily kicked the table and rang the bell.

"If you wish to remain in my service," he said to the valet who entered, "remember your duties. Don't let this happen again. You should have removed these things."

The valet, knowing he was not guilty, was about to defend himself, but the sight of his master's face made him hold his tongue; he hurriedly bent down and began picking up the whole and broken glasses and bottles.

"That is not your job. Send for a footman to clear it away and bring me my evening clothes."

Vronsky entered the theatre at half past eight. The opera was in full swing. The old man at the wardrobe who helped Vronsky off with his coat recognized him, called him Your Excellency, and told him he need not bother taking a coat-check, just ask for Fyodor. There was no one in the brightly-lighted foyer but this old man and two footmen with fur cloaks in their arms listening at a chink in the door. Through this chink came the sound of a low

staccato accompaniment to a soprano voice rendering an aria with exquisite precision. The door was opened as an attendant slipped out into the foyer and the musical phrase, which was drawing to an end, struck Vronsky's ear with wonderful clarity. The next moment the door was shut and he did not hear the end of the phrase or the cadenza that followed, but a storm of applause informed him that the aria was over. The applause had not subsided when he entered the auditorium, which was bright with gas-light coming from chandeliers and bronze wall brackets. On the stage the prima donna, a flash of bare shoulders and diamonds, was bowing and smiling and gathering up, with the aid of the tenor who held her hand, the bouquets that flew across the foot-lights; she went towards a gentleman with hair parted in the middle and glistening with pomade, who was stretching his long arms across the foot-lights with a gift for her in his hands, and all the people in the stalls and in the boxes stirred in their seats, leant forward, called out, clapped their hands. The conductor on his podium relayed the gift, then straightened his white tie.

Vronsky went half-way down the stalls, stopped and looked about him. Less than at any other time did he give his attention to this well-known scene: to the stage, to the noise, to the familiar, motley, banal herd of theatre-goers in the packed hall.

As usual unknown ladies lurked with unknown officers in the depths of the boxes; as usual there were God only knows what rainbow-hued ladies, what uniforms, what dress suits; the same unwashed public in the top circle and only about forty *real* ladies and gentlemen in the whole audience, these occupying seats in the front row and the boxes.

It was to these oases Vronsky turned his attention, it was with them he instantly felt himself to be in rapport.

Since the act was over when he entered, he did not go to his brother's box but went directly to the first row

of the stalls and joined Serpukhovsky, who, leaning against the orchestra pit, one knee bent, kicking the wall lightly with his heel, had caught sight of Vronsky and beckoned him with a smile.

Vronsky had not yet spotted Anna; he made a point of not looking for her. But he knew where she was from the direction in which all eyes were turned; covertly he looked about him, but not in search of her; expecting the worst, he sought Karenin with his eyes. Luckily Karenin was not in the theatre that evening.

"How little of the military is left in you!" Serpukhovsky said to him. "You might be an actor, a diplomat, something grand of that sort."

"Oh, yes, the moment I came home I put on a dress suit," smiled Vronsky as he slowly took out his opera-glasses.

"I envy you that, I must confess. Whenever I get back from abroad and don this–" (he touched his epaulettes) "–I sigh for the loss of my freedom."

Serpukhovsky had long since given up thoughts of Vronsky's military career but he was as fond of him as ever and was particularly amiable with him now.

"Too bad you missed the first act."

Vronsky listened to him with one ear as he turned his glasses from the first to the second tier of boxes. Near a lady in a turban accompanied by a bald-headed old man angrily blinking into his raised opera-glasses, Vronsky suddenly caught Anna's head–proud, strikingly beautiful, smiling in a frame of lace. She was in the fifth box of the lower tier, not more than twenty paces away. Sitting at the outer edge, she had turned slightly to talk to Yashvin. The set of her head on her beautiful broad shoulders, the restrained vivacity of her shining eyes, her every feature vividly reminded him of what she had been at the Moscow ball. But he responded quite differently to her beauty now. Now there was no shade of mystery in his feeling, and so her beauty, even though it drew him more strongly than ever, filled him with a sense of injury.

She did not look in his direction but Vronsky sensed she had seen him.

When Vronsky next turned his glasses in that direction he noticed that Princess Varvara was flushed and was laughing unnaturally and kept glancing into the next box; Anna, who had shut her fan and was tapping with it on the red velvet balustrade, was staring into space without seeing, obviously without wanting to see, what was taking place in the next box. Yashvin's face was wearing the expression that came to it when he was losing at cards. Scowling, he kept sucking his left whisker deeper and deeper into his mouth and casting hostile glances at the adjoining box.

This box was occupied by the Kartasovs. Vronsky knew them and knew that Anna, too, was acquainted with them. Madame Kartasova, a thin little woman, was standing with her back to Anna, putting on a shoulder-cape her husband held for her. Her face was white and angry and she was talking excitedly. Kartasov himself, a fat bald-headed gentleman, kept looking at Anna and trying to pacify his wife. When the wife went out the husband lingered, seeking to catch Anna's eye so that he might bow to her, but Anna, clearly snubbing him, turned round and addressed Yashvin, who bent his close-cropped head down to her. Kartasov went out without bowing and the box was left empty.

Vronsky did not know exactly what had taken place between the Kartasovs and Anna, but he gathered that Anna had been humiliated. He gathered this from what he had seen, and especially from Anna's face, which showed she was mustering all the forces at her command to play out the role she had chosen to play. And she succeeded in playing it—the role of one who was perfectly composed. Anyone who did not know her and the circles in which she moved, anyone who had not heard the ladies' expressions of sympathy, indignation and surprise that she should have the audacity to show herself in so-

ciety, and show herself so glaringly in her lace and her beauty—such a one would have been enchanted by the lady's beauty and composure and could not possibly have surmised that she was suffering the tortures of a criminal in the stocks.

Vronsky was filled with alarm by knowing that something had happened and yet not knowing what, and he went to his brother's box in the hope of being enlightened. He deliberately went up the gangway farthest from Anna's box, and in going out the door he ran into his former regiment commander, who was talking to two friends. He heard them mention the Karenins and noticed how hastily and loudly the commander saluted him, throwing his companions a meaning look.

"Ah, Vronsky! When are you visiting the regiment? We can't let you go away without a celebration. Why, you're one of our very roots!" he said.

"Sorry, no time. Next visit," Vronsky called back as he ran up the stairs to his brother's box.

Vronsky's mother, the elderly countess with her steel-like ringlets, was in the box. Varya and Princess Sorokina met him in the corridor outside. Varya, after taking the princess in to her mother, gave her brother-in-law her hand and instantly began speaking about what was on his own mind. He had rarely seen her so excited.

"I consider it a low, vile thing to do and Madame Kartasova had no right. Madame Karenina—" she began.

"But what happened? I know nothing."

"What? You haven't heard?"

"Don't you know I would be the last person to hear?"

"Could anyone be more vicious than that Kartasov woman?"

"What has she done?"

"My husband told me. It seems she insulted Anna. Her husband began talking to Anna in the next box and she made a scene. They say she said something insulting in a loud voice and marched out."

"Your *maman* is asking for you, Count," said Princess Sorokina from the door.

"I've been waiting for you," said his mother sardonically. "I wondered where you could be."

Her son saw that she could not suppress a gloating smile.

"Good evening, *maman.* I have come, you see," he said coldly.

"Why do you not go *faire la cour à madame Karenine?*" she added when Princess Sorokina moved away. "*Elle fait sensation. On oublie la Patti pour elle.*"

"*Maman,* I have asked you not to speak of this to me," he answered with a frown.

"I am only saying what everyone else is saying."

Vronsky made no reply; after exchanging a few words with Princess Sorokina, he went out. He met his brother at the door.

"Ah, Alexei!" said his brother. "How disgusting! The woman's a fool, that's all. I was just about to go to Anna. Let's go together."

Vronsky did not listen to him. He ran down the stairs. He knew he must do something but he did not know what. He was angry with Anna for having put him and herself in such a wretched position, and at the same time he pitied her, knowing how she must be suffering. He went through the stalls and stopped in front of her box, where he found Stremov talking to her.

"There are no more tenors. *Le moule en est brisé.*"

Vronsky bowed to her and greeted Stremov.

"You came late, I believe, and missed the finest aria," said Anna to Vronsky with what he took to be a mocking glance.

"I am a poor judge of music," he said, looking at her sternly.

"Like Prince Yashvin," she said with a smile, "who finds that Patti sings too loudly. Thank you," she said, taking in her little gloved hand the programme she had

dropped and Vronsky had picked up, and suddenly, at just this moment, a shudder passed over her lovely face. She got up and disappeared in the shadows at the back of the box.

When the second act began Vronsky saw that her box remained empty, and so he got up in the middle of a cavatina (causing a rustle of indignant hushes), left the stalls and drove to the hotel.

Anna was at home already. When Vronsky went in to her he found her still in the gown she had worn to the theatre. She was sitting in the first armchair at the wall, staring blankly in front of her. She glanced at him, then went on staring.

"Anna," he said.

"It's you, it's all your fault," she cried rising to her feet, her voice choked by tears of anger and despair.

"I asked you, I begged you not to go, I knew you would find it unpleasant–"

"Unpleasant," she cried. "Horrible! I shall not forget it to my dying day! She said it was a disgrace to sit next to me!"

"She is a stupid woman," he said, "but why should you risk, why defy–"

"I hate your serenity! You ought not to have driven me to it. If you loved me–"

"Anna! What has this to do with my love for you?"

"Yes, if you loved as I loved, if you suffered as I suffer..." she said, looking at him with fear in her eyes.

He felt sorry for her, and yet it was annoying. He reassured her as to his love because he saw that this was the only means of soothing her, and he did not rebuke her in words, but inwardly he did rebuke her.

And his protestations of love, which he found so commonplace he was ashamed to utter them, she drank in greedily, and little by little she grew calmer.

On the following day, fully reconciled, they left for the country.

PART SIX

1

Dolly and her children spent the summer in Pokrovskoye with her sister Kitty Levina. The house on her own estate was falling to pieces and Levin and his wife talked her into spending the summer with them. Oblonsky highly approved of the arrangement. He expressed regret that his work prevented him from spending the summer in the country with his family, than which nothing could have given him greater pleasure, but he could not leave Moscow. He only came to the country for a day or two on rare occasions. Besides Dolly and her children and their governess, Kitty's mother came to keep an eye on her inexperienced daughter, who was now *in a state of expectation.* Moreover Varenka, the friend Kitty had made when she was abroad, chose this summer in which to fulfill her promise of coming to see Kitty when she was married. All of these guests were friends and relatives of Levin's wife. And while he was fond of all of them, he rather regretted the loss of his own world, the Levin world and its ways, which was entirely swept away by the inundation of the "Scherbatzky element", as he called it. The only one of his own relatives who came to see him that summer was his half-brother Koznishev, and he represented the Koznishev rather than the Levin strain, so that nothing at all was left of Levin's world.

Levin's house, which had been empty for so long, was now so crowded with people that most of the rooms were occupied and almost every day the elderly princess would take her place at table, count the number of those gathered

round it and remove one of her grandchildren to a separate table as being the thirteenth. Kitty, now a persevering housewife, was hard pressed to procure enough hens, turkeys and ducks to satisfy the hearty summer appetites of children and guests.

The entire family was having dinner. Dolly's children, their governess and Varenka were discussing where they should go for mushrooms after dinner today. To their amazement Koznishev, whom everyone esteemed to the point of worship for his great learning, intruded in their talk about mushrooms.

"Take me with you. I love to go mushrooming," he said, looking at Varenka. "I find it a delightful pastime."

"We shall be very pleased," said Varenka, blushing. Kitty shot Dolly a meaning look: the suggestion of the learned and clever Koznishev that he should go mushrooming with Varya confirmed a suspicion Kitty had been glad to nurture of late. She hastened to distract attention from the look she had shot Dolly by addressing her mother.

After dinner Koznishev sat down by the window in the drawing-room with his cup of coffee, continuing the talk he had begun with his brother and keeping an eye on the door through which the children would come as they set out for the woods. Levin sat down at the window near his brother.

Kitty stood beside her husband, evidently waiting for a break in their dull conversation so that she could tell him something.

"You've greatly changed since your marriage, and for the better," said Koznishev to Levin, smiling at Kitty and evidently sharing her opinion that their conversation was dull. "But you still stick to your obstinate way of defending the most absurd ideas."

"It's not good for you to stand, Kate," said Levin, drawing up a chair for her and looking at her significantly.

"Anyway it's time to be going," said Koznishev, seeing the children running towards them. Tanya came first in

her tight stockings, galloping sidewise and making directly for Koznishev, a basket swinging in one hand and Koznishev's hat in the other. She dashed boldly up to him with flashing eyes, so like her father's handsome eyes, and tendered him his hat in a way that said she would like to put it on for him, tempering her impudence with a sweet and timid smile.

"Varenka is waiting for us," she said as she gingerly put the hat on his head, having accepted his smile as permission to do so.

Varenka was standing in the doorway in a yellow cotton frock and with a white kerchief on her head.

"Coming, coming, Varvara Andreyevna," said Koznishev, gulping down the remains of his coffee and putting his handkerchief and cigar-case in their respective pockets.

"Isn't she a darling, my Varenka?" said Kitty to her husband when Koznishev had got up. She said it in a voice Koznishev could hear, with obvious intent that he should hear it. "How pretty she is, and with such a superior sort of prettiness! Varenka!" she called out. "Are you going to the mill-race woods? We'll join you there."

"You simply will not remember your condition, Kitty," said the elderly princess who put in an appearance at this point. "You must not raise your voice."

Hearing Kitty's call and her mother's reprimand, Varenka came quickly up to Kitty. The swiftness of her movements and the flush that dyed her animated face showed that something extraordinary was taking place within her. Kitty knew what this extraordinary something was and kept a close watch on her. She had called her now only so that she might give her unspoken blessing to the event of vital importance Kitty supposed would take place today, after dinner, in the woods.

"Varenka, I shall be very happy if a certain thing happens," she whispered into her ear as she kissed her.

"Are you going with us?" the embarrassed Varenka

asked Levin, making as if she had not heard what was said to her.

"Only as far as the threshing floor; I shall stay there."

"Oh, why should you?" said Kitty.

"I have to examine the new waggons and measure them," said Levin. "Where will you be?"

"On the veranda."

2

All the women of the house were on the veranda. They generally chose to sit there after dinner, and today there was special reason for their doing so. In addition to their usual task of stitching little shirts and knitting blankets, today they were making jam in a way new to Agafia Mikhailovna—without adding water. Kitty had introduced this new method, practised in her own home. Agafia Mikhailovna, who had heretofore been responsible for making jam and was convinced that nothing done in the Levin household could be ill done, had surreptitiously added water to the strawberry jam, certain that it would not turn out otherwise; she had been caught at it and now the raspberry jam was being made in the presence of everyone so that Agafia Mikhailovna could see for herself that the jam *would* turn out without adding water.

Agafia Mikhailovna, with red and sullen face, with rumpled hair and arms bared to the elbow, was stirring the jam by moving the brass pan in circles above the charcoal stove, her eyes fixed glumly on the raspberries, hoping with all her heart they would harden and refuse to make jam. The elderly princess, conscious that she, as the counsellor-in-chief for the jam-making, had to bear the brunt of Agafia Mikhailovna's ill-will, pretended to be so busy with other things that she had no eyes for the raspberries; she spoke of other things, but all the while kept glancing towards the stove.

"I always buy my maids cheap cloth for dresses," the

princess was saying. "Don't you think it is time to skim it, my dear?" she said to Agafia Mikhailovna; then, to Kitty, "No, you must not do it, it is too hot at the stove."

"*I* will do it," said Dolly, getting up and carefully skimming the scum off the boiling sugar, occasionally knocking the spoon against the dish in which other particoloured scum was cooling—pink and yellow streaked with bright red syrup. How they will enjoy this with their tea! she said to herself, thinking of her children and remembering how she as a child had been astonished that the grownups did not eat the scum—the best part of the jam.

"Steve says it is much better to give the maids money," Dolly went on with the weighty conversation as to the best sort of gifts to make servants. "But I—"

"How can you give them money!" cried the elderly princess and Kitty in one breath. "It's gifts they enjoy."

"Last year, for instance, I bought our Matrona Semyonovna not exactly poplin but something like it," said the princess.

"I remember. She wore it at your birthday party."

"Such a pretty pattern, so simple and in such good taste. I would have made myself a dress of the same stuff but for hers. Something like what Varenka's frock is made of. So sweet and inexpensive."

"I think it's ready," said Dolly, watching the syrup drip from the spoon.

"It's ready when it forms a ball. Let it boil a little longer, Agafia Mikhailovna."

"These flies!" burst out Agafia Mikhailovna angrily. "It will turn out just the same," she added.

"Oh, what a darling! Don't frighten it away!" cried Kitty suddenly, having caught sight of a sparrow that had lighted on the railing and was pecking at a raspberry stem.

"Yes, but you keep away from the stove," said her mother.

"*A propos de* Varenka," said Kitty, resorting to French

as they always did when they did not want Agafia Mikhailovna to understand what they were saying. "I suppose you know, *maman*, that I expect something will be decided today. You know what. How nice it would be!"

"What a little matchmaker she is!" said Dolly. "How slyly and subtly she brought them together!"

"But tell me what you think, *maman*."

"What is there to think? He..." (meaning Koznishev) "...could have made the best match in Russia; he is not so young any more, but even so I know that many eligible ladies would be only too glad to marry him... She is a sweet thing, but–"

"Oh, but don't you see, mamma, why it would be the best thing in the world for both of them? In the first place, she is a darling," said Kitty, marking the points off on her fingers.

"He seems to like her immensely, that's true," assented Dolly.

"Next, he occupies a place in society that makes it quite unnecessary for him to marry a woman with name or fortune. The only thing he wants is a dear good wife who will bring him peace and quiet."

"Oh, he would certainly enjoy peace with her," assented Dolly.

"Thirdly, his wife ought to love him, and Varenka certainly does. Oh, it would be simply too perfect! I dare say when they come back from the woods all will be decided. I will be able to tell by their eyes. How glad I should be! What do you think, Dolly?"

"Don't get so excited. You must not become excited," admonished her mother.

"I am not excited, mamma. But I do think he will make her an offer today."

"How strange it is–when and how men propose! There seems to be a sort of obstacle in the way, and suddenly the obstacle is gone," said Dolly musingly, smiling at the recollection of her love affair with Oblonsky.

"Mamma, how did papa propose to you?" asked Kitty suddenly.

"Oh, in the ordinary way. Very simply," replied the princess, but her face shone as she recalled it.

"I know, but how? Surely you must have loved him before he was allowed to propose to you?"

Kitty took particular pleasure in being able to speak to her mother now on an equal footing about these things that are of primary importance in a woman's life.

"Naturally I loved him; he used to visit us in the country."

"But how did it happen? Do tell us, mamma."

"I suppose you fancy you invented a new way. It's all the same old thing—looks, smiles..."

"How well you put it, mamma! That's it—looks and smiles," assented Dolly.

"But what words did he use?"

"What words did Konstantin use?"

"He wrote it in chalk. Oh, incredible! How long ago it seems!" she said.

And the three women began thinking about one and the same thing. Kitty was the first to break the silence. She had been thinking of the winter before her marriage and her infatuation with Vronsky.

"The only thing is... Varenka's former love," she said, her train of thought naturally leading her to this. "I wanted to tell Sergei Ivanovich about it, to prepare him. All men," she added," are beastly jealous of our former attachments."

"Not all," said Dolly. "You are judging by your own husband. He is still tortured by thoughts of Vronsky. Is he not? Confess."

"He is," said Kitty with a pensive smile.

"Well, I don't know what there is in your past that could disturb him," put in the princess, defending the maternal care she had shown her daughter. "The fact that Vronsky courted you? But that happens to every girl."

"Oh, but we are not talking about that," said Kitty, reddening.

"Don't interrupt, my dear," said her mother. "It was you who would not let me speak to Vronsky. Remember?"

"Oh, mother!" said Kitty with a look of distress.

"There's no keeping the young ones in check these days... But your relations could not have advanced beyond the proper point; I myself would have taken him to task. But you must not become agitated, my dear. Please keep that in mind and calm yourself."

"I am perfectly calm, *maman.*"

"What a lucky thing it was for Kitty that Anna came to see me just then," said Dolly. "And how unlucky for her. And now everything has turned out just the opposite," she added, shocked by the thought. "Then Anna was happy and Kitty was miserable. And now it is just the opposite. I often think of her."

"A fine person to think of! A hateful, revolting woman with no heart," said her mother, unable to forget that Kitty had married Levin rather than Vronsky.

"Why should you insist on talking about it?" said Kitty irritably. "I don't think of it and don't want to. No, I don't want to think of it," she repeated, hearing her husband's familiar steps as he mounted the veranda.

"What's that you don't want to think of?" asked Levin, coming towards them.

Nobody answered and he did not repeat the question.

"I'm sorry to break in on your women's world," he said, casting a displeased look on them all, aware that they had been talking about something they would not mention in his presence.

For a second he shared Agafia Mikhailovna's discontent that they should make jam without water and generally that the alien Scherbatsky influence should prevail in his home. But he forced himself to smile as he went up to Kitty.

"Well, how are you?" he asked, looking at her with the expression adopted by everyone who spoke to her now.

"All right. Splendid," said Kitty with a smile. "And what did you find?"

"That the new waggons haul three times as much as the old ones. Shall we go for the children? I have ordered the horses."

"What? You wish to take Kitty in a waggon?" said the princess in a tone of rebuke.

"We will walk the horses, Princess."

Levin never called the princess *maman,* as most sons-in-law did, and she was hurt by this. But, fond and respectful of her as he was, Levin felt it would be an insult to the memory of his own mother to call her *maman.*

"Come with us, *maman,*" said Kitty.

"I do not wish to be a part to anything so rash."

"Then I shall go on foot. It will be good for me," said Kitty, getting up and taking her husband's arm.

"It may be good for you, but everything in proper measure," said the princess.

"Well, is the jam ready, Agafia Mikhailovna?" asked Levin, smiling at her in the hope of raising her spirits. "Is the new way a good one?"

"Good for some folks, I guess. According to *our* way, the jam's overdone."

"It's better this way, Agafia Mikhailovna, it won't spoil; the ice has melted in the ice-house and we have nowhere to keep it," said Kitty, divining her husband's feelings and sympathizing with them. "And when it comes to salting things, mother says she has never tasted anything like what you salt," she said with a smile as she patted the old lady's kerchief straight.

Agafia Mikhailovna looked at Kitty resentfully.

"Don't you try to comfort me, young lady. One look at you and him together is enough to make me happy," she said, touching Kitty's heart with the warmth of the words.

"Come along with us for the mushrooms, you can show us the best places," said Kitty. Agafia Mikhailovna only

smiled and shook her head, as if to say: I'd be glad to be angry with you but it's beyond my power.

"Do take my advice in this matter," said the elderly princess. "Cover the jam with paper soaked in rum, and without any ice you can be sure it will never mildew."

3

Kitty was particularly glad of the opportunity of being alone with her husband because she had seen a shadow of displeasure cross his sensitive face, when he joined them on the veranda and received no answer to his question as to what they were talking about.

They walked ahead of the others and when they were out of sight of the house and came out upon the smooth dusty highroad sprinkled with rye seed and ears of corn, she leaned on his arm and pressed it tightly. He had completely forgotten his momentary displeasure and now, alone with her and filled with the consciousness of her pregnancy (a consciousness that did not leave him for a moment), he experienced with new poignancy and without a trace of sensuality the joy of being close to the woman he loved. There was nothing to say, but he wanted to hear the sound of her voice, which, like the expression of her eyes, had changed now that she was with child. There was a softness, and seriousness in her voice and her glance characteristic of people whose attention is concentrated on some beloved task.

"Are you sure you won't get tired? Lean more heavily on me," he said.

"No, I am so glad to be alone with you; I must own that, pleasant as it is to have them with us, I sometimes long for our winter evenings alone together."

"They were nice and this is nice. Both are nice," he said, pressing her hand.

"Do you know what we were talking about when you joined us?"

"Jam?"

"Jam, of course, and then about how men make their offers."

"Ah," said Levin, listening more to her voice than to the words she spoke, and at the same time keeping a sharp eye out for anything she might stumble over in the road, which had already brought them to the woods.

"And about Sergei Ivanovich and Varenka. Have you noticed? I long for it," she went on. "What do you think?" and she peered into his face.

"I don't know what to think," said Levin with a smile. "I find Sergei very odd in that respect. I've told you–"

"That he was in love with a girl who died and–"

"I was just a little tot when that happened; I only know from being told. But I remember him then. He was wonderfully gentle. As a grownup I've watched him with women: he is courteous, some of them seem to please him, but I always have the feeling that they are not women for him–just people."

"But now with Varenka ... it seems to me he feels something..."

"Perhaps he does. But one must know him. He is an extraordinary, an amazing person. The only life he knows is the life of the intellect. He is too pure and elevated."

"And you think this would degrade him?"

"Oh, no, but he is so used to living the life of the intellect that he cannot come to terms with practical living, and Varenka, after all, would mean practical living."

Levin had grown used to speaking out impetuously, without bothering to couch his thoughts in precise language; he knew that in such intimate moments as they were enjoying now he had but to drop a hint and his wife would perfectly understand him. And she did.

"Yes, but she is not the practical sort of person I am; I know he could never love me. She is all spirit."

"You are wrong, he does love you and I am always happy to know that my relatives love you."

"To be sure he is very kind to me, but. . ."

"But not like my late brother Nikolai. You came to love each other," said Levin. "Why not be frank about it?" he added. "Sometimes I rebuke myself, I fear I shall forget him in the end. Oh, what a dreadful and wonderful person he was!... But what were we talking of?" he said after a pause.

"You think he is incapable of falling in love," Kitty put it simply.

"Not so much that he is incapable of falling in love," said Levin with a smile, "as that he lacks the weakness required... Well, I have always envied him, and even now, happy as I am, I envy him."

"Envy him because he cannot fall in love?"

"Envy him for being better than me," smiled Levin. "He does not live for himself. His life is dedicated to doing his duty. That is why he can be serene and content."

"And you?" asked Kitty with a loving if mocking smile.

She could not have explained the train of thought that led her to smile, but it brought her to the conclusion that her husband, in exalting his brother and demeaning himself, was insincere. Kitty knew that this insincerity sprang from his love for his brother and the pricks of conscience he felt for being so happy, and especially from his constant, unremitting aspiration to be better; she loved this in him, and that is why she smiled.

"And you? What have you to make you discontented?" she asked with that same smile.

He was glad of her distrust of his discontent and he unconsciously drew her out as to why she distrusted it.

"I am happy, but discontented with myself," he said.

"How can you be discontented if you are happy?"

"How shall I put it? In my heart of hearts I want nothing except that you should not stumble now. Come, you mustn't leap like that!" he interrupted himself to say, seeing her make a rash, awkward movement to get over a log lying in the path. "But when I analyze myself and

compare myself with others, especially with Koznishev, I see I am no good."

"Why?" she asked, still smiling. "Do you not labour for others too? In your farm work, and your work with the peasants, and your book?"

"Oh, no, I feel now as never before. It is you who are to blame," he said, squeezing her hand. "I do all that half-heartedly. If I loved my labours as I love you ... but I do it all as a schoolboy does his sums."

"Then what must you think of papa?" asked Kitty. "He must be very bad indeed for he does nothing at all for the common good."

"He? Oh, no. But for that one must have his goodness, simplicity and innocence, and do I have them? I do nothing and am tortured by it. And it is all your fault. When I did not have you and this," he said, glancing at her belly, and she understood, "I concentrated all my strength on my work; but now I cannot, and my conscience troubles me; I work as if I were doing sums; I just make believe."

"Well, would you like to change places with Koznishev?" asked Kitty. "Would you like to work for the common good and dedicate yourself to doing your sums as he does–and nothing more?"

"Of course I would not," said Levin. "The fact is I am so happy that I can't make head or tail of anything... Well, so you think he will make her an offer today?" he added.

"I do and I don't. But I long for it terribly. Wait." She bent down and picked a daisy growing by the side of the road. "Here, guess–he will, he won't," she said, handing him the flower.

"He will, he won't," said Levin, pulling off the long narrow petals.

"No, no!" cried Kitty who was watching his fingers excitedly. "You pulled two off at once!"

"This little one doesn't count," said Levin, pulling off an undersized petal. "Ah, the waggon has caught us up."

"Are you tired, Kitty?" called out her mother.

"Not in the least."

"You can get in if the horses go at an even pace."

But it was not worth while getting in. They were near their destination and everyone got out and walked.

4

Varenka, with the white kerchief on her black hair, surrounded by children, gaily and good-humouredly busy with them, and visibly excited by the prospect of being made an offer by a man she cared for, was extremely attractive. Koznishev kept looking at her admiringly as he walked beside her. And as he looked at her he remembered all the sweet things he had heard her say, and all the good things he knew of her, and he came to recognize with growing conviction that his feeling for her was that same special feeling he had experienced only once before, and that long, long ago, in his early youth. His joy in being close to her grew to such an extent that when he put a mushroom he had found into her basket–a big birch mushroom on a slender stem and with furled edges–and looked into her eyes and saw a flush of pleasure and timorous agitation suffuse her cheeks, he himself felt bashful and smiled at her silently and in a way that spoke worlds.

If that is how it is, he said to himself, I must think it through and come to decision and not surrender like a child to a passing fancy.

"I shall go off and hunt mushrooms where no one can bother me, for so far I have made almost no contribution," he said, and left the edge of the woods where they were searching in the short silky grass under widely-spaced old birches, and went deeper into the woods, where the white birch trees were interspersed by the grey trunks of aspens and dark masses of hazel bushes. When he had gone some forty paces and found himself hidden from

sight by spindle-bushes hung all over with pendants of rosey-red seed, he halted. It was perfectly still all around. Only the flies, like a swarm of bees, were humming incessantly in the tops of the birches, and from time to time the voices of the children came to him. Suddenly from the edge of the woods not far away he heard Varenka call Grisha in her deep throaty voice, and a happy smile came to his face. Aware of the smile, he shook his head in disapproval and took out a cigar. For some time he could not ignite the matches he struck on a birch trunk: the thin outer skin of the bark curled round the phosphor and put out the light. At last one of the matches burst into flame and the fragrant smoke of his cigar was wafted in a broad wavering band up and over a bush growing beneath a drooping birch bough.

Koznishev followed the smoke with his eye as he walked on slowly, reflecting on his state.

Why should I not? he thought. If it were but a burst of emotion or passion, if it were only attraction—mutual attraction (I can honestly say *mutual*) and I felt it went counter to my entire way of life, if I believed that by succumbing to this attraction I would betray my calling and my duty.... But that is not so. The only thing against it is that when I lost Marie I told myself I would always be true to her memory. That is the only thing I can bring as an argument against my present inclination. But it is an important argument, Koznishev said to himself, conscious at the same time that this consideration held no weight with him personally, it was important only for preserving the poetic picture other people had of him. Outside of that, there is not a single thing in opposition to my inclination. I could find no one so suitable if I sought for her with my reason alone.

And, going over in his mind all the girls and women of his acquaintance, he could not discover a single one who combined all the qualities that he, reasoning coldly, wished to see in his wife. She had the freshness and loveli-

ness of youth, yet she was not a child and if she loved him, she loved him consciously, as a woman ought to love. That was one thing. Another was that, far from being a society lady, she had obviously an aversion for society, and at the same time she was acquainted with society and had all the manners good breeding could supply, and Koznishev could not conceive of a life's partner who lacked them. In the third place, she was religious, not in the way of a child–instinctively good and religious as was, for instance, Kitty–but as one for whom religious convictions formed the basis of her life. Down to the slightest detail Koznishev found in her all that he could wish a wife to be: she was poor and alone, which meant she would not bring a host of relatives and their influence into her husband's home as did Kitty, and she would in every way be dependent upon her husband, another thing he thought desirable for his future family life. And this girl, combining all these virtues, loved him–modest as he was, he could not help seeing this. And he loved her. The only drawback was his age. But he came of long-lived stock, he did not have a single grey hair, everyone said he did not look a day over forty, and he recalled hearing Varenka say it was only in Russia that people considered themselves old at fifty, that in France a man of fifty looked upon himself as *dans la force de l'âge,* and at forty as *un jeune homme.* And in general what did years mean when he felt as young in spirit as he had felt twenty years earlier? Was it not youth that possessed him now as he came out on the other side of the woods and in the slanting rays of the sun caught a glimpse of Varenka's lissome figure in the yellow frock, basket in hand, walking with light step past an old birch tree; and, merging in his mind with this vision of Varenka, the unspeakable beauty of a yellowing field of oats lighted by slanting sun rays, and beyond the oat field the distant ancient forest streaked with autumnal yellow and dissolving in blue space? His heart quickened with joy. He was deeply moved. He felt

that everything was decided. Varenka, who had just bent down to pick a mushroom, straightened with an agile movement and looked round. Koznishev tossed away his cigar and made for her with resolute step.

5

When I was very young, Varenka, I formed my ideal of the woman I would love and whom I would be happy to call my wife. I have lived a long life and now for the first time I have found in you all that I sought. I love you and offer you my hand.

These were the words Koznishev framed in his mind as he stood some ten paces from Varenka, who was on her knees now, holding off Grisha while she called little Masha to pick the mushrooms she had found.

"Here, come here! Tiny little ones! Lots and lots of them!" she was calling in her charming deep voice.

She did not get up on seeing Koznishev and did not change her attitude, but everything about her told him she was conscious of his presence and was glad.

"Have you found any?" she asked, turning to him her pretty smiling face framed in the white kerchief.

"Not one," said Koznishev. "And you?"

She was too busy with the children who had surrounded her to answer.

"And there's another under that branch," she said, pointing out to little Masha a mushroom whose firm pink cap had been cut in two by a dry blade of grass from under which it sprang. She got up when Masha picked the mushroom, breaking apart its two halves. "This reminds me of my own childhood," she said, leaving the children and joining Koznishev.

They walked a few paces in silence. Varenka could see that he wanted to speak; she guessed what it was and could hardly breathe for her joyous and fearful perturbation. They walked on until they were far out of anyone's

hearing and still he did not speak. Varenka knew she had best be silent. After silence it would be easier to say what was on their minds than after talk about mushrooms. But quite against her will and as if accidentally she said:

"So you found none at all? But then there are always fewer in the depths of the woods."

Koznishev drew a sigh and said nothing. He was annoyed that she should have spoken about mushrooms. He wished to turn back to what she had said first about her childhood, but he, too, said as if against his will and after a little pause:

"I have heard that white mushrooms grow mostly at the edge of the woods, but I cannot even recognize a white one when I see it."

A few more minutes passed; they went still further away from the children and were utterly alone. Varenka's heart was beating so hard that she felt the throbs and also felt that she was blushing and paling, blushing and paling.

To be the wife of a man like Koznishev after her position with Madame Stahl represented the height of happiness to her. Moreover, she was almost certain that she had fallen in love with him. And now her fate was to be decided. She was terrified. Terrified of what he might say and of what he might not say.

And Koznishev knew it was now or never. Everything about Varenka–her glance, her flushed cheeks, her lowered eyes–revealed her state of agonizing expectation. Koznishev saw this and pitied her. He even felt that to say nothing now would be to do her a great injury. Rapidly he went over in his mind all the reasons in favour of taking the step. He repeated to himself the words in which he intended couching his offer. But for some reason that unexpectedly intruded itself, he said:

"What is the difference between a white and a birch mushroom?"

Varenka's lips quivered as she answered:

"Almost no difference in the cap, only in the stem."

The minute the words were spoken both he and she knew that everything was over, that what was to have been spoken would never be spoken, and the agitation that had reached its climax for both of them began to subside.

"A birch mushroom ... hm, its root reminds one of a three-day's growth of black beard," said Koznishev, now composed.

"That's true," smiled Varenka, and unconsciously they changed the direction of their steps. They went back to the children. Varenka felt hurt and ashamed, and at the same time relieved.

When Koznishev got home and reviewed his arguments, he saw they had led him to the wrong decision: he could not be untrue to Marie's memory.

"Careful, careful, children!" cried Levin irritably, standing in front of his wife to protect her from the onslaught of children, who came running to meet them with glad shouts.

Koznishev and Varenka came out of the woods behind the children. Kitty had no need to ask any question; the calm and rather shamefaced look on both their faces told her her hopes were unfulfilled.

"Well?" her husband asked her when they were walking home.

"No pepper," said Kitty with a smile and a way of speaking reminding him of her father, a thing which often occurred and always pleased Levin.

"What do you mean, no pepper?"

"Like this," she said, taking her husband's hand and raising it to limp lips. "The way people kiss the priest's hand."

"Who lacks the pepper?"

"Both of them. And it ought to have been like this!"

"Oh! Some peasants are coming."

"They didn't see."

6

While the children were having their tea the grownups sat on the upstairs balcony and talked as if nothing had happened, although everyone knew, none better than Koznishev and Varenka, that something very important, if negative, had happened. These two felt as a schoolboy must feel who has failed at an examination and been left to repeat the form or expelled from school. The others, just because they knew, spoke animatedly of different things. On that evening Levin and Kitty felt particularly happy and in love. But the very happiness of their love was a rebuke to those who would have liked to enjoy the same thing and could not and were ashamed of it.

"Take my word for it, *Alexandre* will not come with him," said the elderly princess.

They were expecting Oblonsky to arrive by train that evening and the elderly prince had written that he might come, too.

"And I know why," went on the princess. "He said the young couple ought to be left alone in the early days."

"And that is exactly what he has done. We have not seen papa for ages," said Kitty. "And how can he say we are young? We are terribly old."

"Well, if he doesn't come, I shall leave you, children," said the princess with a melancholy sigh.

"But why should you, mamma?" came the protest from both of her daughters.

"Think what it must be for him! You know that now. . ."

And to their surprise the elderly princess's voice broke. Her daughters silently exchanged glances that said: "*Maman* always finds something to grieve over." They did not know that, pleasant as it was for the princess to be with her daughters, and needful as she felt her presence here to be, both she and her husband had been very unhappy ever since their youngest and most beloved daugh-

ter had got married and gone away, leaving the family nest empty.

"What is it, Agafia Mikhailovna?" Kitty asked the old woman, who had come to her with a weighty, secretive air.

"It's about supper."

"Very well," said Dolly, "you go and see about supper and I will hear Grisha's lessons. He has done nothing at all today."

"That's a lesson for me! I shall go, Dolly," said Levin, jumping up.

Grisha, who had just been admitted to the *gymnasium,* was expected to refresh his knowledge of certain subjects that summer. Dolly had been studying Latin with him in Moscow, and now that they were at the Levins' she had made it a rule to go over the most difficult lessons of arithmetic and Latin with him at least once a day. Levin had offered to take her place, but after hearing that Levin taught him according to his own ideas instead of in the way of Grisha's Moscow tutor, she had told him firmly, if with some embarrassment, trying not to hurt his feelings, that the text-book must be gone through systematically, as the Moscow tutor did it, and she had better resume the lessons herself. Levin was vexed with Oblonsky for a carefreeness that made him leave the teaching and bringing up of his children to their mother, who understood nothing in such matters, and no less vexed with tutors who employed such execrable teaching methods; but he promised his sister-in-law to teach Grisha as she wished and he went on with the lessons, not in his own way but following the book, and this was so distasteful to him that he often forgot the lesson hour. That is what had happened on the day in question.

"I will go, Dolly, you stay here," he said. "We will take everything in proper order, according to the book. But when Steve comes we are going shooting, and so we will have to skip a few lessons."

And Levin went to Grisha.

Varenka said the same thing to Kitty. Even in the Levins' well-ordered household Varenka found means of making herself useful.

"I will order the supper, you stay here," she said, going over to Agafia Mikhailovna.

"Of course they could not get any pullets. I suppose we must kill our own," said Kitty.

"Agafia Mikhailovna and I will decide," said Varenka, and she and Agafia Mikhailovna went out.

"What a charming girl," said the princess.

"Not charming, *maman,* but the dearest creature in the world!"

"So you are expecting Oblonsky today?" put in Koznishev, clearly unwilling to allow the conversation to centre on Varenka. "It would be hard to find two sons-in-law so different," he said with a discreet smile. "One is a gadabout, living only in society, like a fish in water; the other, our Konstantin, is lively, quick, sensitive to everything, but the minute he finds himself in society he either closes up like a clam or flaps his fins helplessly like a fish out of water."

"He takes things too lightly," said the princess to Koznishev. "I wanted to ask you to speak to him, to make him see that she" (indicating Kitty) "must not be allowed to remain here but must certainly be taken to Moscow. He says he will send for a Moscow doctor—"

"*Maman,* he will see to it, he will do whatever you like," Kitty broke in, provoked that her mother should appeal to Koznishev in such a matter.

In the middle of their conversation they heard the snorting of a horse and the sound of wheels on the gravel driveway.

No sooner had Dolly got up to go and meet her husband than out of the window of the study-room downstairs leaped Levin, pulling Grisha after him.

"It's Steve!" cried Levin from under the balcony.

"We've finished, Dolly, have no fear!" he cried and ran like a boy to meet the carriage.

"*Is, ea, id, ejus, ejus, ejus,*" shouted Grisha as he hopped and skipped after him.

"There's someone with him. Probably papa!" called back Levin, coming to a halt at the entrance to the lane. "Don't use the steep stairs, Kitty, go round."

But Levin was mistaken in thinking the other occupant of the carriage was the old prince. On reaching the carriage he saw it was not the prince sitting next to Oblonsky but a stout, good-looking young man in a Scotch cap with ribbons hanging behind. He was Vassya Veslovsky, the Scherbatsky sisters' second cousin, a brilliant young member of Moscow and St. Petersburg society, "a splendid chap and a capital sportsman", as Oblonsky presented him.

Not the least put out by the chagrin occasioned by his coming in place of the old prince, Veslovsky greeted Levin jovially, reminded him of the circumstances in which they had met before, and took Grisha into the carriage, lifting him over the pointer Oblonsky had brought with him.

Levin did not get into the carriage, he walked behind it. He was annoyed that the old prince, whom he liked the better the longer he knew him, had not come, and that this Vassya Veslovsky, a man he found uncongenial and unwelcome here *had* come. He found him still more uncongenial and unwelcome when, on reaching the veranda where the children and grownups were waiting excitedly, Veslovsky kissed Kitty's hand with exaggerated feeling and chivalry.

"Your wife and I are cousins and old acquaintances," said Veslovsky, once more giving Levin's hand a tight squeeze.

"Plenty of birds?" Oblonsky asked Levin, doing his best to offer a special greeting to everyone present. "He and I have the most bloody intentions, you know. How

is it, *maman,* that she has not been to Moscow for so long? Here, Tanya, this is for you. Will someone please fetch my bag from the back of the carriage?" He kept turning from side to side so as not to miss anyone. "You're looking charming, Dolly," he said to his wife, kissing her hand again, holding on to it and patting it affectionately.

Levin, who only a minute before had been in the best of spirits, now looked at everyone glumly and disapproved of everything he saw.

Whose hand did those lips kiss yesterday? he asked himself as he observed the tenderness with which Oblonsky greeted his wife.

He looked at Dolly and she, too, met with his disapproval. She is sure he doesn't love her, so why is she so happy? Disgusting! he thought.

He glanced at the princess, whom he had just found so touching, and he objected to the hospitality with which she was receiving this Vassya and his ribbons, as if she were in her own home.

He looked at Koznishev, who had also come out on the veranda, and disapproved of his being so amiable with Oblonsky, knowing that he neither liked nor esteemed Oblonsky.

Varenka, too, repulsed him when she made this gentleman's acquaintance by assuming her air of a *sainte nitouche* when all the while she was thinking only of how to catch a husband.

But he found Kitty most disgusting of all for being caught up in the general gaiety arising from this gentleman's looking upon his visit to the country as a holiday not only for himself but for everyone else; nothing could have been more loathsome than the special smile she gave him in response to his smile.

Talking loudly, they all went into the house; as soon as they were seated Levin turned on his heel and went out.

Kitty had seen that something was troubling her husband. She tried to snatch a moment to speak to him alone, but he avoided her, saying he had to go to the counting-house. He had not attributed such importance to his farm duties for a long time.

It's all holiday for them, he said to himself, but there's nothing holiday about this work and life cannot go on without it.

7

Levin returned only when they sent for him to come for supper. Kitty and Agafia Mikhailovna were standing on the stairs discussing what wines were to be served for supper.

"What are you making such a fuss about? Serve what we always have."

"No, Steve doesn't drink ... Kostya, wait, what is the matter?" said Kitty, hurrying after him, but he strode on mercilessly, paying no attention to her, and entered the dining-room, where he immediately joined in the lively conversation Vassya Veslovsky and Steve Oblonsky were holding.

"Well, do we go shooting tomorrow?" asked Oblonsky.

"I should think we might," said Veslovsky, changing to another chair in which he sat down sideways, pulling a fat leg up on his knee.

"Very good, let's. Have you had any shooting this year?" Levin asked Veslovsky, his eyes on the man's fat leg, his tone one of false geniality, which Kitty recognized and which did not become him. "I don't know that we will find great-snipe, but there are plenty of the smaller birds. We must go very early. You won't be too tired? Are you tired, Steve?"

"Me tired? I've never been tired in my life. Let's not sleep at all tonight. Let's spend the night outdoors."

"A capital idea, let's not go to bed!" chimed in Veslovsky.

"Oh, we have no doubt but that you can stay awake all night and keep others awake too," Dolly said to her husband with the scarcely perceptible irony that always tinged her relations with him now. "As for me, it is high time. I am going. I never take supper."

"Oh, come, sit with us a while, darling," said Oblonsky, crossing to Dolly's side of the big table on which supper was being served. "I still have so much to tell you!"

"I fear you have nothing."

"Did you know that Veslovsky had been to see Anna? And he's going to see them again. Why, they are only some fifty miles from here. I intend going too. Oh, yes, I shall certainly go. Veslovsky, come here!"

Veslovsky went over to the women and sat down beside Kitty.

"Oh, do tell us! You went to see her? How is she?" Dolly asked him.

Levin remained on the other side of the table talking to the princess and Varenka but watching Oblonsky, Dolly, Kitty and Veslovsky, who were engaged in lively and secretive conversation. Not only did he see that the conversation was secretive, but he noticed that his wife's face wore a grave expression and she did not take her eyes off Veslovsky's handsome face while he told her something with great animation.

"Everything is first rate with them," he said, meaning Anna and Vronsky. "Of course I cannot really judge, but at their place I felt I was in a real family."

"What are their plans?"

"I believe they intend spending the winter in Moscow."

"How nice it would be if we all went to see them! When are you going back?" Oblonsky asked Veslovsky.

"I am spending July with them."

"Wouldn't you like to go, too?" Oblonsky asked his wife.

"I've been wanting to see her for some time, of course I will go," said Dolly. "I feel sorry for her; I understand

her. She is a wonderful woman. But I will go alone after you leave so as not to be in anyone's way. I would rather be alone with her."

"Very well," said Oblonsky. "And you, Kitty?"

"Me? Why should I go?" said Kitty, blushing furiously. She glanced at her husband.

"Are you acquainted with Anna Arkadievna?" Veslovsky asked her. "An exceedingly attractive woman."

"Yes," she replied growing even redder, and she got up and went to her husband.

"So you are going shooting tomorrow?" she said.

In these few minutes his jealousy had grown by leaps and bounds, especially on seeing how she coloured when talking to Veslovsky. He gave his own interpretation to the words she spoke now. Incredible as it seemed when he recalled it later, he was sure she had asked him if he were going shooting the next day only because she was anxious to afford Veslovsky this pleasure, he was convinced she had fallen in love with him.

"Yes, I am," he replied in an unnatural voice that sounded hateful even to him.

"No, better stay home tomorrow and give Dolly a chance to see her husband, she has not seen him for so long. You can go the day after tomorrow," said Kitty .

And now Levin construed Kitty's words as meaning, "Don't take *him* away from me. I do not care if *you* go, but do not deprive me of the company of that delightful young man."

"Oh, if you prefer, we will stay home tomorrow," replied Levin, making a special effort to be agreeable.

Meanwhile Veslovsky, blissfully unaware of the suffering his presence was causing, gave Kitty an affectionate smile, got up from the table and followed her.

Levin noticed the affectionate smile. He paled and could not catch his breath for a moment. How dare he look at my wife in that way! he said to himself, furious.

"So it's to be tomorrow? Do let's go tomorrow," said

Veslovsky, sitting down and pulling his leg up on his knee as was his habit.

Levin grew even more jealous. He already saw himself as a deceived husband whom his wife and her lover needed only for their comfort and convenience. Nonetheless he courteously and cordially asked Veslovsky about his shooting, his guns and his boots and agreed that they should go the following day.

Fortunately for Levin the elderly princess put an end to the strain by getting up and advising Kitty to go to bed. But Levin was to be put to one more test. When Kitty was leaving, Veslovsky made as if to kiss her hand again, but she hastily withdrew it and said with a rudeness for which her mother later rebuked her:

"That is not done here."

Levin found her guilty of having permitted such licence in the first place, and then of showing her disapproval of it in such a crude way.

"What? Go to bed on such a night?" said Oblonsky who, after a few glasses of wine, was in his most mellow and poetic mood. "Look, Kitty," he said, pointing to the moon rising above the lindens, "could anything be lovelier? Just the setting for a serenade, Veslovsky! He has a fine voice, you know; he and I sang all the way here. He has brought some new songs–two of them. Varenka's the one to sing them with us."

When all the others had gone to bed Oblonsky and Veslovsky strolled in the lane for a long time, and they could be heard singing the new songs.

Levin listened to them from where he was sitting in an armchair in his wife's bedroom, scowling and obstinately refusing to answer his wife's question as to what was the matter; but when she herself ventured to say with a timid smile: "Could it be that Veslovsky has displeased you?" he exploded; he told her everything that was on his

mind, and since what he told wounded him, he became all the more enraged.

He stood in front of her with eyes flashing from under drawn brows and with his hands clasped tightly on his chest, as if it took all his strength to keep himself in hand. The expression of his face would have been harsh, even cruel, but for the suffering that softened it for her. His jaw quivered and his voice broke.

"Please understand, I am not jealous: that is a vile word. I cannot be jealous and believe that... I do not know how to explain what I feel, but it is horrible... I am not jealous, but I am insulted, humiliated, that anyone should dare to think ... dare to look at you in that way."

"In what way?" said Kitty, conscientiously trying to recall in minute detail every word and gesture that had passed between her and Veslovsky that evening.

Deep in her heart she knew she had felt something at the moment when he followed her to the other side of the table, but she did not own it even to herself, to say nothing of her husband, whose suffering it could only increase.

"How could anyone find me attractive now ... such as I am?..."

"Ah!" he cried, clutching his head. "How can you say it? In other words, if you were not in that state..."

"No, no, Kostya! Wait, listen," she said, looking at him with pain and compassion. "How can you think such a thing, when nobody else exists for me—nobody, nobody! Would you like me not to meet anyone at all?"

At first his jealousy offended her, she resented not being allowed to enjoy anyone's company, however innocently; but now she was willing to sacrifice not only her enjoyment but anything at all that would restore his equanimity and release him from the suffering he was enduring.

"Try to understand the horror and absurdity of my position," he pleaded in a despairing whisper. "Here he is in my house and actually he has done nothing wrong except for his familiarity and pulling up that leg of his.

He looks upon it as the best of manners and so I am expected to be amiable with him."

"But, Kostya, you exaggerate", said Kitty, secretly rejoicing in a strength of love that could cause such jealousy.

"Worst of all is that you—such as you always are and as you are now, when I look upon you as something sacred, when we are so happy, so particularly happy . . . and suddenly this lout comes. . . No, not a lout, why should I call him names? He is nothing to me. But why should my happiness, your happiness. . .?"

"I know why this has happened," began Kitty.

"Why?"

"I saw you watching us while we were talking at the supper table."

"That's it, that's it," said Levin in fright.

She told him what they had been talking about. Agitation caused her breath to come in little gasps as she spoke. For a moment Levin said nothing, then, seeing her white, frightened face, he suddenly clutched his head again.

"Kate, I've been torturing you! Oh, my darling, forgive me! I'm mad! I am wholely to blame, Kate. How could I have gone through such agony for nonsense like this?"

"I do feel sorry for you."

"For me? Me? Who am I? A madman! But why should *you* suffer? It is ghastly to think that any stranger can come and destroy our happiness."

"Of course it is painful, but—"

"No, I shall deliberately keep him here for the entire summer and will go out of my way to be nice to him," said Levin, kissing her hand. "You shall see. Tomorrow... Yes, tomorrow we shall go shooting for sure."

8

The women had not yet risen the next day when the sportsmen's carriage and waggon drew up at the entrance and Laska, sensing from early morning that a shooting

party was making ready, yapped and leaped till she could yap and leap no longer, when she took her seat in the carriage beside the coachman, excited and displeased that the sportsmen should be so long in coming out of the door on which her eyes were fixed. Veslovsky was the first to issue forth in big new boots that reached to the middle of his fat thighs, in a green tunic encircled by a new cartridge belt that smelt of leather, in his be-ribboned cap and with a new English gun without a sling. Laska ran over and leaped about him and asked him in her own way if the others would come soon, and on receiving no answer returned to her post and waited breathlessly, her head tilted and one ear cocked. At last the door burst open noisily and out flew Krak, Oblonsky's spotted pointer, whisking and circling in the fresh air; at his heels came Oblonsky, gun in hand and cigar in mouth. "Down, Krak, down!" he cried affectionately to the dog when he leaped up on his belly and chest and caught his paws in the game-bag. Oblonsky was wearing a short coat, frayed trousers and moccasins, and had wrapped his feet in strips of cloth serving as socks, in the peasant manner. He had clapped a dilapidated hat on his head, but his gun was a jewel–the latest model–and his game bag and cartridge belt, if not new, were of the finest workmanship.

Veslovsky had not known before that this was the last word in fashion for sportsmen–to be dressed like a tramp but accoutred with the best to be bought. He learned it now, seeing Oblonsky in his rags beaming from every point of his elegant, well-fed, exuberant figure, looking the true gentleman. He decided he would deck himself out in the same way for his next shooting party.

"And where's Levin?" he asked.

"A young wife," said Oblonsky with a smile.

"And such a charming one!"

"He was all ready. I dare say he ran back for a last word."

Oblonsky was right. Levin had run back to his wife

to ask her once again if she had forgiven him for his foolishness of the evening before, and also to admonish her for God's sake to be more careful—mainly to steer clear of the children who ever threatened to collide with her. Moreover he had to be reassured that she was not angry with him for leaving her for two days, and to insist that she should send him a note the following morning containing but two words: that she was well.

As always, Kitty minded being left by her husband, and this time for two whole days, but on seeing him so eager, looking so big and strong in his hunting boots and white blouse, radiating a sportsman's excitement (so unintelligible to her), his joy made her forget her own chagrin and she parted with him cheerfully.

"Sorry, gentlemen," he said as he ran out of the door. "Put in the lunch? Why is the bay on the right? Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Down, Laska! Down, down!" Then, turning to the herdsman waiting at the steps to ask him about the bullocks: "Put them in the bullherd. Excuse me, gentlemen, here comes another pest."

Levin jumped out of the carriage in which he had just taken his seat and went to meet the carpenter coming towards him with a yard-stick.

"You didn't come to the counting-house last evening and now you are holding me up. What is it?"

"Allow us to make another turning, sir. Have to add only three steps. It will come out just right. Be much better."

"Why won't you listen to me?" said Levin in exasperation. "I told you to fit the frame in first before you cut the stairs into it. Now it cannot be mended. Do as I told you, make a new frame."

The trouble was that in building a new wing to the house the carpenter had spoiled the staircase by making it separately, and when it was ready it didn't fit and the treads were aslant. The carpenter wanted to keep the old frame and add three steps.

"That will be much better."

"Where are you going to fit in those three steps?"

"Why," said the carpenter with a supercilious smile, "they will go into the frame. The way I see it, we'll begin from the bottom," he said with a convincing gesture, "and go up, up, up, and there you are."

"You know how much three steps will add to the length? Where will that get you?"

"The way I see it, we'll begin from the bottom and there you are," the man insisted with obstinate conviction.

"Yes, there you are, up to the ceiling and through the wall."

"Now why should you say so, sir? It's up they'll go, up, up, up, and there you are."

Levin took out his ramrod and began drawing the staircase in the dust of the road.

"Now do you see?"

"Ah. Well, just as you say," said the carpenter, his eyes suddenly lighting up as if he had understood at last. "But then we'll have to make a new frame."

"Just what I've been telling you; so do as you're told," cried Levin as he climbed into the carriage again. "Let's go! Hold the dogs, Filipp!"

Now that all the cares of farm and family were behind him, Levin was so filled with anticipation and delight that he did not wish to talk. Moreover, he felt the concentrated excitement every sportsman feels on approaching the scene of action. If there were any thoughts in his mind, they were only as to what they would find in the Kolpensky marsh, what sort of a showing Laska would make as compared with Krak, and what luck he himself would have in shooting. It would be too bad if he disgraced himself in front of this new companion. And what if Oblonsky outdid him?– that, too, crossed his mind.

Oblonsky's sensations were approximately the same and so he, too, was not inclined to talk. Veslovsky was the only one who kept up a steady stream of bright chat. As

he listened, Levin was ashamed of having been so unfair to him on the preceding evening. Veslovsky was certainly a fine chap—simple, good-natured and very jolly. If Levin had met him in his bachelor days he would have become his friend. Levin rather disliked his holiday approach to life and the free and easy manners that went with his foppery. It was as if he considered himself of great and incontestable importance just because he had long fingernails and a Scotch cap and all the rest; but he could be forgiven this because he was a decent chap and exceedingly good-natured. Levin liked him for his good breeding, his excellent command of French and English, and his being a man of his own, Levin's, world.

Vassya took a great liking to the left horse, of Don breed. He could not contain his admiration.

"How good it would be to gallop over the steppe on a horse of the steppe, eh? Would it not?" he asked.

It was all blather, this poetic picture of himself riding a wild horse of the steppe, but his artlessness, especially in combination with his good looks, charming smile and graceful gestures, made him very attractive. Whether because Levin found his character congenial or because Levin was trying so hard to atone for his sins of the previous evening, he now took pleasure in his company.

When they were some two miles from home, Veslovsky suddenly discovered that his pocket-book and cigar case were missing, and he did not know whether he had lost them or left them on the table. Since the pocket-book contained three hundred and seventy rubles the matter could not be left hanging.

"I say, Levin, I'll race home on that Don steed. Splendid, eh?" he said, about to climb out.

"Why should you?" replied Levin, calculating that Veslovsky must weigh at least six poods. "I'll send the coachman."

The coachman was dispatched and Levin himself drove the horses.

9

"And what is our route to be? Describe it exactly," said Oblonsky.

"This is our plan: first we will go as far as Gvozdyovo. There's a great-snipe marsh on the other side of Gvozdyovo and from there stretch marshes where we may find both kinds, the great and the small. It is hot now; we will get there by evening–some fifteen miles–and shoot a little in the cool; we will spend the night and tomorrow do the big marshes."

"And is there nothing along the way?"

"There is, but that will just hold us up, and then it's so hot. There are two excellent spots but I doubt we shall find anything there."

Levin himself would have liked to visit these spots, but they were not far from home, he could always go there, and the marshes were small–not enough room for three to shoot in. And so Levin fibbed by saying he doubted they would find anything there. When they reached the first little marsh Levin would have driven past, but Oblonsky's experienced eye instantly recognized it as game ground.

"Shan't we go in?" he said, pointing to the marsh.

"Do let's, Levin! A capital spot!" pleaded Veslovsky, and Levin could not resist.

No sooner had they come to a halt than the dogs raced each other to the marsh.

"Krak! Laska!"

They came back.

"Not room for three of us. I will stay here," said Levin, hoping they would find nothing but small snipe; the dogs had flushed a few that were now rocking in flight and crying plaintively above the marsh.

"Oh, come along, Levin, we'll all go together!" said Veslovsky.

"No, three's a crowd. Back, Laska! Laska! You've no need of another dog, have you?"

Levin stood waiting beside the waggon and watched his friends with envy. They covered the entire marsh. Except for pewees of which Veslovsky brought down one, they found nothing in this marsh.

"Now you see why I didn't want to stop at this marsh," said Levin. "Just a waste of time."

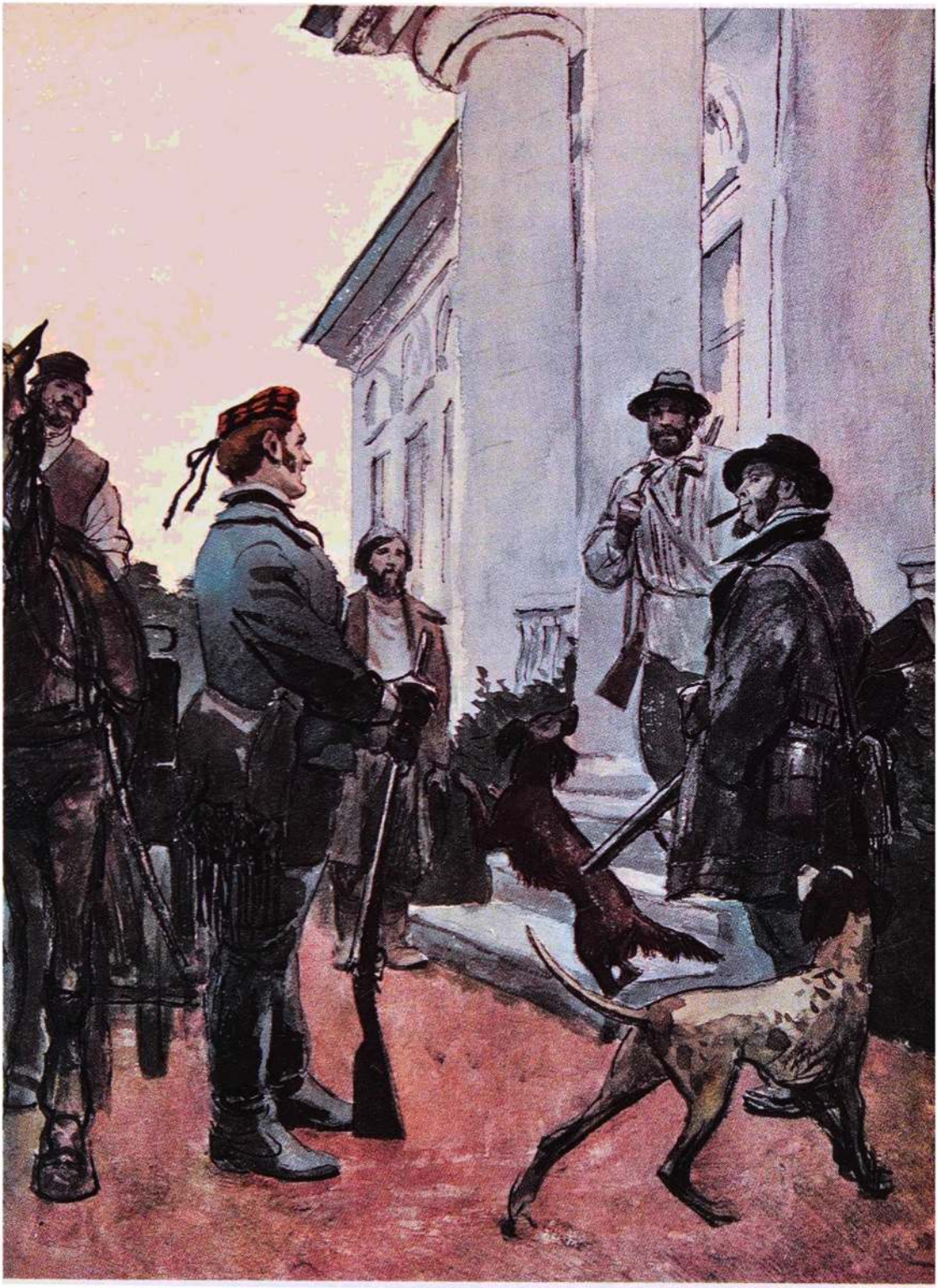
"No, it was fun. Were you watching?" asked Veslovsky as he climbed clumsily into the carriage, his gun in one hand, the pewee in the other. "A clean hit I made! Did you see it? Well, will we get to the real marsh soon?"

Unexpectedly the horses lurched ahead, Levin knocked his head against the barrel of a gun and a shot rang out. Actually the shot came first, but Levin imagined it was this way. It appeared that Veslovsky, in locking his gun, had left one trigger cocked. Fortunately the cartridge went into the ground and no one was injured. Oblonsky shook his head and gave a reproachful little laugh as he looked at Veslovsky. Levin had not the heart to rebuke him. In the first place, it would look as if the rebuke were prompted by the danger they had escaped and the bump that rose on Levin's forehead; in the second, Veslovsky was so genuinely upset at first, and then laughed so good-naturedly and whole-heartedly at the general dismay that it was impossible not to laugh with him.

When they came to the second marsh, which was rather big and would have taken much of their time, Levin urged them not to stop. But again Veslovsky had his way. And since the marsh was narrow Levin again, true host that he was, remained in the carriage.

As soon as they got there Krak bounded off to where tussocks of grass rose out of the swamp water. Veslovsky ran after him and before Oblonsky had time to overtake him a snipe flew up. Veslovsky missed it and the bird alighted in an unmown meadow. Oblonsky left it to Veslovsky. Krak found it, pointed, Veslovsky shot it and came back to the carriage.

"You go now and I will stay here," he said.



By this time Levin was gnawed by envy. He handed the reins to Veslovsky and went into the marsh.

Laska, who had long been whining plaintively and complaining of the injustice done her, made directly for a choice spot well known to Levin and overlooked by Krak.

"Why don't you hold her in?" cried Oblonsky.

"She won't frighten them away," replied Levin, proud of his dog and hurrying after her.

The nearer Laska came to the familiar spot, the more serious was her exploration. For only the briefest moment was she distracted by a little swamp bird. She circled round the spot once and was about to do so a second time when suddenly she gave a little start, then pointed.

"Take it, Steve, take it!" cried Levin, aware that his heart was pounding and that a kind of window had been opened in his hearing so that all sounds, regardless of distance, struck his ear sharply and confusedly. He heard Oblonsky's steps and took them for distant hoof-beats; he heard the delicate ripping of grass-roots as he stepped on the edge of tussocks and took it for the whir of wings; he heard something splashing through water behind him and could not account for the sound.

Feeling for purchase on the tussocks with his feet, he advanced towards the dog.

"Pille!"

It was a small snipe that the dog flushed. Levin levelled his gun and was just taking aim when the sound of splashing water increased and came nearer, and through it he heard Veslovsky shouting in a strange way. Levin had not taken proper aim but he pulled the trigger in spite of himself.

Having made certain of his miss, he glanced round and saw that the horses and carriage were no longer on the road but in the marsh.

To get a better view of the shooting Veslovsky had driven into the marsh, in which the horses were now foundering.

Devil take him! said Levin to himself as he made for the carriage. "Why have you done this?" he asked curtly. He called the coachman and together they undertook to get the horses out.

Levin was provoked that his aim should have been spoiled and that his horses were foundering in the marsh and, above all, that when the horses were being unharnessed neither Oblonsky nor Veslovsky helped him and the coachman, since neither one of them had the slightest knowledge of harnessing. When Veslovsky tried to assure him that the ground where he drove in was perfectly dry, Levin went on working with the coachman without offering a word in reply. But later, when he had warmed to the task and saw Veslovsky trying to help by tugging so hard at a mudguard of the carriage that he broke it, Levin reproached himself for allowing the previous day's feeling to make him treat Veslovsky too coldly and he tried to atone for this coldness by being particularly affable now. When the job was done and the carriage back on the road, Levin called for the lunch.

"'*Bon appétit–bonne conscience! Ce poulet va tomber jusqu'au fond de mes bottes,*'" quoted Veslovsky, who had recovered his jollity by the time he was finishing off his second pullet. "Well, all our troubles are over now; now everything will go well. But for my sins I must sit up on the box. Must I not? Yes, I shall be your Automedon. You shall see how I shall drive you!" he replied, holding on to the reins when Levin asked him to surrender them to the coachman. "I must atone for my crime and besides, I feel quite at home on the box." And off they went.

Levin was a little afraid he would wear out the horses, especially the bay horse on the left which he could not hold in; but involuntarily he succumbed to the man's merriment and gave ear to the songs he sang up on the box as they rolled along, and listened to his description of how the English drive a four-in-hand, making a

point of mimicking the characters. Thus after lunch they rode all the way to the Gvozdyovo marsh in high spirits.

10

Veslovsky drove so fast that they got to Gvozdyovo marsh too soon, it was still hot.

As they were drawing near this extensive marsh that had been their destination from the first, Levin found himself wondering how he could rid himself of Veslovsky and shoot undisturbed. Oblonsky was apparently wondering the same thing for Levin saw on his face the concern any true sportsman feels at the beginning of a hunt, and he also saw the good-natured slyness typical of Oblonsky in certain circumstances.

"Well, how shall we set out? I can see it's a capital marsh–look, there are hawks," said Oblonsky, pointing to two of these big birds hovering above the sedge. "Where there are hawks there is sure to be game."

"Well, now, gentlemen," said Levin as with a rather glum look he pulled up his boots and examined the lock of his gun, "do you see the sedge out there?" and he pointed to a darkening green island in an enormous half-mown water-meadow stretching along the right bank of the river. "The marsh begins here, directly ahead of us, see? where it is greener. From here it extends to the right, where those horses are–the great-snipe will be on the tussocks–and all around the sedge and straight up to the alder thickets over there and to the very mill. Now look there, see that creek? That is the best spot. Once I brought down seventeen snipe there. We will separate with our two dogs, go in different directions and meet at the mill."

"Who is to go left and who right?" asked Oblonsky. "There is more space on the right, you two go there and I will go left," he dropped, as if innocently.

"Excellent! We will out-shoot him. Come along, come along," Veslovsky picked him up.

Levin could not refuse to go with him and so they divided.

As soon as they entered the marsh both dogs began sniffing and made for a spot where the water was rust-coloured. Levin knew Laska's way of exploring—cautious and dispersed; he knew the place too and expected a whole covey of snipe.

"Veslovsky, keep near me, keep near me," he said in a hushed voice to the companion splashing through the water behind him; after the accidental shot at the Kolpensky marsh Levin could not but show concern for the direction in which Veslovsky's gun was pointed.

"No, I don't want to be in your way; don't you worry about me."

But Levin did worry about him and recalled Kitty's parting admonition: "Mind you don't shoot one another!" Closer and closer came the dogs, passing each other by, each following its own thread. The expectation of snipe was so acute that Levin took the sucking noise made by his heels as he pulled them out of the rusty water for the chucking of snipe, and he clutched his gun convulsively.

"Bang! Bang!" sounded at his very ear.

It was Veslovsky firing at a flock of wild ducks that had risen over the marsh and were flying towards the sportsmen at an inaccessible height. Before Levin had time to turn round he heard the chucking of a snipe, of another, of a third, and then seven or eight more rose into the air one after another.

Oblonsky brought one down at the very moment when it began its zigzag flight; the bird dropped like a stone into the marsh. Unhurriedly Oblonsky aimed at another flying low towards the sedge, and simultaneously with the shot this snipe, too, fell to the ground; it could be seen hopping about in the mown grass beating its one sound wing, white on the underside.

Levin was not so lucky; he took too close aim at the first snipe and missed; he followed it as it rose in the

sky but just then another flew up from under his foot, distracting him so that he missed a second time.

While they reloaded their guns another snipe flew up and Veslovsky, the first to be ready, discharged two loads of small-shot over the water. Oblonsky put his snipe in his game-bag and glanced at Levin with sparkling eyes.

"Well, now let's separate," said Oblonsky. With his gun at the ready, he whistled for his dog and, limping on his left leg, set off in one direction; Levin and Veslovsky went in the other.

With Levin it was always true that if his first shots were bad he would get nervous and irritable and shoot badly the rest of the day. So it was on this day. There were countless snipe. They kept springing up from under the dogs and the feet of the men; there were so many of them that Levin could easily have made up for his first misses; but the more he fired the more he disgraced himself before Veslovsky, who merrily blasted away at anything in range or out of range, hitting nothing and caring not the least. Levin acted too hurriedly, could not restrain himself, and became more and more excited until at last he lost all hope of ever hitting anything. Laska appeared to understand this. She explored more listlessly and cast reproachful and perplexed glances at her master. The shots came one after another. The sportsmen were enveloped in a cloud of powder smoke, yet in Levin's capacious game-bag lay only three miserable little snipe. And of these three, one was Veslovsky's and another was their common quarry. Meanwhile from the other side of the marsh came Oblonsky's infrequent but what Levin felt telling shots, for each was punctuated by: "Krak, Krak, *apporte*!"

This only excited Levin the more. The snipe ceaselessly rose into the sky above the sedge. Their chucking on the ground and croaking in the sky could be heard constantly and on all sides; those that had been in the air for some

time came to rest directly in front of the sportsmen. In place of the two hawks, there were now dozens of snipe hovering and screeching above the marsh.

When Levin and Veslovsky had covered more than half the marsh they came to a place where the peasants had divided up the meadow into long strips to be mown, the strips ending at the island of sedge and marked off by trampled grass in some places, by cut grass in others. Half of these strips had already been mown.

Although there was as little chance of finding game in the mown as in the unmown grass, Levin had promised Oblonsky to meet him, and so he and his companion went ahead over mown and unmown strips alike.

"Hey, sportsmen!" called out a peasant who was sitting with his mates beside an unhitched waggon. "Come and eat with us! Have a drink with us!"

Levin looked round.

"Come, don't be afeard!" shouted a jovial red-faced man, flashing his white teeth in a smile and holding up a greenish bottle that flashed in the sun.

"*Qu'est ce qui'ils disent?*" asked Veslovsky.

"They are inviting us to drink vodka with them. I suppose they are the ones who are working the strips. I wouldn't object to a drink," said Levin, not without cunning, hoping that Veslovsky would be tempted by the vodka to join them.

"Why should they want to treat us?"

"Oh, just for entertainment. Why don't you go?—you will find it interesting."

"*Allons, c'est curieux.*"

"Do go, go ahead, you will have no trouble finding your way to the mill," called out Levin, and on looking back had the satisfaction of seeing Veslovsky stumbling on weary legs out of the marsh in the direction of the peasants, his body sagging, his gun held high over his head.

"You come too!" one of the peasants called to Levin. "Come along! Try our *piroshki*!"

Levin sorely wanted food and drink. He had grown weak, he felt it was all he could do to pull his feet out of the mud, and for a moment he hesitated. But just then his dog pointed. Instantly all his weariness left him and he easily strode through the mud to the dog. A snipe darted out from under his feet. He fired and killed it. The dog did not move. *"Pille!"* Another bird darted out from under the dog. Levin fired. But the day was unlucky; he missed, and when he went to look for the shot snipe he could not find it though he tramped down all the grass. Laska did not believe he had shot it and when he sent her to retrieve it she pretended to search but did not really do so.

His luck did not improve even without Veslovsky, whom he had blamed for his failure. Here, too, there were lots of snipe, but Levin missed one after another.

The slanting rays of the sun were even hotter; his clothes, drenched with sweat, clung to his body; his left boot was full of water, it was heavy and squelched with every step; drops of sweat rolled down his powder-smudged face; he had a bitter taste in his mouth, the smell of rust and gun-powder in his nose, the incessant chucking of snipe in his ears; the double barrel of his gun was too hot to touch; his heart was beating hard and fast; his hands were trembling with excitement and his tired legs stumbled and staggered over the tussocks and through the mire. But he kept on going and shooting. At last, after a most disgraceful miss, he threw down his gun and hat.

Oh bother! I must take myself in hand! he said to himself. He picked up his hat and gun, called Laska to him and climbed out of the marsh. On reaching dry ground he sat down on a knoll, took off his boots, poured the water out of the left one, went down to the marsh again, drank his fill of the rust-tainted water, wetted his hot gun barrels and washed his hands and face. Refreshed, he went back to the place where the missed snipe had

alighted, firmly resolved that he would not act impulsively any more.

He tried to be calm but he still did not have control over himself; his finger pulled the trigger before he had taken proper aim. Things went from bad to worse.

He had only five birds in his game-bag when he came out of the marsh at the alder thickets where he was to meet Oblonsky.

He caught sight of Oblonsky's dog before he saw Oblonsky himself. Krak, black all over with stinking marsh mire, leaped out from under a twisted alder root and sniffed Laska with a victorious air. Behind Krak appeared Oblonsky's impressive person in the shadow of the alder trees. He came towards Levin, red and sweating, his collar unfastened, still limping.

"Well? You took a lot of shots!" he said with a happy smile.

"And you?" said Levin, but he had no need of asking; he had already seen Oblonsky's bulging game-bag.

"Oh, I had fair luck."

He had killed fourteen birds.

"A capital marsh! Veslovsky no doubt spoiled your shooting. Not easy, two men and only one dog," said Oblonsky to temper his triumph.

11

When Levin and Oblonsky got to the peasant hut where Levin always spent the night, they found Veslovsky there. He was sitting on a bench in the middle of the room, laughing his gay infectious laughter and holding on with both hands while a soldier, the owner's brother, pulled off his muddy boots.

"I just got here. *Ils ont été charmants.* Fancy, those men out there gave me food and drink! And what bread! A perfect miracle! *Délicieux*! And the vodka–I never tasted anything better! And they refused to take money. Kept saying 'Don't judge us harshly', for some reason."

"And why should they take money? They was entertaining you. Did you think they was selling the vodka?" asked the soldier, getting the wet boot and wet hose off in a final effort.

Despite the dirtiness of the hut, muddied with the sportsmen's boots and with the filthy dogs licking themselves on the floor, despite the stench of the marsh and of gunpowder that filled the air, despite the absence of knives and forks, the sportsmen ate and drank tea with the zest that comes only on a shooting expedition. Washed and brushed, they retired to the swept hay-barn in which the coachmen had made pallets for the gentlemen.

It was growing dark but none of them felt sleepy.

The talk turned to the kind of matter dearest to all their hearts at that moment, fluctuating between reminiscences and tales about guns, hunting dogs and former shooting parties. Veslovsky went into such ecstasies over the smell of the hay and the delight of sleeping in it, over the beauty of a broken waggon (he assumed it was broken because the front axle, with wheels and shafts, had been removed), over the generosity of the peasants who had treated him to vodka, over the dogs, who were sleeping at the feet of their respective masters, that he inspired Oblonsky to describe the delights of a shooting party to which he had been invited the previous summer by a certain Maltus. Maltus was a celebrated railway magnate. Oblonsky told them what marvellous marshlands Maltus had bought in the Tver Gubernia and how he preserved them, and in what fine carriages and dog-carts the sportsmen had been taken to them, and what a grand tent had been pitched for them to lunch in at the edge of the marsh.

"I don't understand you," said Levin, raising himself on an elbow in the hay. "How can you help finding such people repulsive? I can appreciate a bottle of Lafitte with my lunch, but is it not precisely this luxury that is repulsive? These men, like our tax-farmers in the old days,

amass fortunes in a way that makes people despise them, but they don't care, and when they are rich they buy off the people's contempt with their ill-gotten gains."

"Quite so!" chimed in Veslovsky. "Quite! Oh, of course Oblonsky does it for *bonhomie*, but others say, 'Oblonsky makes friends with him.' "

"That I do not," and Levin could tell that Oblonsky was smiling as he said it. "But I do not consider him more dishonest than any other rich merchant or nobleman. Both the one and the other have acquired their wealth by brains and labour."

"Ah, but what sort of labour? Do you call acquiring a concession and then selling it for profit–labour?"

"Indeed I do. Labour in the sense that if it were not for him or others like him we would have no railways."

"But such labour is not to be compared with the labour of a peasant or a professional man."

"Granted, but labour in the sense that his activities bring results: railways. But then you consider railways of no value."

"That is beside the point; I am ready to concede that they have value. But all gain that is not proportionate to the labour that achieves it is dishonest."

"Who is to define this proportion?"

"The getting of gain by dishonest means, by cunning," said Levin, conscious that he was unable to draw a sharp line between honest and dishonest labour. "For instance, the profits of a banking house," he went on. "This evil, the amassing of enormous fortunes without labour, is exactly what our tax-farmers did, only in a different form. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* Scarcely did we do away with the tax-farmers when the railway magnates and the bankers stepped in. Theirs, too, is profit without labour."

"Your observations may be true and astute... Down, Krak!" cried Oblonsky to his dog, who was scratching himself and tearing up the hay; then he went on with the argument calmly and unhurriedly, sure that he was right.

"But you have not defined the difference between honest and dishonest labour. I, for instance, receive a bigger salary than the chief of a department under me who knows the work better than I do; is that fair?"

"I don't know."

"Well, then, let me tell you this: it is just as dishonest for you to receive a profit from your labour on the farm of five thousand rubles, say, whereas the peasant, work as hard as he will, can never receive more than fifty rubles, as it is for me to receive more than my department chief and for Maltus to receive more than an engine driver. I, on the other hand, consider society's contempt for such people utterly unfounded, and if you ask me, it comes from envy–"

"No, that is unfair," said Veslovsky. "It cannot be envy, for after all there *is* something underhand in such business."

"Wait," put in Levin. "You say it is unjust that I should receive five thousand rubles and my peasant fifty. That is true. It is unjust and I am aware of the injustice, but–"

"Indeed it is so. Why should we go off on shooting parties and eat and drink and be idle while the peasant does nothing but work, work, work?" asked Veslovsky, evidently confronting this problem for the first time in his life and for that reason perfectly sincere.

"You are aware of it but that does not make you give the peasants your estate," said Oblonsky, as if deliberately taunting Levin.

Of late an unacknowledged antagonism seemed to have sprung up between the brothers-in-law, as if from the moment they found themselves married to sisters they had become rivals as to who had done best for himself; at the present moment this antagonism found outlet in the personal tinge the conversation had acquired.

"I do not give it to them because nobody demands it of me, and I could not do it even if I wanted to," replied Levin. "There is nobody to give it to."

"Give it to this peasant here. He would not refuse it."

"And how, pray, am I to give it to him? Go off with him and sign a deed of conveyance?"

"I don't know; but if you are convinced you have no right–"

"I am not at all convinced of this. On the contrary, I am convinced that I have no right to give it up, that I am responsible for the land and for my family."

"Come now, if you consider this inequality unjust, why do you not do something to–"

"I *do* do something, only what I do is negative in the sense that I make no effort to increase the difference in our two positions."

"Forgive me, but that is a paradox."

"Yes, that savours of sophistry," agreed Veslovsky. "Ah, our host!" he said to the peasant who at this point entered the barn with a loud squeak of the door. "Not asleep yet?"

"What talk of sleep can there be? I thought you gentlemen was asleep but I hear you chattering. I come for a hook. Your dog don't bite?" he added, advancing cautiously with bare feet.

"Where will you sleep?"

"Out keeping watch over the horses in the pasture".

"What a night!" said Veslovsky, gazing through the door that framed one corner of the hut and the unhitched waggon lighted faintly by the glow lingering in the western sky. "Hark! Women singing, and not badly. Who is singing, my man?"

"The village maids. Just outside."

"Let's go for a walk. We can't sleep anyway. Come along, Oblonsky!"

"Now how could I go and yet not go?" replied Oblonsky, stretching. "It's so good, lying here!"

"Then I will go alone," said Veslovsky, getting up energetically and pulling on his boots. "Goodbye, gentlemen.

I will call you if I find it amusing. You treated me to this shooting and I will not forget it."

"A good sort, is he not?" said Oblonsky when Veslovsky went out and the peasant shut the door behind him.

"A very good sort," replied Levin, whose mind was still on the subject of their conversation. He felt he had clearly expressed his thoughts and feelings, yet both his companions, men who were neither stupid nor insincere, had in one voice accused him of salving his conscience with sophistry. He was disturbed.

"So that's how it is, old boy. You must choose one or the other: either accept the existing social order as just and insist on your rights; or own, as I do, that the privileges we enjoy are unjust and yet squeeze as much pleasure out of them as possible," said Oblonsky.

"No, if you knew they were unjust you could not get pleasure out of them, at least *I* could not. The main thing for me is to feel that I am not guilty."

"Perhaps we ought to go out there, shall we?" interrupted Oblonsky, who was evidently tired of all this mental effort. "We won't sleep anyway. Let's go."

Levin did not reply. He was pondering what he had said as to his behaving justly only in a negative way. Is it possible that the only just behaviour is negative? he asked himself.

"How strong the scent of this new-mown hay is!" said Oblonsky, getting up. "Not a chance of falling asleep. Veslovsky's up to something out there. Hear his voice and that laughter? Do let's join him. Come along."

"No, I shan't," replied Levin.

"Also as a matter of principle?" said Oblonsky with a smile as he felt for his cap in the dark.

"No, not as a matter of principle; but why should I go?"

"Mind you don't get yourself into trouble," warned Oblonsky as he found his cap and got up.

"How?"

"Do you think I haven't seen the position you have placed yourself in with your wife? I heard you discussing with her as a matter of primary importance whether you ought to go on a two day's shooting trip or not. That is all very idyllic but it will not last a lifetime. A man must be independent, he has his masculine interests. A man must be a man," said Oblonsky, opening the door.

"And what does that mean? Going out and flirting with the village maids?" asked Levin.

"And why not flirt with them if it is jolly? *Ça ne tire pas à conséquence.* My wife will be none the worse for it and I shall find it jolly. The only thing is—keep the home sacred. Don't drag such things into the home. But don't let your hands be tied."

"I see," said Levin drily, turning over on his side. "We've got to get up early. I will not wake anyone up but I intend leaving at dawn."

"*Messieurs, venez vite!*" came the voice of Veslovsky, entering just then. "*Charmante!* I discovered her myself. *Charmante,* a perfect Gretchen! She and I are friends already! Oh, she could not be prettier!" he said delightedly, as if she had been made pretty just for him and he was grateful to the maker for this personal favour.

Levin pretended to be asleep; Oblonsky put on his slippers, lighted a cigar and went out, and soon their voices faded away.

Levin could not sleep for a long time. He heard his horses chewing hay, then heard the peasant and his older boy get ready and set out for the night pasture; he heard the soldier and his nephew, the peasant's younger son, go to bed at the other end of the barn; he heard the child tell his uncle in a high voice his impressions of the hunting dogs, whom he found huge and menacing, and ask what the dogs were supposed to catch, and he heard the soldier reply in a hoarse sleepy voice that the sportsmen would go to the marsh the next day and shoot off their guns, and then, to ward off further questions, say, "Sleep,

Vaska; go to sleep or I'll let you have it!"; presently the soldier began snoring and everything was quiet; the only sounds were the neighing of horses and the croaking of snipe. Only negative? he kept asking himself. So be it. But I am not to blame.

I shall set out early in the morning and keep myself under control. The marsh is teeming with snipe. Even great-snipe. And when I get back I will find a note from Kitty. Yes, I daresay Steve is right, I am not a man with her, I have become womanish. Well, then, what is to be done? Negativeness again.

As he dozed off he heard the laughter and gay voices of Veslovsky and Oblonsky. For a moment he opened his eyes. The moon had come up and through the open doorway he saw his two companions standing and talking in bright moonlight. Oblonsky was saying something about the maid's freshness, comparing her to a ripe nut, and Veslovsky repeated the words the peasant had no doubt said to him: "It's a wife of your own you want, young man", and broke into his infectious laughter. Levin murmured, drowsily:

"At dawn, gentlemen!" and fell asleep.

12

Levin woke up at early dawn and tried to wake up his companions. Veslovsky, lying on his stomach with one stockinged leg stretched out, was so sound asleep that no reply could be got out of him. Oblonsky sleepily refused to set out so early. Even Laska, who was curled up at the edge of the hay, got up reluctantly and lazily stretched and tried her hind legs, one after the other. Levin put on his boots, picked up his gun, carefully opened the squeaking barn door and went out. The coachmen were sleeping by the vehicles, the horses were nodding. One of them was languidly eating oats, pushing them about the manger with its nose. It was still dark outside.

"And why should you be up so early, laddie?" asked the peasant's old wife, who came out of the hut just then and addressed him as an old friend.

"I'm going shooting, grannie. How do I get to the marsh from here?"

"Through the back yards, through the threshing ground and on to the hemp field. The path begins there."

Stepping carefully on bare sunburnt feet, the woman showed Levin the way and let down a rail of the fence so that he could pass through.

"This path round the threshing ground will take you direct to the marsh. Our lads drove the horses there last night."

Laska ran ahead down the path; Levin followed with a quick light step, watching the sky all the while. He hoped the sun would not come up before he got to the marsh. But the sun lost no time. The moon, which had been shining when he set out, now merely glowed like quicksilver; a few minutes earlier the morning star had been conspicuous in the sky, and now he could hardly find it. Vague dark spots in the distant fields had become distinct: they were sheaves of rye. Invisible without the sun's rays was the dew in the high fragrant hemp, from which the sterile blossoms had already been plucked, but it wetted Levin's legs and blouse higher than his waist. The most minute sounds could be heard in the transparent stillness of early morning. A bee whizzed past Levin's ear like a bullet in flight. He glanced up and saw a second and a third. All of them came from the apiary behind its wattle fence and flew over the hemp field in the direction of the marsh.

Yes, the path was taking him directly to the marsh. He could tell where the marsh was now by the mist rising off it, here thicker, there thinner, with shimmering islands of sedge and willow bushes rising out of it.

By the side of the road near the marsh the boys and men who had been keeping watch in the night pasture were now fast asleep under their coats. Near them grazed three

hobbled horses. One of them clanked its chain-hobble noisily. Laska walked beside her master, glancing up at him from time to time as if begging to be allowed to run ahead. When he passed the sleepers and reached the lowlands, Levin examined his cartridges and unleashed the dog. One of the horses, a sleek chestnut three-year-old, lifted its tail and neighed, frightened by the dog. The others were frightened too and leaped out of the marsh, splashing through the water with hobbled feet, their hoofs making a clapping sound as they pulled them out of the thick clay. Laska stopped and looked at the horses superciliously, at Levin inquiringly. Levin patted her and whistled to show that she could begin.

Happily and with an anxious air Laska ran over the spongy ground that gave under her weight.

Once in the marsh, she discovered among the familiar scents of roots, swamp grass, rust and horse manure, a diffused scent of birds, particularly of those rich-smelling birds that excited her more than any others. Somewhere among the moss and the swamp plants this smell was intense but she could not tell where it grew stronger, where weaker. So to get the right direction she had to go further and turn back into the wind. Unconscious of the working of her legs, she broke into a restrained gallop that could be interrupted at the slightest need; she galloped to the right, away from the morning breeze blowing from the east, then turned back into the wind. When she had breathed deeply of the wind through dilated nostrils she felt it was not only the presence of birds she scented but *the birds themselves,* and many of them. She diminished her speed. *They* were here, but she could not at first discover them. To find the exact spot she began going in circles, but suddenly she was interrupted by her master's voice: "Here, Laska!" he cried, pointing in another direction. She stopped, asking him if it would not be better to finish what she had begun, but he repeated his order in a sharp voice, pointing to tussocks flooded with water where there

could not possibly be game. She obeyed, pretending to explore to please him, but after covering the ground there she came back to the first place and instantly caught the scent again. Now that he did not interfere she knew what she must do: without watching where she was going, vexed with stumbling over high tussocks and falling into the water, but recovering on strong agile legs, she set out in a circle that was to make everything clear. *Their* smell grew stronger and stronger, more and more concentrated, and suddenly she knew that one of them was here, behind that tussock, five paces away, and she stopped, scarcely breathing, her whole body tense. Her legs were too short to enable her to see ahead, but the scent alone told her the bird was not more than five paces away. She stood there allowing the awareness of it to grow stronger and stronger, enjoying her anticipation. Her tail was drawn into a straight line quivering at the tip. Her mouth was half open, her ears raised, one ear turned inside out from her galloping; she breathed hard but cautiously and even more cautiously glanced at her master, turning her eyes rather than her head. He, whose face she knew so well and whose eyes she always feared, was coming towards her with painful slowness, stumbling over the tussocks. It seemed to her he was coming with painful slowness but actually he was running.

On seeing Laska in that particular pose, hugging the earth, pushing herself forward with great strokes of her hind legs, her mouth half open, Levin knew she had caught the scent of snipe and he ran towards her, praying inwardly that God would give him luck, especially with this first bird. When he was at Laska's side he began searching ahead from the vantage point of his height, and he saw with his eyes what she saw with her nose. In the space between two tussocks he caught a glimpse of a snipe perched on a third tussock. It was alert, with cocked head. Then, after slightly ruffling its wings it folded them again and disappeared round a corner.

"Pille! Pille!" cried Levin, giving Laska a little push from behind.

But I cannot, thought Laska. Where shall I go? From here I smell them but if I go away I will not know where they are and what they are. But again Levin gave her a little push with his knee and said in an excited whisper: *"Pille,* Laska, *pille."*

Well, if that's what he wants, that's what I will do, but I take no responsibility for it, she said to herself, and with that she rushed ahead between the tussocks. She smelt nothing now, she only saw and heard without understanding.

Ten paces away from the original spot the snipe rose up with an unguinous cry and that deep whir of wings peculiar to snipe. The shot was followed by a heavy splash as the bird's white breast hit the wet ground. Without waiting to be flushed, another bird flew up behind Levin.

It had time to go some distance before Levin turned round, but his shot reached it. It flew another twenty paces, then stood on end in the air and rocketed down like a heavy ball, landing on dry ground with a dull thud.

Here's a good start! thought Levin as he put the fat warm snipe in his game-bag. "You agree, Laska? A good start?"

When Levin reloaded and set out again, the sun had come up, though it was hidden in clouds. The moon had lost all its shine and hung like a cloud in the sky. Not a star was to be seen. The lowlands which had been silvered with dew, were now golden. The rusty water was all amber. The blue of the grass had turned to yellow-green. The swamp birds were busy down by the stream in bushes that glistened with dew and threw long shadows on the ground. A hawk had waked up and was sitting on a haycock, turning its head from side to side and looking disapprovingly at the marsh. Jack-daws were flying over the field and a barefoot boy was driving the horses towards an old man who had got up from under his coat and was scratching

his sides. The smoke from the shots was white as milk against the green grass.

One of the boys ran to Levin.

"There was ducks here yesterday, mister!" he called out, following the sportsman at some distance.

Levin was doubly pleased to have killed three snipe, one after another, in the sight of this boy, who did not hide his admiration.

13

A sportsman's belief that if the first bird or animal is brought down the rest of the hunt will be successful, proved to be true.

It was after nine in the morning when Levin returned to the hut tired, hungry and happy, having covered some thirty miles and with nineteen birds in his game-bag, and one wild duck that would not go in the bag hanging from his belt. His companions were up and had breakfasted.

"Wait, wait, I know there were nineteen," said Levin as he recounted the snipe that no longer looked beautiful now that they were twisted, wilted, smeared with dried blood, their heads drooping.

The count was correct and Levin was pleased to see how Oblonsky envied him. He was also pleased to find the courier with Kitty's note waiting for him.

"I am perfectly well and happy. If you have any fears for me they are even more groundless now because I have a new body-guard, Maria Vlassevna" (the midwife, a recent and very important acquisition in the Levin household). "She came to see how I was. She finds me perfectly well and we have asked her to stay until you return. Everyone else is well and happy too, so don't hurry–if the shooting is good stay another day."

These two pleasures–his lucky shooting and the note from Kitty–were so great that the two little vexations that followed scarcely touched Levin. One of them was that the

bay horse, apparently over-driven the day before, did not eat and was languid; the coachman attributed it to strain.

"He got overworked, Konstantin Dmitrich," he said. "Driving him at full tilt eight miles over these bad roads!"

The second unpleasantness that spoiled his happy mood at first but became a source of mirth afterwards, was that all the food supplied by Kitty in such abundance that it ought to have lasted a week had been eaten up. While Levin was coming back tired and hungry from the marsh, he had such vivid dreams of *piroshki* that he fairly tasted and smelled them, as Laska smells game; the moment he set foot in the hut he ordered Filipp to bring him some. It turned out that not only the *piroshki* but the pullets, too, were gone.

"There's an appetite for you!" laughed Oblonsky, nodding towards Veslovsky. "I can't complain of my own but his beats everything."

"Can't be helped I suppose," said Levin, looking at Veslovsky sullenly. "Then bring me some meat, Filipp."

"They finished up the meat, too, sir; I gave the bones to the dogs," replied Filipp.

Levin was so offended that he said testily:

"You might have left me at least *something*." He felt like crying. "Well, go and clean the game," he ordered Filipp in a tremulous voice. "And don't forget to cover the birds with nettles. Perhaps there's some milk?"

Later, when he had drunk his fill of milk, he was so ashamed of having lost his temper in front of this new acquaintance that he turned it into a joke.

In the evening they went shooting in the fields and Veslovsky killed a few birds, and at night they returned home.

The return journey was as gay as the going out had been. Veslovsky sang and recollected what a good time he had had with the peasants who treated him to vodka and

had said to him "Don't judge us harshly, sir," and his making merry with the village maids and the one maid in particular, and the peasant who had asked him if he was married and on learning he was not had said, "Don't you go goggling at other men's wives but try to get one of your own." He found this extremely funny.

"On the whole, I'm awfully pleased with our trip. And what about you, Levin?"

"I am too," said Levin sincerely, pleased most of all by having altogether lost the hostility he had felt for Veslovsky while at home and being, on the contrary, most amiably disposed towards him.

14

At ten o'clock the next morning Levin, who had already made the rounds of his property, knocked at the door of Veslovsky's room.

"*Entrez,*" called out Veslovsky. "Forgive my appearance, I have just finished my ablutions," he said with a smile, standing there in his underclothes.

"Think nothing of it." Levin sat down at the window. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a log. Is it a good day for shooting?"

"Will you have tea or coffee?"

"Neither, thanks. I will wait for lunch. I am ashamed of myself–I suppose the ladies are up? Ah, the best time for a walk! Perhaps you will show me your horses."

Levin showed him the garden and the stables and did some gymnastics with him on the parallel bars; then they came back to the house and went into the drawing-room.

"Excellent shooting and a mass of impressions!" said Veslovsky, going over to Kitty, who was seated behind the samovar. "What a pity that ladies should be deprived of that pleasure!"

It is only right that he should address his hostess, Levin said to himself. And yet he again seemed to detect some-

thing in the man's smile and in the triumphant look with which he spoke to Kitty. . .

The princess, who was sitting on the other side of the table with Maria Vlassevna and Oblonsky, called Levin over and began a conversation with him about their moving to Moscow for Kitty's confinement and the making ready of their apartments. Just as at the time of his wedding Levin had found all preparations distasteful because their insignificance depreciated the greatness of the event about to take place, so now he found even more deprecatory these preparations for a birth whose future date they calculated somehow on their fingers. He constantly tried to close his ears to the talk about how the future child ought to be diapered, and he turned away so as not to see those mysterious knitted strips, those linen triangles to which Dolly attached particular importance, and all the rest. The birth of his son (he was sure it would be a son) which they assured him was to take place but in which he could hardly believe, so marvellous did it seem, was on the one hand an event bringing such immense and therefore such improbable happiness, and on the other an event so shrouded in mystery, that he found arrogant and humiliating their assumed knowledge of what was to take place and their preparations for it as for something commonplace and of their own doing.

But the princess did not understand his feelings and thought his reluctance to think and speak about the event sprang from indifference and lack of seriousness. And so she gave him no peace. She asked Oblonsky to see the flat and she sent for Levin.

"I know nothing about such things, Princess. Do as you wish," he said.

"We must decide when you are to move."

"I don't know. I know that millions of children are born without Moscow and doctors . . . why should. . .?"

"Ah, if that is how. . ."

"No, no. Let it be as Kitty wishes."

"Not a word about this to Kitty! Do you want to frighten her? This very spring Natalie Golitsina died because of an inept midwife."

"I will do whatever you say," he replied unhappily.

The princess began persuading him but he did not listen. This talk with the princess naturally upset him, but he was made miserable not by what she said but by what he saw going on at the samovar

No, this is impossible, he thought as from time to time he glanced over and saw Veslovsky bending over Kitty and saying something to her with his charming smile that seemed to embarrass and agitate her.

There was indeed something impure in Veslovsky's attitude and glance and smile. Levin saw something impure in Kitty's attitude and glance too. And once more darkness came over the world. Once more, as on the previous evening, he felt himself suddenly and without any preparation cast down from the heights of happiness, tranquillity and dignity, into the depths of despair, anger and humiliation. Once more everybody and everything were repulsive to him.

"And so do whatever you wish, Princess," he said, glancing at them again.

"It is not easy to wear the crown," said Oblonsky jestingly, evidently referring not only to Levin's talk with the princess but also to the reason for his discomposure, which Oblonsky had remarked. "How late you are today, Dolly!"

Everyone got up to greet Dolly. Veslovsky stood for a brief moment, then, showing the ladies the lack of courtesy typical of the younger generation, made the slightest of bows and went on with his conversation, laughing gaily at something he himself said.

"Masha has positively worn me out. She slept badly and is frightfully out of sorts today," said Dolly.

The conversation Veslovsky had begun with Kitty was on the subject discussed the previous evening: Anna, and whether love could rise above social conventions. Kitty did not like to speak on this subject, it agitated her, as

did the tone in which it was treated, but she was bothered most of all by knowing her husband would disapprove. She was, however, too simple and ingenuous to be able to put a stop to it and even to hide the external evidences of the pleasure this young man's attentions gave her. She wanted to put a stop to the conversation but she did not know how to do it. She knew that anything she did would be observed by her husband and be given the wrong interpretation. And indeed when she asked Dolly what was wrong with Masha, and Veslovsky stood gazing absent-mindedly at Dolly waiting for this tiresome talk to end, Levin considered Kitty's question a false and loathsome ruse.

"Are we going mushrooming today?" asked Dolly.

"Let's, and I will go too," said Kitty; suddenly she reddened; she had been on the verge of asking Veslovsky out of politeness if he would go with them but she stopped herself in time. "Where are you going, Kostya?" she asked her husband with a guilty look as he strode resolutely past her. Her guilty look confirmed all his suspicions.

"The mechanic has come and I must see him," he said without looking at her.

He was already downstairs but had not had time to leave his study when he heard his wife's familiar steps approaching with imprudent haste.

"What is it?" he asked her coolly. "We are busy."

"I beg your pardon," she said to the German mechanic, "I must say a few words to my husband."

The German made as if to go but Levin stopped him. "Don't trouble yourself."

"The train leaves at three?" asked the German. "I must not be late."

Without answering, Levin went out with his wife.

"What is it you wish to tell me?" he asked in French.

He did not look her in the face and did not care to see that she, in her condition, was trembling all over and looked crushed and pitiful.

"I . . . I wished to say that . . . that we can't go on living this way . . . that it is torture," she murmured.

"There are servants in the pantry," he said brusquely. "Don't make a scene."

"Then come here."

They were standing in a passageway and Kitty would have gone into the next room, but the English governess was giving Tanya a lesson there.

"We'll go into the garden."

In the garden they came upon the gardener sweeping the path. Without caring that he should see her tearstained face and her husband's distressed one, without caring that they gave the impression of people running away from some terrible catastrophe, they pressed forward with rapid steps, conscious only that they must unburden their minds, set things right, be alone together and in this way free themselves of the torture they were both enduring.

"We can't go on in this way! It's torture! I am suffering and you are suffering. For what reason?" she said when at last they reached a secluded bench in a corner of the avenue of lindens.

"First you tell me one thing: was there not something unseemly, suggestive, horribly humiliating in his manner?" he asked, again standing in front of her with his fists on his chest, the exact pose he had assumed that other night.

"There was," she said in a quivering voice. "But cannot you see, Kostya, that I am not to blame? From early morning I wanted to treat him coldly, but those others. . . Oh, why did he come? How happy we were!" she said, choking with sobs that shook her ungainly figure.

Although nothing had pursued them, so there was nothing they had escaped from, and although the garden bench could hardly have imparted to them any great happiness, the gardener saw with astonishment that their faces were calm and radiant when they passed him on their way back to the house.

15

Having seen his wife upstairs, Levin went to Dolly's quarters. Dolly, too, was greatly upset that day. He found her pacing the floor and saying angrily to the little girl crying in the corner:

"And you will stand in the corner all day and take dinner alone and not a single doll shall you have and I will not make you a new frock," she said, not knowing how else she could punish the culprit.

"She is a horrid child!" she said to Levin. "I can't think where she gets her wicked propensities!"

"What has she done?" asked Levin rather perfunctorily; he had wanted to consult Dolly about his own affairs and was annoyed that he had come at the wrong moment.

"She and Grisha went into the raspberries and there—I cannot even tell you what she did. Oh, how I wish Miss Elliot were here! This governess doesn't look after them at all! A machine! . . . *Figurez vous, que la petite. . .*"

And Dolly told him what Masha had done.

"That proves nothing, it certainly does not indicate wicked propensities, it was just a bit of mischief," said Levin placatingly.

"But what has upset *you?* Why have you come?" asked Dolly. "What is going on there?"

The tone of her voice told Levin he would have no difficulty in telling her what he had meant to tell.

"I was not there. I was alone with Kitty in the garden. We have quarrelled for the second time since . . . Steve came." Dolly gave him a wise, comprehending look. "Tell me truthfully, hand on heart: was there anything . . . not in Kitty's but in that gentleman's manner that could be considered unpleasant—not unpleasant but horrible; insulting for a husband?"

"What shall I say? . . . Go back! Stand in the corner!" she said to Masha who, encouraged by the faint smile on her mother's face, had come forward. "The world's opinion

would be that he conducts himself as all young men conduct themselves. *Il fait la cour à une jeune et jolie femme.* And a worldly husband ought to be flattered."

"I see, I see," said Levin morosely. "So you have noticed it?"

"Not I alone. Steve too. Directly after tea he said to me: *'Je crois que Veslovsky fait un petit brin de cour à Kitty.'* "

"Good. Now I am satisfied. I will put him out," said Levin.

"What? Are you mad?" cried Dolly in horror. "Fie, what are you saying, Kostya?" she said with a little laugh. "You may go to Fanny now"—this addressed to Masha. "If you wish I will speak to Steve. He will take him away. He can say you are expecting guests. On the whole, of course, he is not our sort."

"Oh, no, I shall do it myself."

"You will quarrel with him?"

"Under no circumstances. I shall enjoy it," said Levin, and his eyes already had a gay sparkle. "Come, forgive her, Dolly. She won't do it again," he said in behalf of the little culprit who had not gone to Fanny but was standing hesitantly in front of her mother, glancing up from under her brows, hoping her mother would look at her.

Her mother did look at her. The little girl burst into tears and hid her face in her mother's skirts and Dolly laid her thin hand on her head tenderly.

That man has nothing in common with us, said Levin to himself as he went in search of Veslovsky.

While passing through the hall he ordered the carriage made ready to go to the station.

"One of the springs broke yesterday," said the footman.

"Then have them hitch up the tarantass and do it quickly. Where is our guest?"

"In his room, sir."

Levin found Veslovsky taking things out of his bag,

putting aside the new songs he had brought and trying on the gaiters he wore when he rode horseback.

Whether because he detected something special in the expression of Levin's face, or because he felt that *ce petit brin de cour* he had begun was out of place in this family—whatever the reason, he was taken aback (to the extent a man of the world can be taken aback) by Levin's entrance.

"You ride in gaiters?"

"Yes, I find it much cleaner," said Veslovsky with a bright good-humoured smile as he put a fat foot up on a chair so as to fasten the bottom hook.

He was unquestionably a good chap and Levin felt sorry for him and ashamed of himself as the host when he saw the mild look his guest turned on him.

On the table lay a piece of stick they had broken while trying to lift weights with it at their gymnastics that morning. Levin picked it up and began breaking off the splinters at the end, not knowing how to begin what he had come to say.

"I wanted. . ." His voice trailed off, but the remembrance of Kitty and all that had happened made him look his guest in the eye and say in a determined voice: "I have ordered the horses for you."

"What's that?" asked Veslovsky in surprise. "Where, pray, am I to go?"

"You are to go to the railway station," said Levin glumly, plucking at the ragged end of the stick.

"Are you moving suddenly, or has something happened?"

"I am expecting visitors," said Levin, beaking off splinters faster and faster with his strong fingers. "No, I am not expecting visitors and nothing has happened but I must ask you to leave. You can explain my rudeness however you like."

Veslovsky stood up.

"I must ask *you* to explain," he said with dignity, comprehending at last.

"I cannot explain to you," said Levin slowly and quietly, trying to control the quivering of his lips. "And you had better not ask."

Since all the splinters had been broken off, Levin seized the two ends in his hands and broke the stick in two, deftly catching one end that sprang out of his hand.

No doubt Veslovsky found this quiet voice, these tensed hands, these muscles he had felt while they were doing gymnastics that morning, these flashing eyes and quivering lips more convincing than anything Levin said. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled scornfully and made a little bow.

"Will you allow me to speak to Oblonsky?"

His smile and the way he lifted his shoulders did not provoke Levin. What else can the poor fellow do? he thought.

"I shall send him to you at once."

"What nonsense is this!" exclaimed Oblonsky who, after learning from his friend that he was being put out of the house, found Levin in the garden where he was walking until his guest should have left:

"*Mais c'est ridicule!* What flea has bitten you? *Mais c'est du dernier ridicule!* Why have you taken it into your head that just because a young man–"

Apparently the flea bite was still sore, for Levin went white when Oblonsky tried to explain everything away and he cut him off abruptly:

"Please don't try to explain! I cannot do otherwise. I am ashamed of causing both you and him embarrassment but I do not think his leaving will occasion him great grief and both my wife and I find his presence objectionable."

"But you have insulted him! *Et puis c'est ridicule.*"

"And he has insulted me, and injured me! And I am in no way at fault and there is no reason why I should suffer."

"Well, I certainly never expected such a thing of you! *On peut être jaloux, mais à ce point, c'est du dernier ridicule!*"

Levin turned quickly and went some distance down the lane, where he resumed his pacing. Presently he heard the rattle of the tarantass and from behind the trees saw Veslovsky riding in the straw (unfortunately there were no seats in the tarantass) in his Scotch cap that bobbed whenever they struck bumps in the road.

Now what has happened? Levin asked himself when a man ran out of the house and stopped the tarantass. It was the German mechanic, whom Levin had completely forgotten. With a little bow and a word to Veslovsky, the mechanic climbed in beside him and off they went.

Oblonsky and the princess were incensed by what Levin had done. He himself not only felt *ridicule* in the highest degree but guilty and disgraced as well; and yet when he remembered what he and his wife had gone through and asked himself what he would do if it were to be done all over again, he replied that he would do exactly the same thing.

Regardless of what had happened, by the end of the day all of them but the princess, who could not forgive him, were as gay and vivacious as children who have been allowed out after being kept indoors as a punishment, or grownups after a solemn reception, and when the princess was not present they referred to Veslovsky's expulsion as something of the distant past. Dolly, who had inherited her father's gift for getting all the humour out of a story, made Varenka double up with laughter by relating for the third or fourth time with ever new comic additions how she had donned new ribbons for the visitor's sake and had just entered the drawing-room when she heard the rumble of waggon wheels. And who do you think was sitting in the straw?—no less a person than Veslovsky with his songs and gaiters and Scotch cap!

"They might at least have sent him away in the carriage! The next moment I heard someone cry: 'Stop!' Ah, thinks I, they've taken pity on him. I looked out. Well, if they hadn't put that fat German beside him and were

lugging both of them away! And there was I, left alone with my new ribbons!"

16

Dolly was true to her intention of going to see Anna. She was sorry to cause her sister pain and displease her brother-in-law; she knew the Levins were justified in not wanting to have anything to do with Vronsky, but she felt it her duty to visit Anna and show that her love for her remained unchanged despite the change in Anna's circumstances.

Not wishing to depend on the Levins in any way for this journey, Dolly sent to the village for horses; but when Levin heard of it he came to her and remonstrated:

"Why should you think I dislike your going? And even if I did dislike it, I would dislike even more your refusing to take my horses," he said. "You did not tell me you had finally decided to go. Of course I find it disagreeable for you to hire horses in the village, but the main thing is that the stableman will consent to take you and then not get you there. I have got the horses, and if you do not wish to offend me you will accept them."

Dolly could not refuse, and so on the appointed day Levin produced a team of four and an extra horse in reserve, all of them taken from among his farm and saddle horses; they made an unbeautiful team but they could accomplish the journey in one day. At a time when horses were needed to send the princess home and to fetch the midwife, Levin could little spare them, but his honour as a host would not allow him to have Dolly hire horses; moreover he knew that the twenty rubles the horses would cost was no small expense for her; he felt Dolly's straitened circumstances as acutely as if they were his own.

On Levin's advice Dolly set out at dawn. The road was good, the carriage comfortable, the horses trotted along

briskly, and up on the box beside the coachman sat a clerk from the counting-house whom Levin had sent in lieu of a footman for additional security. Dolly fell asleep and woke up only when they reached the inn where they were to change horses.

Dolly had tea at the peasant's house where Levin had stopped on his way to Sviazhsky's, and at ten o'clock, after chatting with the women about their children and with the old man about Count Vronsky, for whom he had the greatest respect, she continued on her way. She never had time to think at home, so busy was she with her children. Now, on this four-hour ride, all the thoughts she had hitherto suppressed came teeming forth; she contemplated her life as never before, from every angle. She herself was surprised by the ideas that came to her. At first she thought of her children, worrying about them even though the princess and Kitty (she relied more upon Kitty) had promised to take the best of care of them in her absence. What if Masha is up to mischief again?... What if Grisha should be kicked by a horse?... What if Lilly's indigestion should get worse?... These questions relating to the present were soon replaced by ones relating to the immediate future. She must, she thought, find a new flat in Moscow for the winter, and get new furniture for the drawing-room, and have a new winter coat made for the elder girl. Then questions relating to the distant future presented themselves: how was she to settle the children in life when they grew up? It will be easier with the girls, she thought, but what about the boys? Very well, I am tutoring Grisha myself now, but I can do so only because I am free, free from bearing children. Naturally I cannot count on Steve. But that doesn't matter, with the help of good people I will bring them up. But what if I am with child again?... And she was struck by the idea that the curse laid upon woman was not that in sorrow she would bring forth children. The actual bringing of them forth is nothing, it's the months of carrying them that are a misery,

she said to herself, recalling her last pregnancy and the death of that last child. And this reminded her of the talk she had just had with a young peasant wife in the inn. When Dolly asked her if she had children, she replied light-heartedly:

"I had a little girl but God took her away; we buried her in Lent."

"And wasn't it a great grief to you?"

"Oh, no; why should it be? The old man's got lots of other grandchildren. Only a great care. No working nor nothing. Hands tied."

At the time Dolly had recoiled from such sentiments coming from this pretty and apparently good-humoured young woman. But as she recalled them now she felt there was a measure of truth in her cynical words.

And what does it come down to? mused Dolly as she looked back over her fifteen years of married life. Pregnancy, nausea, stupefaction, indifference to everything, and above all—ugliness. Kitty, lovely young Kitty—even she has lost her looks, and as for me, I know I become positively hideous when I am with child. Childbirth, suffering—dreadful suffering that very last minute—then nursing, and those sleepless nights and that horrible pain...

Dolly shuddered at the very remembrance of the pain of cracked nipples from which she suffered with almost every child. And the children's illnesses, the constant dread; and their education, and their horrid propensities (here she recalled little Masha's crime in the raspberry bushes), and their lessons, Latin—it's all so hard and incomprehensible. And to crown everything—the loss of a child. And again in her mind arose the memory, lying always as a terrible weight on her maternal heart, of the death of her last child, an infant boy, who had died of the croup, of his funeral, of the general indifference shown him in his little pink coffin and her lonely heart-break when she saw his white brow with the hair curling at the temples and his little mouth open in astonishment, as it were, at the mo-

ment when the pink coffin lid with its gold cross was put on.

And why all this? What will come of it all? Only that I will live out my life without a moment's peace, this year with child, next year nursing a child, always irritable, grumbling, miserable myself and making others miserable, repulsive to my husband, all for the sake of raising unfortunate, ill-bred, penniless children. I don't know how we would get through this summer if it were not for the Levins. To be sure Kostya and Kitty are too tactful to allow us to feel it, but it cannot go on. They will have their own children and then they cannot help us; even now we are a drain on them. Will we have to fall back upon papa, who has left himself scarcely anything? I cannot possibly bring up my children alone, only with the help of others, only with humiliation. Supposing the very best: supposing none of the children die and I manage to bring them up somehow. I can hope for nothing better than that they will not turn out to be rogues. That is all I can hope for. And at the cost of how much labour, how much suffering! My whole life ruined! Once more she remembered what the young peasant woman had said and she still found the remembrance horrid; but she could not deny that there was a measure of truth in her harsh words.

"Have we much farther to go, Mikhail?" she asked the clerk so as to distract her mind from these terrifying thoughts.

"Five miles from this village, they say."

The carriage turned off the village street on to a bridge. Some merry peasant women with bundles of grass for tying sheaves on their backs were crossing the bridge talking loudly and gaily. They stopped in curiosity to watch the carriage go by. Dolly found all the faces bright and healthy, taunting her with their joy of life.

They all live and enjoy life, Dolly went on reflecting when, after passing the women and mounting a hill, the carriage once more swayed pleasantly on its springs as

the horses trotted along. And here I am like a person let out of prison, released from a world killing me with cares, allowed for one brief moment to come to my senses. They all are vitally alive–those peasant women and Natalie and Varenka and Anna, whom I shall soon see–everyone but me.

And they dare to accuse Anna! Of what? Am I any better? I at least have a husband I love–not as I should like to love, to be sure, but whom I love nonetheless. Anna did not love her husband. Then why is she to blame? She longs to live. God has put this longing in our hearts. Very likely I would have done the same thing. And I am not at all sure that I did right in listening to her that dreadful time she came to see me in Moscow. I ought to have left my husband and begun life all over again. Then I might have found someone I loved and who loved me. Is this better? I do not respect him (meaning her husband) but I need him and so I endure him. Is that better? At that time I still could have attracted someone, I was still pretty, she ruminated, and suddenly she felt an urge to inspect herself in a looking-glass. She had a little glass in her travelling-bag and would have taken it out, but she feared the clerk and coachman swaying up on the box might turn round and catch her in so undignified an act, so she did not take it out.

But even without a looking-glass she felt it was not yet too late, and she remembered Koznishev, who had shown her marked attention, and there was that dear good Turovtsin, Steve's friend who had helped her take care of the children at the time of the scarlet fever and was in love with her. And still another, a very young man who, as her husband said jokingly, considered her the prettiest of the sisters. And Dolly gave herself up to dreams of the most impassioned and incredible love affairs. Yes, Anna did the right thing and I shall never reproach her for it. She is happy and is making another person happy and is not a poor crushed thing like me and I dare say she is as

fresh and clever and open-minded as ever, mused Dolly, and a mischievous smile curved her lips because, while reflecting on Anna's love affair, she fancied herself having a similar affair with an imaginary composite personage who was passionately in love with her. Like Anna, she confessed everything to her husband, and it was Oblonsky's astonishment and consternation on being told of it that brought the smile to her lips.

In such musings she spent the time until they turned off the highway into a road leading to Vozdvizhenskoye.

17

The coachman drew in the four horses and looked off to the right where at the edge of a rye field some peasants were sitting beside a cart. The clerk was about to jump down but thought better of it and called to one of the peasants and beckoned him over. The wind that had accompanied them while in motion stopped when they stood still, and gadflies alighted in swarms on the sweating horses, who angrily fought them off. The metallic ring of a whetstone on a scythe suddenly broke off. One of the peasants got up and came over to the carriage.

"Eh, got no juice left in you?" cried the clerk testily to the old peasant who was lifting his bare feet slowly and carefully over the ruts in the dried-up little-used road. "Lively, man!"

The old man had a bast band holding back his curly hair and his blouse was dark with sweat on his humped back; he quickened his steps and on reaching the carriage took hold of a mudguard with a sunburnt hand.

"Vozdvizhenskoye, is it? The manor house? The count?" he asked. "Straight ahead a space, first turn to the left, follow the lane, and there you be. Who is it you come to see? The count?"

"Are they at home, my good man?" put in Dolly hesitantly, not knowing how to refer to Anna with this peasant.

"Like enough," said the peasant, shifting on his feet and leaving the clear imprint of soles and toes in the dust. "Like enough," he repeated, evidently eager to talk. "Visitors came yesterday. Visitors—floods of 'em!... What's that?" He turned to a youth who was shouting something to him from the cart. "Ah, so! Seems they went a-horseback to see the harvesting. Likely they're back by this time. And where might you be from?"

"We're from far off," said the coachman, climbing back on the box. "So it's not far?"

"I've said close. Straight ahead a space..." he repeated, running his hand over the mudguard.

The young, sturdy, thick-set youth came up.

"Need a man to help with the harvesting?" he asked.

"I don't know, my lad."

"Turn left and there you be," said the old man, sorry to part with them, eager to talk.

The coachman touched up the horses but hardly had they set off when the old man cried out:

"Stop! Eh, good man, stop!"

Another voice joined in.

The coachman stopped.

"Here they come! There they be!" shouted the old man. "See? Galloping!" he said, pointing to four people on horseback and two in a carriage coming down the road.

The horsemen were Vronsky and his jockey, Veslovsky and Anna; the people in the carriage were Princess Varvara and Sviazhsky. They were out riding for pleasure and at the same time to see the newly acquired harvesting machines.

When Dolly's carriage stopped, the riders pulled in their horses to a walk. Anna and Veslovsky were in the lead. Anna was going at an easy pace on a sturdy English cob with clipped mane and tail. Dolly was struck by the beautiful set of her head with loose strands of black hair blowing from under her high hat, by her full shoulders, slender

waist encased in a black riding-habit, and by the tranquil grace with which she sat her horse.

At first she thought it unseemly for Anna to be riding horseback.

In Dolly's mind horseback-riding for ladies was associated with youthful coquetry, which surely was unsuitable for one in Anna's position; but a closer view instantly dispelled her doubts. Elegant as was Anna's appearance, there was such simplicity, serenity and dignity in her dress, attitude and movements that nothing could have been more natural.

Beside Anna on a gray spirited cavalry horse rode Veslovsky, the ribbons of his Scotch cap flying, his fat legs stretched out in front of him; he looked very much pleased with himself and Dolly could not restrain an amused smile when she recognized him. Behind them rode Vronsky. His was a thoroughbred bay mare, excited by the gallop. He was working the reins to hold her in.

A little man in jockey costume brought up the rear. Sviazhsky and the princess overtook the riders in a fine new carriage drawn by a huge black trotter.

On seeing that the little figure huddled in a corner of the old carriage was Dolly, Anna's face broke into a joyous smile. She gave a little cry, straightened in the saddle and again sent her horse off at a gallop. When she reached the carriage she leapt out of her seat without any aid and, holding up the skirt of her riding-habit, ran over to Dolly.

"I hoped it was you and dared not hope. How glad I am! You simply cannot imagine how glad I am!" she said, at one moment pressing her face to Dolly's and kissing her, the next holding her off and gazing at her with a smile.

"What a surprise, Alexei!" she said, turning to Vronsky who dismounted and came towards them.

Vronsky took off his high grey hat and addressed Dolly.

"You wouldn't believe what a pleasure this is!" he said,

placing special emphasis on each word and showing his fine white teeth in a smile.

Without dismounting, Veslovsky snatched off his Scotch cap and greeted her by joyfully waving the ribbons over his head.

"This is Princess Varvara," said Anna in reply to Dolly's questioning look when the handsome carriage drew up.

"Ah," said Dolly, her face reflecting her disapproval.

Princess Varvara was her husband's aunt; she had known her for long and held her in no esteem. She knew that Princess Varvara had lived on her rich relatives all her life. That she should now be living on Vronsky, who was nothing to her, made Dolly feel ashamed because of the woman's kinship with her husband. Anna remarked the look on Dolly's face; she blushed and dropped the skirt of her riding-habit and tripped over it.

Dolly went over to the carriage and greeted the princess coldly. She was acquainted with Sviazhsky too. He asked how his queer egg of a friend was getting on with his young wife and then, taking in at a glance the motley team of horses and the patched mudguard of Levin's carriage, suggested that the ladies should transfer to Vronsky's équipage.

"I will ride in that rattletrap," he said. "The trotter is a quiet horse and the princess drives him beautifully."

"No, remain as you were," said Anna who came up just then. "We will go in the other carriage," and taking Dolly by the arm she led her away.

Dolly was dazzled by the luxurious vehicle, whose like she had never seen before, and by the splendid horses, and by the handsome shining faces surrounding her. But she was impressed above all by the change she found in her beloved Anna. Another woman, one who was less observant or who had not known Anna before or who had not been dwelling on the thoughts that filled Dolly's mind on the road, might not have noticed anything extraordinary in

Anna. But Dolly was struck by that fleeting beauty that comes to a woman's face only in moments of love. Everything about Anna–the conspicuousness of the dimples in her cheeks and chin, the curve of her lips, the smile that hovered over them, the shine of her eyes, the grace and swiftness of her movements, the rich notes of her voice, even the manner in which she sharply yet affectionately answered Veslovsky when he asked her permission to mount her cob and teach it to begin a gallop with the right foreleg–all of this had an extraordinary charm which Anna herself seemed to be sensible of and rejoice in.

When the two ladies were seated in the carriage both of them felt embarrassed. Anna was embarrassed by the tense, questioning glance Dolly fixed on her; Dolly by the disreputableness of the carriage in which Anna was sitting beside her, especially after Sviazhsky had called it a "rattletrap". Coachman Filipp and the clerk shared her feelings. To hide his shame the clerk fussed about, trying to make the ladies comfortable, but Filipp became morose and steeled himself against being overawed by appearances. He smiled sardonically as he looked at the black trotter and decided it was "only for show" and could not possibly do thirty miles at a stretch in such heat.

The peasants all got to their feet and stood watching the reception of the visitors with pleasurable curiosity, making their own comments:

"Glad, ain't they? Haven't seen each other for a long time," said the curly-haired old man with the bast band on his forehead.

"There's a colt for you, Uncle Gerasim–the black one. Wouldn't he haul in the sheaves fast, just?"

"Oo, look. That a woman in them pants?" asked one of them, pointing to Veslovsky, who had climbed into Anna's side-saddle.

"Nay, it's a man. See how quick he's off!"

"Are we to get a bit of a nap, lads?"

"No napping today!" said the old man, squinting up

at the sun. "Past noon, lads. Pick up your hooks and take your places!"

18

Anna looked at Dolly's thin haggard face with dust from the road in the wrinkles and was about to say what she thought–that Dolly had grown thinner; but, remembering that she herself had grown handsomer, as Dolly's look informed her, she only sighed and began speaking of herself.

"You are looking at me," she said, "and wondering if it is possible for anyone in my position to be happy. Well, shameful as it is to own to such a thing, I . . . I am unpardonably happy. What has happened to me is miraculous, like suddenly awaking from an agonizing, terrifying dream and realizing that the terrors do not exist. I have waked up. I have lived through the terror and the agony and now for some time, especially since we've been here, I have been perfectly happy," she said, looking at Dolly with a timid smile of inquiry.

"How glad I am!" said Dolly, smiling back, but her voice was colder than she intended it should be. "I am very glad for you. Why did you not write to me?"

"Why? Because I lacked the courage. You forget my position."

"With me? Lacked the courage with me? If only you knew how I. . . It seems to me. . ."

Dolly wished to tell her thoughts of the morning, but for some reason this seemed neither the time nor the place for it.

"We will talk of that later. What are those buildings over there?" she asked so as to change the subject, pointing to some red and green roofs showing between hedges of acacia and lilac. "It looks like a little town."

Anna ignored the question.

"No, no. How do you look upon my position, what do you think of me? Tell me, do!" she said.

"I think. . ." began Dolly, but just then Veslovsky flew past on the cob he was teaching to begin a gallop with its right foreleg; he was bouncing heavily in the suede side-saddle and he called out in passing:

."He's caught on, Anna Arkadievna!"

Anna did not so much as glance at him. Once more Dolly felt this carriage was not the place for such a conversation and so she suppressed her thoughts.

"I do not think of it at all," she said. "I have always loved you and if you love a person you love him entirely, just as he is and not as you would have him be."

Anna turned her eyes from her friend's face and narrowed them (a new habit; Dolly had never seen her do it before) and became lost in thought as if wishing to comprehend the meaning of the words. Having apparently given them the interpretation she desired, she turned back to Dolly.

"If you have any sins," she said, "they will all be forgiven for coming here and telling me that."

Dolly saw tears in her eyes. She pressed Anna's hand without speaking.

"But what are those buildings?" she repeated after a little pause. "How many there are!"

"They are houses for our workers, a work-shop and stables," replied Anna. "And there the park begins. Everything was in a state of neglect but Alexei has restored it all. He is terribly fond of this estate and to my great surprise has given himself up completely to the managing of it. If you only knew what a rich nature his is! Whatever he undertakes he does to perfection. Far from being bored, he has thrown himself heart and soul into it. He—and mind you I know what he was!—has become a calculating, efficient manager, even niggardly when it comes to managing the estate. But in nothing else. When it is a matter of tens of thousands he does not count the cost," she said with the sly and delighted smile with which a woman reveals virtues in her beloved discovered by her

alone. "See that big building over there? It is a new hospital. I dare say it will cost above a hundred thousand. That is his latest *dada.* And do you know why he began it? The peasants asked him to lease them the meadows, I believe it was, at a lower rate and he refused and I accused him of being stingy. And so—oh, not for that reason alone, of course, but all things taken together—he began that hospital to prove he was not stingy. *C'est une petitesse,* if you like, but I love him the more for it. And now you shall see our house. It belonged to his grandfather and he has changed nothing on the outside."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Dolly with involuntary astonishment as she saw the handsome house with colonnaded façade emerge from the various greens of the old trees in the garden.

"Is it not beautiful? And the view from the upper windows is remarkably fine."

They rode into a yard bright with flowers and with a gravel driveway, where they saw workmen putting uncut porous stones round the sifted earth of a new flower-bed; they stopped under a porte cochere.

"They have come, too," said Anna on seeing the riding-horses, which were being led away. "Is that not a fine horse? It's a cob. My favourite. Bring him here and fetch some sugar. Where is the count?" she asked two liveried footmen who came running out of the house. "Ah, here he is!" she said on seeing Vronsky coming towards them accompanied by Veslovsky.

"Where do you think of putting Daria Alexandrovna?" Vronsky asked Anna in French; without waiting for an answer he saluted Dolly once more, kissing her hand this time. "I should say in the big room with the balcony."

"Oh, no, that's too far away! I shall give her the corner room where I can see more of her. Come along," said Anna, who was feeding her favourite horse the sugar the footman had brought.

"Et vous oubliez votre devoir," she said to Veslovsky, who had joined them on the porch.

"Pardon, j'en ai tout plein les poches," he replied with a smile, thrusting his fingers into a vest pocket.

"Mais vous venez trop tard," she said, rubbing her handkerchief over the palm the horse had licked when she fed it sugar. "Will you stay long?" she asked Dolly. "Not for one day, surely. That would be too bad of you."

"That is what I promised. The children. . ." said Dolly, uncomfortably aware that she must go and fetch her bag from the carriage and that her face must be covered with the dust of the road.

"Oh, no, Dolly darling. But we shall see. Come along, come along!" and Anna showed Dolly to her room.

The room was not the elaborate one Vronsky had proffered, it was the one for which Anna had apologized to Dolly. And this room that earned an apology was more luxurious than any Dolly had ever stayed in; it reminded her of the best to be found in foreign hotels.

"Oh, how glad I am, dearest!" said Anna, sitting down beside Dolly in her riding-habit for a moment. "Tell me about your family. I saw Steve briefly. But he cannot tell me anything about the children. How is my pet Tanya? Grown big, I dare say?"

"Very big," replied Dolly briefly, amazed to hear herself speaking so indifferently of her own children. "We are enjoying ourselves immensely at the Levins'," she added.

"If only I had known you did not despise me," said Anna, "you could all have come here. After all, Steve is an old and great friend of Alexei's," she added suddenly colouring.

"But we are very comfortable where we are," replied Dolly uneasily.

"Of course, I'm talking foolishly because I am so happy. It is so very good to have you here, darling," said Anna, kissing her again. "But you have not yet told me what

you think of me, and I simply must know. I am glad you see me as I am. The main thing is that you should not think I am anxious to prove anything. There is nothing I wish to prove, I only want to live and harm no one but myself. Have I not a right to do so? But that is a subject for much talk and we still have plenty of time. I shall go and change now and will send you a maid."

19

Left alone, Dolly looked about the room with a housewifely eye. All that she had seen in approaching the house, and in going through it, and what she saw now in this room—all of this produced on her an impression of wealth and smartness and that new sort of European luxury of which she had read in English novels but had never seen in Russia, especially in the country. Everything was new, from the French wall-paper to the carpets covering the entire floor. The bed had a spring mattress and a special sort of head-piece and silk slips on the little pillows. The marble wash-stand, the toilet-table, the sofa, the tables, the bronze clock on the chimney-piece, the window curtains and portières were all new and expensive. The chic little lady's maid who came to offer her services was as new and expensive as everything else in the room; her hair was done stylishly and her frock was more modish than Dolly's own. Dolly was pleased with her neatness, her deference and her eagerness to serve, but she felt uncomfortable with her; she was ashamed to have her see the patched nightgown that had been put in her bag by mistake. She was ashamed of the darns and patches that were her pride at home. One of the accepted facts at home was that six nightgowns require twenty-four yards of nainsook at sixty-five kopeks a yard, which comes to above fifteen rubles, outside of trimmings and the needle, and these fifteen rubles had to be economized out of the household funds. It was not so much that she felt ashamed as that she was ill at ease with this maid.

Dolly felt greatly relieved when her old acquaintance Annushka entered the room. The chic lady's maid was wanted by her mistress and Annushka remained with Dolly.

Annushka was obviously glad to see Dolly and talked without pause. Dolly could see she was anxious to express her opinion of her mistress's position, and that she especially wanted to tell her how loving and devoted the count was to Anna Arkadievna, but Dolly made a point of stopping her whenever she came round to this.

"I grew up with Anna Arkadievna, she's dearer to me than anything in the world. Who're we to judge? And him so in love with her–"

"Do please have these things washed if possible, Annushka," cut in Dolly.

"Yes, ma'am. We've got two women special for the laundering, and the bed and table linen all done by machine. The count himself sees to it. There never was a husband–"

Dolly was glad to have Anna come in at this point and put a stop to Annushka's chatter.

Anna had changed into a simple batiste frock. Dolly carefully studied its simplicity. She appreciated it and knew the cost of such simplicity.

"An old friend," said Anna, referring to Annushka.

No longer was Anna embarrassed. She was perfectly calm and at ease. Dolly saw that she had fully recovered from the shock of her arrival and had adopted that superficial and careless tone indicating that the door to the inner chamber containing her feelings and intimate thoughts was locked.

"And how is your little girl?" asked Dolly.

"Annie?" (That was the nickname of her daughter Anna.) "She's well. Grown chubby. Would you like to see her? Come along, I'll show her to you. We've had ever so much trouble with nursemaids," she went on. "An Italian woman was our wet-nurse. Quite satisfactory but

abysmally stupid. We intended packing her off but the child is so attached to her that we still keep her."

"Well, what have you decided?" began Dolly, having in mind what surname the child was to bear, but on seeing the cloud that came over Anna's face she changed the meaning of the question. "What have you decided? To wean her?"

But Anna was not to be deceived.

"That was not what you meant. You meant to ask about her surname, did you not? Alexei is tormented by that question. She has no name. That is, she is Karenina," said Anna, narrowing her eyes until the irises were half-hidden by the lashes. "Oh, well," she said, her face suddenly clearing, "we will speak of all that later. Come, I will show her to you. *Elle est très gentille.* She creeps already."

The luxuriousness that had astonished Dolly everywhere else in the house was most astonishing in the nursery. It was full of little go-carts ordered from England, and appliances to teach a child to walk, and a specially constructed soft surface the size of a billiard table to creep on, and swings, and new-fangled bath-tubs. Everything was English—strong and sturdy and unquestionably expensive. The room was large and light, with a high ceiling.

They found the child, in nothing but a little shirt, sitting in a high chair at the table eating broth, which ran down her chest. A Russian maid attached to the nursery was feeding her and evidently partaking of the broth too. Neither the nursemaid nor the wet-nurse were to be seen; they were in an adjacent room from which came their voices speaking an odd sort of French, the only language in which they could communicate with each other.

On hearing Anna's voice a tall, fussily-dressed English governess with a false expression on her unpleasant face came into the room shaking her yellow ringlets; she immediately began making excuses for herself, although Anna had not made any accusation. For Anna's every word she had a hastily repeated "Yes, my lady" to offer.

Despite the severe look the child turned on the strange lady who had come to see her, Dolly was delighted with the black-haired, black-browed, red-cheeked infant whose firm pink body was now covered with goose-flesh; Dolly envied the health she radiated. She liked the way she crawled. None of Dolly's children had crawled like that. The child was too adorable for words when she was put down on the carpet and her dress tucked up behind. Like a little animal she looked up at the grownups with shining black eyes, evidently enjoying their admiration, smiling at them, pushing with her feet on either side, moving her arms energetically, quickly pulling up her hind quarters and reaching out with her arms again.

But Dolly did not like the general atmosphere of the nursery and she especially disliked the English woman. That Anna, with her knowledge of people, should have hired a woman so unpleasant, one who looked almost disreputable, could be explained only by the irregularity of Anna's household, in which a good nurse would not care to live. From the few words that were spoken Dolly divined, moreover, that Anna, wet-nurse, the nursemaid and the infant did not get on well together and that the mother's visit to the nursery was not a common event. Anna wanted to give the child a toy and could not find it.

But the most surprising thing of all was that when Dolly asked Anna how many teeth the child had, Anna gave the wrong answer; she did not even know her daughter had cut two more teeth.

"Sometimes it pains me to see I am not wanted here," said Anna as they went out of the nursery and Anna picked up her train at the door to prevent its catching on some toys lying on the floor. "It was different with my first child."

"I supposed just the opposite," Dolly said timidly.

"Oh, no! I saw him, you know—Sergei," said Anna, narrowing her eyes as if gazing at something far away. "But we will talk about that later. Upon my word, I am like a

starving person who is suddenly offered a big dinner and does not know how to begin. The big dinner is you and the talk I must have with you; I could not have it with anyone else. And I do not know how to begin. *Mais je ne vous ferai grâce de rien.* I must tell you everything. Oh, yes, I must give you a little sketch of the people you will find here," she began. "First the ladies, Princess Varvara. You know her and I know the opinion you and Steve have of her. Steve says the one purpose of her life is to show that she is better than Aunt Ekaterina Pavlovna; that may be true, but she is a good soul and I am very grateful to her. There was a moment in St. Petersburg when I was in sore need of a chaperon. She came to my aid. Yes, she really is a good soul. She did a lot to make it easier for me. I see that you do not appreciate all the difficulties of my position there, in St. Petersburg," she added. "Here I am perfectly serene and happy. Ah, but we shall speak of that later. I must go through the list. There's Sviazhsky, Marshal of Nobility and a very decent person, but he seems to want something from Alexei. You understand that with his fortune Alexei can exert great influence here in the country. And then there's Tushkevich—you have seen him, he belonged to Betsy. She gave him up and he has come here. As Alexei says, he is one of those people who are very nice if you accept them as what they pass themselves off for being; *et puis, il est comme il faut,* according to Princess Varvara. Then there is Veslovsky—but you know him. Charming boy," and a mischievous smile curved her lips. "What was that ridiculous story with Levin? Veslovsky told Alexei and we could hardly believe it. *Il est très gentil et naïf,*" she said with the same smile. "Men like to be amused and Alexei requires company; that is why I cultivate all these people. Our life must be gay and lively so that Alexei shall not wish for anything else. Then you shall meet our steward. A German, very pleasant and knows his business. Alexei puts great store in him. Then there's the doctor, a young

man, not exactly a nihilist but–you know, he eats with his knife. But he's an excellent doctor. Then there's the architect. . . *Une petite cour.*"

20

"Well, here is Dolly, Princess, you were so anxious to see her," said Anna as she and Dolly came to the big stone terrace where Princess Varvara was sitting in the shade at an embroidery frame, making a worsted seat for Count Vronsky's armchair. "She says she wants nothing to eat before dinner, but do have them give us some lunch while I go and find Alexei and bring them all back here."

Princess Varvara received Dolly affectionately and a bit patronizingly and immediately began explaining that she was staying with Anna because she had always loved her more than her sister did, though it was her sister, Ekaterina Pavlovna, who had brought her up, and now, when everyone had turned their backs on Anna, she considered it her duty to help her through this difficult transitional period.

"When her husband gives her a divorce I will again return to my solitude, but so long as I am needed I will do my duty, however hard, not like other people. How sweet of you, and how right, to have come! They live like the most exemplary husband and wife; let God be their judge. Did not Biryuzovsky and Avenieva. . .? And even Nikandrov, and Vassiliev with his Mamonova, and Liza Neptunova. . .? And nobody said a word against them. And in the end they were received everywhere. Moreover, *c'est un intérieur si joli, si comme il faut. Tout-à-fait à l'anglaise. On se réunit le matin au breakfast et puis on se sépare.* Everyone does what they like here until dinner. Dinner is at seven. Steve did well in sending you here. He must not break off with them. You know there is nothing Alexei cannot accomplish through his mother and

brother. And he does so much good. Has he told you about his hospital? *Ce sera admirable*–everything from Paris."

Their conversation was interrupted by Anna, who had found the men in the billiard room and had brought them back to the terrace with her. Considerable time remained until dinner, the weather was fine, and various means of spending the next two hours were proposed. Vozdvizhenskoye suffered from no lack of recreations, all of them different from those enjoyed at Pokrovskoye.

"*Une partie de* lawn tennis," suggested Veslovsky with his charming smile. "You and I partners again, Anna Arkadievna."

"It's too hot; I think it would be better to walk in the garden and then go boating so that Daria Alexandrovna can see the river-banks," said Vronsky.

"I agree to anything," said Sviazhsky.

"Yes, I think Dolly would prefer taking a walk, wouldn't you, dear? And then go boating," said Anna.

That was the decision adopted. Veslovsky and Tushkevich went to the river and promised to make ready a boat and wait for them.

They walked along the path in pairs: Anna and Sviazhsky, Dolly and Vronsky. Dolly felt somewhat abashed and perturbed by finding herself in such an unfamiliar atmosphere. Abstractly, theoretically, she justified what Anna had done and even approved of it. As often happens with women of impeccable virtue who are bored by the monotony of their virtuous life, she not only found excuses for illicit love as practised by others but even envied it. And then she truly loved Anna. Yet she felt uneasy seeing her surrounded by people for whom she felt no affinity, and whose views of propriety were new to her. She particularly disliked Princess Varvara with her willingness to forgive everything for the sake of her own comfort.

Generally, abstractly, Dolly approved of Anna's choice, but she found it unpleasant to be with the man for whom this choice had been made. She had never liked Vronsky. She considered him proud without having anything to be proud of but his wealth. But here, in his own home, he overawed her against her will and she could not feel free and easy in his presence. She felt with him very much as she had felt with the chic maid who had seen her nightgown. As with the maid it had been not so much shame as discomfort Dolly had suffered because of her patches, so with him it was not so much shame as discomfort she suffered because of her own self.

And now, feeling ill at ease, Dolly sought a subject of conversation. She believed he was too proud to enjoy hearing his house and garden praised, but for want of anything better to say, she told him she liked his house very much.

"Yes, it is a beautiful building in the fine old style," he said.

"I especially like the grounds in front of the entrance. Were they always as they are now?"

"Gracious, no!" he said, his face beaming with pleasure. "If you had only seen those grounds this spring!"

And he began, at first with restraint, then with more and more enthusiasm, to draw her attention to various particulars of the house and garden. It was clear that, having devoted much effort to the improvement and embellishment of his estate, Vronsky felt the necessity of boasting of it to a newcomer, and Dolly's praise delighted him.

"If you would like to see the hospital and are not too tired, it is not far. Shall we go?" he said, glancing into her face to make sure he was not boring her.

"Will you come too, Anna?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Shall we not?" she asked Sviazhsky. "*Mais il ne faut pas laisser le pauvre Veslovsky et Tushkevich se morfondre là dans le bateau.* We must send someone to

tell them. Yes, this will be a monument to him," said Anna, turning to Dolly with that same knowing look she had put on when telling her about the hospital.

"A capital undertaking!" said Sviazhsky, adding with a slightly critical air, lest he seem to be truckling to Vronsky. "But I marvel, Count," he said, "that you, who have done so much for the health of the people, should show so little interest in schools."

"*C'est devenu tellement commun les écoles,*" said Vronsky. "But that is not the reason, it is just that I am absorbed in this at present. Here, this is the way to the hospital," he said to Dolly, indicating a side-path.

The ladies opened their sun-shades and entered the side-path. When they had walked a little way and passed through the garden gate, Dolly saw in front of her on a high elevation a big red building of fanciful design, the construction of which was nearly completed. The iron roof, still unpainted, flashed blindingly in the bright sunlight. Another building was going up near this completed one; it was still covered with scaffolding on which workmen in aprons were laying bricks, putting mortar on them and levelling it with trowels.

"How quickly you've done it all!" said Sviazhsky. "The last time I was here the roof was not on."

"By autumn everything will be finished. All the inside painting and decorating is practically done," said Anna.

"And what is that new building?"

"The doctor's house and a chemist's shop," replied Vronsky. Seeing the architect coming towards him, he made his apologies to the ladies and went to meet him. He went round a hole where workmen were scooping out lime and on reaching the architect stood discussing something with him hotly.

"The architrave is still too low," he said in reply to Anna's question as to what was the matter.

"I told you the foundations ought to have been raised," said Anna.

"To be sure that would have been better, Anna Arkadievna," said the architect, "but it is too late now."

"Yes, I take a great interest in it," said Anna to Sviazhsky, who had expressed his surprise at her knowledge of architecture. "The new building should harmonize with the hospital, but it was thought of later and begun without any plan."

When he finished speaking to the architect, Vronsky came back to the ladies and took them into the hospital.

The cornices had still to be finished outside and the ground-floor was still being painted, but upstairs everything was completed. They mounted a broad wrought-iron staircase to the landing and entered a large room. The walls had been plastered in imitation of marble, plate glass had been fitted into the huge windows, only the parquet floors were unfinished; the carpenters left off planing the squares of hard-wood to snatch off the tape holding the hair out of their eyes and greet the ladies and gentlemen from the manor-house.

"This is the consulting-room," said Vronsky. "There will be a cabinet, a desk and a table in it, nothing more."

"Here, come here. But don't come near the window," said Anna, touching the wood to see if the paint was dry. "Alexei, the paint is dry," she added.

They went from the consulting-room into the corridor. Here Vronsky pointed out the ventilation system of the latest construction. Then he showed them the marble baths and the beds with extraordinary springs. He led them into one ward after another, opened up the store-room and the linen-closet, showed them stoves of a new design, noiseless carts for carrying supplies down the corridor, and numerous other things. Sviazhsky, as a man familiar with modern improvements, thoroughly appreciated it all. Dolly was overwhelmed by the novelty of what she saw and in her eagerness to understand she asked in detail about everything, which obviously gave Vronsky much pleasure.

"It seems to me this will be Russia's only hospital properly designed in every way," said Sviazhsky.

"Will you not have a maternity ward?" asked Dolly. "It is so needed in the country. Often I–"

Polite as he usually was, Vronsky interrupted her.

"This is not a maternity hospital, it is a hospital for all diseases except contagious ones," he said. "Here, look at this," and he rolled up to Dolly a newly-received wheelchair for convalescents. "Just see," and he sat in it and began moving it about. "The patient cannot walk, is still too weak or has trouble with his legs, but he needs fresh air and he can ride about in this, go outside in it."

Dolly was interested in everything and was pleased with everything, but most of all was she pleased with this new Vronsky, so naively and unaffectedly enthusiastic. Yes, he is a good and charming person, she said to herself at times when he was talking and she, without listening to him, watched the changing expressions of his face and put herself in Anna's place. And she liked him so much with his new enthusiasm that she understood how Anna had fallen in love with him.

21

"No, I think Daria Alexandrovna is tired and would not be interested in horses," Vronsky said in reply to Anna's suggestion that they should go to the stables where Sviazhsky wished to see a new stallion. "You go and I will see her home and talk to her–that is," he said, turning to Dolly, "if you would like me to do so."

"I understand nothing about horses and I would certainly like it," said the somewhat surprised Dolly.

She saw by his face that Vronsky wanted something of her. She was not mistaken. As soon as they passed through the gate and were again in the garden he looked in the direction Anna had taken and, convinced that they were out of sight and hearing, began:

"Have you guessed that I wanted to speak to you?" he said, looking at her with twinkling eyes. "I am sure you are Anna's true friend." He took off his hat and wiped his head where the hair was thinning.

Dolly looked at him without speaking. Alone with him, she suddenly felt afraid: his twinkling eyes in a face so stern frightened her.

The most varied conjectures as to what he wanted to say passed through her mind: He wants to ask me and the children to come and stay with them and I shall have to refuse; or he wants me to form a circle of Moscow acquaintances for Anna... Or could he wish to speak to me about Veslovsky's relations with Anna? Or perhaps about Kitty, towards whom he feels guilty? She presupposed all sorts of unpleasantnesses and did not guess what he really wanted to say.

"You have great influence over Anna and she is very fond of you," he said, "and so I beg you to help me."

Dolly looked with timid inquiry at his forceful face, which at one moment was lighted entirely or in part by the sun shining through the leaves of the lindens, and the next was again sombred by shade; she waited for him to go on, but he walked beside her in silence, striking at the gravel with his stick.

"If you have come to see us—the only one of Anna's former friends to have done so, not counting Princess Varvara—I know you have done it not because you consider our position normal but because you love her and, knowing how hard it is for her, wanted to make it easier. Am I correct?" he asked, glancing up at her.

"Oh, yes," said Dolly, closing her sun-shade. "But—"

"Wait," he interrupted, stopping impulsively, unaware that he put his companion in the awkward position of having to stop too. "No one feels all the hardship of Anna's position more truly, more deeply than I do. This you can appreciate if you do me the honour of considering

me a man with a heart. I am responsible for placing her in this position and that is why I feel it so keenly."

"I do appreciate it," said Dolly, unconsciously admiring the firmness and sincerity with which he said it. "But it is just because you are the cause of it that I fear you exaggerate it," she said. "I know how hard her position is in society."

"It is hell!" he ejaculated, frowning darkly. "It is impossible to imagine moral suffering worse than what she endured those two weeks we spent in St. Petersburg... I trust you will take my word for it."

"Yes, but here, so long as neither Anna ... nor you ... feel any need of society..."

"Society!" he said with contempt. "What need can I feel of society?"

"Until that time comes, and it may never come, you can be serene and happy. I see that Anna is happy, completely happy, she has already told me so," said Dolly, smiling; and no sooner had she said it than she questioned the genuineness of Anna's happiness.

But Vronsky appeared not to question it.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know that she has revived after all her suffering; she is happy. She is happy in the present. As for me, I fear what awaits us... Oh, sorry, you wish to walk?"

"No, it is all the same to me."

"Then let us sit down here."

Dolly took a seat on a garden bench at a bend in the lane. He stood in front of her.

"I can see she is happy," he repeated, and now Dolly doubted more than ever that Anna was really happy. "But can it last? Whether we have done right or wrong is another question. The die is cast," he said, shifting from Russian to French, "and we are bound together for life. We are bound by what for us is a most sacred tie—the tie of love. We have a child and we may have more children. But the law and the circumstances of our relationship give

rise to a thousand complications that she cannot and will not face now that she has found relief from her trials and sufferings. I understand her. But I must face them. My daughter is not my daughter by law, she is Karenin's. I do not wish to accept such a lie!" he said with a forceful gesture of rejection; then he turned a dark and questioning look on Dolly.

She returned his look but said nothing. He went on.

"Tomorrow a son may be born, my son, and by law he will be Karenin's, he will not be the heir of my name or my fortune, and no matter how happy our family life may be and no matter how many children we have, there will be no bond between them and me. They are Karenin's. Surely you can see how hard, how terrible the position is! I have tried to speak of it to Anna. She only becomes irritated. She does not understand and with *her* I cannot say everything. Now let us look at it from another side. I am happy in her love, but I must have some occupation. I have found an occupation and am proud to be engaged in it and consider it a more worthy occupation than that of my former friends at court and in military service. Not for anything would I exchange what I am doing for what they are doing. I am hard at work without having to leave the estate and I am happy and content and we require nothing else to make us happy. I enjoy what I am doing. *Cela n'est pas un pis-aller,* quite the opposite. . ."

Dolly noticed that he had gone off at a tangent and she did not grasp the point of his digression but felt that once he had begun telling her his inmost thoughts–thoughts he could not even tell to Anna, he felt compelled to say everything, and the question of his activities in the country was as much a part of his inmost thoughts as the question of his relations with Anna.

"Well, then, let me go on," he said, pulling himself together. "If I work I must feel that what I am doing will not die with me, that it will be passed on to my heirs–and I cannot feel this. Imagine the position of a

man who knows that his own children, born of the woman he loves, will belong not to him but to another, to a man who hates them and wants to have nothing to do with them. Could anything be more appalling?"

He stopped, deeply agitated.

"Of course I understand. But what can Anna do?" asked Dolly.

"That brings me to the purpose of our talk," he said, conquering his feelings with difficulty. "Anna can do something, it all depends on her... Even to petition the Tsar for the right of adoption requires a divorce. And that depends on Anna. Her husband agreed to a divorce—your husband practically arranged it at one time. And I know he would not refuse to give it to her now. She only has to write to him. He said in so many words at the time that if she expressed her desire he would not refuse her. It goes without saying," he said glumly, "it is a brutal demand that only a heartless hypocrite could advance. He knows the torture any reminder of him causes her and still he demands that she should write to him. I realize the pain it will occasion, but the end to be gained is so important that she must *passer pardessus toutes ces finesses de sentiment. Il y va du bonheur et de l'existence d'Anne et de ses enfants.* I do not speak of myself, although I find it hard, unspeakably hard," he said with a threatening look for whoever was making it hard for him. "So that is why, Princess, I am clutching at you as at a last straw. Do help me induce her to write to him demanding a divorce."

"I shall try," said Dolly pensively as the memory of her last encounter with Karenin rose vividly in her mind. "Of course I shall," she repeated resolutely, thinking of Anna.

"Use your influence with her; insist that she write. I do not wish—indeed I can hardly make myself speak to her of this."

"Very well, I will speak to her. But why does she herself not see it?" asked Dolly, suddenly recalling Anna's

strange new way of narrowing her eyes. And she remembered that Anna narrowed her eyes only when thinking of her inmost life. As if she were narrowing her eyes against her life so as not to see all of it, thought Dolly. "I shall certainly speak to her, for my own sake as well as for hers," she said in response to his words of gratitude.

They got up and went towards the house.

22

When Anna came home and found that Dolly was back, she looked steadily into her eyes as if asking what she had talked to Vronsky about, but she did not put her question into words.

"I believe it is dinner-time," she said. "We have not seen anything of each other yet. I am counting on this evening. I must go and change now. I suppose you wish to, too; our clothes are soiled from those buildings."

Dolly went to her room feeling rather amused. She had nothing to change into, having already put on her best frock, but in order to make a show of dressing for dinner she asked the maid to brush the frock, and she put on fresh cuffs and a new bow and threw a lace scarf over her hair.

"This is the best I could do," she said, smiling at Anna who came to her in a third gown which vied with the others in simplicity.

"Oh, yes, we are very fancy here," said Anna as if apologizing for her elegance. "Your coming has given Alexei more pleasure than most things do. I fear he's fallen in love with you," she added. "You are not too tired?"

There was no time for a talk before dinner. When they entered the drawing-room they found Princess Varvara there and the men in black coats. The architect was in a frock coat. Vronsky introduced Dolly to the doctor and the steward; she had already met the architect at the hospital.

A fat butler with a shiny round beardless face and wearing a starched white tie announced that dinner was ready. The ladies got up. Vronsky asked Sviazhsky to give Anna Arkadievna his arm and he himself took Dolly in. Veslovsky invited Princess Varvara before Tushkevich had a chance to do so, leaving Tushkevich, the steward and the doctor to go in alone.

The dinner, the dining-room, the china, the servants, the wines and the food were not only in the same new sumptuous style of the house, but seemed to exceed everything else in newness and sumptuousness. Dolly took it all in and even though she could not hope to introduce any of it into her own household, since this luxury was far above her own style of living, nevertheless she did not miss a single detail and asked herself who was responsible for it and how it was achieved. Most people–Veslovsky, her own husband, Sviazhsky and many others–never gave this a thought, taking for granted what every good host wants his guests to believe, namely, that the fine display he makes costs him no effort, simply comes of itself. Now Dolly knew that not even the children's breakfast porridge comes of itself and that accordingly someone must have put forth great effort to produce such an intricate and marvellous display. And from the appraising glance Vronsky cast over the table, and from the little nod he gave the butler, and from the way in which he offered Dolly her choice of cold beet soup or chicken broth, she concluded that all of this was achieved and sustained by the host himself. It was perfectly clear that Anna contributed no more to it than did Veslovsky. Anna, Sviazhsky, the Princess and Veslovsky were equally guests, joyfully accepting whatever was provided for them.

Anna was hostess only to the extent of guiding the conversation. And the guiding of conversation was a difficult task at this small table at which people from different walks of life were seated, such as the steward and the architect, who tried not to be overawed by all this unwont-

ed luxury and who could not for long take part in the general conversation; and Dolly observed that Anna fulfilled her difficult task with characteristic tact and simplicity and even with pleasure.

The talk turned to how Tushkevich and Veslovsky had rowed off alone in the boat, and then Tushkevich told them about the latest boat races at the Yacht Club in St. Petersburg. Anna waited for a pause so that she could turn to the architect and draw him out of his silence.

"Nikolai Ivanich was astounded," she said, referring to Sviazhsky, "to see how much has been done since he was here last; but even I, who visit the buildings every day, am surprised how quickly the work goes."

"It is easy to work with His Excellency," said the architect with a smile (he was a placid deferential man, fully aware of his own worth). "Quite a different thing from working for local authorities where a mountain of papers have to be written before anything can be done. With the Count I just submit my suggestions, we talk them over, and the deed is done."

"American methods," put in Sviazhsky with a smile.

"Yes, Americans put up buildings on a rational basis."

Now the topic became the misuse of power in the United States, but presently Anna, seeing that the steward was silent, introduced a new one.

"Have you ever seen a harvesting machine?" she asked Dolly. "We were coming back from inspecting one when we met you. I had never seen one before."

"How do they work?" asked Dolly.

"Like scissors. A board with a lot of little scissors attached. Like this."

Anna picked up a knife and fork in her lovely white hands covered with rings and began demonstrating. She could see that no one was enlightened by her demonstration but, aware that she was speaking prettily and that her hands were lovely, she went on explaining.

"More like pen-knives," put in Veslovsky with a playful smile, keeping his eyes fixed on her.

Anna smiled faintly but made no answer.

"Is it not true that they are like scissors, Karl Fyodorich?" she asked the steward.

"*Oh, ja,*" replied the German. "*Es ist ein ganz einfaches Ding,*" and he began explaining the construction of the machine.

"Too bad it doesn't bind, too. At the Vienna Exposition I saw machines that bound sheaves with wire," said Sviazhsky. "More profitable to have one like that."

"*Es kommt drauf an... Der Preis vom Draht muss ausgerechnet werden.*" The German, drawn out of his silence, turned to Vronsky. "*Das lässt sich ausrechnen, Erlaucht.*" He reached for the pocket in which he kept a pencil and note-book for making calculations, but remembering that he was at the dinner-table, and catching a cold glance from Vronsky, he restrained himself. "*Zu complicirt, macht zu viel Klopot,*" he concluded.

"*Wünscht man Dochots, so hat man auch Klopots,*" said Veslovsky, mimicking the German. "*J'adore l'allemand,*" he said to Anna with the same playful smile.

"*Cessez,*" she said with mock sternness.

"We had thought to find you in the fields, Vassili Semyonich," she said to the doctor, a sickly man. "Were you there?"

"I was, but I ... er ... evaporated," he said with glum attempt at humour.

"Then you must have had a good walk."

"Excellent."

"And how is the old lady getting on? I hope it isn't typhoid."

"No, it is not typhoid but she seems to have taken a turn for the worse."

"What a pity!" said Anna. Now that she had shown due courtesy to their employees, she turned back to the guests.

"I'm afraid one would have difficulty in constructing

a machine according to your description, Anna Arkadievna," laughed Sviazhsky.

"But why?" said Anna with a smile that said she knew Sviazhsky had found her fetching when she demonstrated how the machine was made. Dolly was unpleasantly struck by this new streak of girlish coquetry in Anna.

"But Anna Arkadievna has a surprising knowledge of architecture," said Tushkevich.

"Yes indeed, I heard Anna Arkadievna talking yesterday about plinths and baseboards," said Veslovsky. "Am I right?"

"Nothing surprising in that when one sees and hears so much in that line," said Anna. "I dare say you do not even know what buildings are made of."

Dolly could see that Anna did not like the playful tone Veslovsky adopted with her, yet she involuntarily fell into it herself.

Vronsky responded quite differently from Levin in similar circumstances. He evidently did not attribute the least significance to Veslovsky's persiflage and indeed he even encouraged it.

"Come, Veslovsky, tell us what holds stones together."

"Cement, of course."

"Bravo! And what is cement?"

"Oh, a kind of mess ... something like putty," said Veslovsky, causing general laughter.

Except for the gloomy silence of the doctor, architect and steward, the talk went on without a break, at times gliding along smoothly, at others growing personal and delivering painful stabs. Dolly resented such a stab at one point and flared up, red to the roots of her hair; later she feared she might have said something superfluous and disagreeable. Sviazhsky had just spoken of Levin, telling them his friend's strange view that machines were detrimental to Russian agriculture.

"I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with *monsieur* Levin," said Vronsky with a smile, "but I surmise he

has never seen the machines he denounces. Or if he has seen and tried them, then in an offhand way; and not imported machines but our own domestic ones. How, then, can he judge?"

"Judges like a Turk," Veslovsky said to Anna, smiling.

"I cannot defend his judgement," flared up Dolly, "but I can say that he is a highly cultivated man and if he were present he would know how to answer you; I do not."

"I am very fond of him, we are great friends," said Sviazhsky with a good-humoured smile. "*Mais pardon, il est un petit peu toqué;* for instance he asserts that *Zemstvo* councils and courts are also unnecessary and he refuses to take any part in them."

"It is our Russian indifference," said Vronsky, pouring ice-water into a delicate stemmed glass, "that prevents us from accepting the responsibilities imposed upon us by our privileges and therefore makes us denounce these responsibilities."

"I know of no one more punctilious in carrying out his responsibilities," said Dolly, exasperated by Vronsky's supercilious tone.

"I, on the contrary," went on Vronsky, apparently piqued by what she said, "I, on the contrary, am exceedingly grateful for the honour paid me, thanks to Nikolai Ivanovich here–" indicating Sviazhsky "–of being elected a magistrate. I find the duty of attending sessions and listening to cases concerning peasants and horses as important as anything else I do. And I shall consider it an honour if I am elected a member of the council. That is the only way in which I can pay for the advantages I enjoy as a landowner. Unfortunately nobody seems to understand the important role the big landowners ought to play in the government."

Dolly found it strange that he should display such confidence in his rightness here at his own table. She recalled that Levin, holding diametrically opposite opi-

nions, spoke with the same confidence in his rightness at his own table. But she was fond of Levin and so she took his side.

"So we can count on you at the next session, Count?" asked Sviazhsky. "Be sure to set out in time, so as to be there on the eighth. Perhaps you will do me the honour of coming to me first?"

"I am inclined to agree with your *beau-frère*," said Anna. "Only for a different reason," she added with a smile. "I fear we have developed too many of these social activities of late. As formerly there were so many functionaries that every piece of business had to have its own office, so now we have all these public figures. Alexei has only been here six months and already he is a member of some five or six organizations—a patron, a magistrate, a delegate, a juryman, a something-or-other with horses. *Du train que cela va* all his time is taken up. I am afraid activities in such multiplicity are reduced to mere form. How many organizations are you a member of, Nikolai Ivanich?" she said to Sviazhsky. "Twenty? Or more?"

Anna spoke lightly but there was vexation in her tone. Dolly, who was observing Anna and Vronsky closely, instantly saw this. She also saw that Vronsky's face assumed a sombre and obstinate expression during this conversation. These signs and also Princess Varvara's hastily changing the subject by speaking about her St. Petersburg friends, and remembering Vronsky's having made that digression as to his occupations while talking to her in the garden, led Dolly to the conclusion that the question of his public activities was connected with a personal disagreement between Anna and Vronsky.

The dinner, the wine, the silverware—all this was excellent, but it was just the same as she had seen at the formal dinners and balls that had now become a thing of the past for her, and was attended by the same strained and impersonal atmosphere; and so all this elaborateness on

an ordinary day and for so few people made a bad impression on Dolly.

When dinner was over they went out on the terrace. Then they played tennis. The players divided into two groups on a carefully levelled and rolled croquet-ground, in the middle of which a net was stretched between gilded posts. Dolly tried playing but for some time she could not understand the game and when at last she grasped it, she was so tired that she sat down beside Princess Varvara and watched the others. Her partner, Tushkevich, also gave it up; the others went on playing for some time. Sviazhsky and Vronsky played well and seriously. They kept their eyes on the ball, they ran to meet it with cool-headed agility, neither too soon nor too late, they waited for it to bounce and then sent it back over the net with a well-aimed stroke of the racquet. Veslovsky was the worst player. He became too excited, but he spurred the others on with his merriment. There was no end of his jokes and laughter. With the ladies' permission he, like the other men, took off his coat, and he cut a memorable figure, darting about the court, big and handsome in a white shirt, his face flushed and shining with sweat.

When Dolly went to bed that night the vision she saw on closing her eyes was Veslovsky darting about the tennis court.

Dolly did not feel happy as she watched the game. She did not approve of the coquetry that persisted on the court between Anna and Veslovsky, and the general affectation of grownups when they play children's games without any children. But so as to pass the time and not communicate her mood to others, she rejoined the players when she was rested and pretended to enjoy it. All day long she felt as if she were on the stage, performing with superior actors and spoiling the play by her own bad acting.

She had come with the intention of staying two days if she so desired. But that evening during the tennis she resolved to leave the next day. The fatiguing cares of a

mother, which she had hated so on the journey here, appeared to her in a different light now that she had spent a day without them, and she was irresistibly drawn back.

After tea in the evening and a nocturnal boat ride, Dolly was relieved to go alone to her room, where she took off her frock and sat down to comb out her thin hair for the night.

She was in no mood to have Anna come and speak to her. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts.

23

Dolly was about to get into bed when Anna came to her in a négligé.

Several times that day Anna had been on the verge of beginning a confidential talk with her, but each time she had put it off. "Later. We will speak about it when we are alone. I have so much to tell you," she had said.

Now they were alone, and Anna did not know what to say. She sat by the window watching Dolly and turning over in her mind what seemed an inexhaustible store of confidences, yet could find nothing to say. At that moment she fancied everything had been said.

"Well, how is Kitty?" she brought out at last with a deep sigh, glancing at Dolly guiltily. "Tell me the truth, Dolly: is she angry with me?"

"Angry? Of course not," smiled Dolly.

"But she hates me? Holds me in contempt?"

"Oh, no! But you know that such things are not forgiven."

"Yes, I know," said Anna, turning and gazing out of the open window. "But I was not to blame. Was anyone to blame? What does it mean–blame? Could it have been otherwise? Come, what do you think? Is it possible that you should not have become Steve's wife?"

"Oh, I don't know. But do tell me–"

"I will, but we have not finished about Kitty. Is she happy? They say he is a splendid person."

"Splendid is not the word. I don't know a better person."

"How glad I am! I really am glad. 'Splendid is not the word'," she repeated.

Dolly smiled.

"But tell me about yourself. You and I have a lot to talk about. I spoke to..." Dolly did not know what to call him; she found it awkward to call him either the Count or Alexei Kirillich.

"Alexei," supplied Anna. "I know he spoke to you. But what I wish to ask is what you think of me, of my way of life."

"How can I tell you just like that? I really don't know."

"Ah, but you must tell me. You see how I live. But don't forget you are seeing us in the summer, when we are not alone... It was early spring when we came here and we lived utterly alone, and we will be alone again and I could not wish for anything better. But conceive of my living here without him all alone. That would be... All things tell me that this will often happen, that he will be away half the time," she said, getting up and taking a seat closer to Dolly.

"Oh, of course," she interrupted Dolly, who would have objected. "Of course I will not hold him back. I do not do so now. Races ... his horses are running ... he must be there. I am only too glad. But think of me, consider my position. But why should we speak of it?" She smiled. "Well, what did he say to you?"

"He spoke about what I, too, wish to speak to you about; I find it easy to plead his cause. We both wonder why you do not ... why you should not..." Dolly found it difficult to go on, "... why you should not try to change ... to improve your position. You know my views, but still, if it is possible, you ought to be married."

"You mean, get a divorce?" asked Anna. "Are you aware that the only woman who came to see me in Petersburg was Princess Betsy Tverskaya? You know her? *Au fond c'est la femme la plus dépravée qui existe.* She had an

affair with Tushkevich, deceiving her husband in the most foul way. Yet she it was who said she could have nothing to do with me so long as my position was irregular. Oh, do not think I am comparing you. I know you, my darling. But I couldn't help recalling it. Well, then, what did he say to you?" she repeated.

"He said he suffers for you and for himself. You may call it selfishness, but it is a natural and noble selfishness. He wants in the first place to make his daughter his by law and to be your husband, to have a right to you."

"What wife, what slave, could be enslaved to the extent my position enslaves me?" Anna put in morosely.

"But above all he wants to put an end to your suffering."

"That is impossible. Well?"

"Well, and the most legitimate thing: he wants your children to have a name."

"What children?" said Anna, looking away from Dolly and narrowing her eyes.

"Annie and any others."

"Let him rest assured there will be no others."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"There will not be because I do not want them."

Despite her agitation, Anna smiled on seeing the expression of surprise, curiosity and horror that came to Dolly's face.

"After my illness the doctor explained to me. . ."

. . . . . .

"Impossible!" exclaimed Dolly, wide-eyed. For her this was one of those revelations whose consequences and inferences are so enormous that in the first moment one knows they cannot be grasped immediately but must be pondered long and deeply.

This revelation, suddenly dispelling the puzzlement roused in her by seeing that certain families had only one or two children, brought in its train so many thoughts,

reflections and conflicting emotions that she could not speak, could only gaze at Anna in astonishment with round eyes. Actually it was a thing she herself had longed for, but now learning that such longings could be fulfilled, she was horrified. She felt that this was too simple an answer to too complicated a question.

"*N'est ce pas immoral?*" was all that she could bring out after a long silence.

"Why? Consider, I have but two alternatives: either to be with child, which means to be indisposed, or to be a friend and companion to my husband—well, the same as my husband," said Anna, deliberately adopting a light and superficial tone.

"I see, I see," said Dolly, hearing the very arguments she had used to herself and finding them ineffective now.

"You and others," said Anna, as if reading her thoughts, "may have reason to hesitate. But I . . . try to understand: I am not his wife; he will love me as long as love lasts. Well, and with what am I to make his love secure? With this?" and she put her white hands on her belly.

As often happens in moments of perturbation, thoughts and recollections passed through Dolly's mind with extraordinary rapidity. I could not keep Steve's love, she thought. He left me for another; and she for whom he first left me could not keep him, gay and pretty as she was; he left her for still another. And does Anna really think she can keep Count Vronsky by this means? If that is what he is looking for, he will find women more handsomely gowned and more seductively mannered. Beautiful as are her bare white arms, lovely as is her full figure and her rosy face framed in that black hair, he will find women even lovelier, as does my miserable, disgusting, beloved husband.

But Dolly did not say any of this to Anna, she merely sighed. Anna took the sigh as an expression of disagreement and so she pressed on. She had such weighty arguments in store that they could not be refuted.

"You say it is wrong? But you must be reasonable," she said. "You forget my position. How could I want children? I am not speaking of the suffering, that does not frighten me. But think: who will my children be? Unfortunate creatures who will bear somebody else's name. From the day of their birth they will have to feel ashamed of their mother and father, and of their birth."

"That is just why you must get a divorce."

But Anna did not listen to her. She wanted to give voice to the arguments with which she had convinced herself so many times.

"Why should I have been given a mind if I do not use it to prevent myself from bringing miserable creatures into the world?"

She glanced at Dolly, and then went on without waiting for an answer.

"I would always feel guilty in respect to those unfortunate children," she said. "If they never come into existence, at least they will never be unfortunate, and if they are unfortunate, I alone am to blame for it."

These were the same arguments Dolly had used with herself, but as she listened to them now she could not comprehend them. How can one be guilty in respect to non-existing creatures? she thought. And suddenly the thought came to her: Would it have been better for her favourite son Grisha if he had never been born? This seemed so strange and so preposterous that she shook her head to chase away the mad thoughts swarming inside it.

"Oh, I don't know why, but it certainly is wrong," she said, with a grimace of disgust.

"Ah, but you must remember who you are and who I am. Furthermore," added Anna who, for all the wealth of her arguments and the poverty of Dolly's, seemed to own that it was wrong, "you must remember the main thing, that my position can no longer be compared to yours. For you the question is: do I want to have any more children? For me it is: do I want to have children at all? The dif-

ference is enormous. Surely you see that it is impossible for me to want children in my position."

Dolly made no objection. She suddenly felt that such a gulf had opened up between her and Anna that they could never come to agreement on certain questions and it would be better not to discuss them.

24

"All the more reason why you should change your position if possible," said Dolly.

"Ah, if possible," said Anna in quite a different voice, —soft and sorrowful.

"Is not a divorce possible? I was told your husband would consent to it."

"Dolly! Let's not speak of it."

"Very well," Dolly hastened to reply, noticing the look of pain that came over Anna's face. "But I fear you see things in too morbid a light."

"I? Not at all. I am gay and content. Have you not seen, *je fais des passions*? Veslovsky—"

"If you wish to know the truth, I must confess that I do not like Veslovsky's manner with you," said Dolly, anxious to change the subject.

"Oh, fiddlesticks! It only teases Alexei; he is hardly more than a boy and entirely in my hands; you can see that I do what I please with him. He is like your Grisha... Dolly!" she said suddenly, returning to the subject. "You say I see things in too morbid a light. You cannot understand. It is too dreadful. I try not to see them at all."

"And I think you ought to. So that everything possible can be done."

"And what is possible? Nothing. You say I must marry Alexei and that I do not think of this. *I* do not think of it!" she repeated, her face turning crimson. She got up, threw back her shoulders, drew a deep sigh and began pacing the floor with her quick light step, halting from

time to time. "*I* do not think of it? Not a day, not an hour passes but what I think of it and rebuke myself for thinking of it because such thoughts can drive me mad. Drive me mad!" she repeated. "When I think of it I cannot sleep without morphine. Very well. Let us speak of it more calmly. They say to me: get a divorce. In the first place, *he* will never give it to me. He is under the influence of Countess Lydia Ivanovna now."

Dolly, sitting upright in her chair with an expression of pained sympathy on her face, kept turning her head to watch Anna pacing the floor.

"But you must try," she said softly.

"Supposing I do try. What does it mean?" she said, apparently giving expression to thoughts she had gone over in her mind a thousand times and knew by heart. "It means that I, who hate him and yet own that I have wronged him—I really do find him magnanimous—must endure the humiliation of writing to him. Well, then, let us assume that I force myself to do so. I shall receive either an insulting answer or his consent. Very well, I receive his consent." At that moment Anna stopped in a far corner of the room and busied herself with a curtain at the window. "I receive his consent, but my . . . my son? They will not let me have him. He will grow up despising me, living with a father I abandoned. Or, do try to understand! I love two people, Sergei and Alexei—equally, I believe, and both of them more than myself."

She came back to the middle of the room and stood in front of Dolly pressing both hands to her breast. In her white négligé she looked particularly tall and majestic. She bowed her head and turned her shining wet eyes on poor thin little Dolly in her patched bed-jacket and nightcap, all a-quiver with emotion.

"These are the only two people I love, and the one excludes the other. I cannot bring them together, and that is the only thing I care about. If I cannot, nothing else matters. Nothing, nothing at all. But it must come to an end

somehow, and that is why I cannot—or rather do not wish to speak of it. Pray do not reproach me or condemn me. You are too pure to comprehend the extent of my suffering."

She came and sat down beside Dolly and took her hand, gazing into her eyes with a guilty look.

"What are your thoughts? What do you think of me? Do not despise me. I do not deserve contempt. Wretched—that's what I am. If anyone was ever wretched, I am that person," she murmured and, turning away, broke down.

Left alone, Dolly said her prayers and got into bed. With all her heart she had pitied Anna while talking to her, but now she did not think of her. Thoughts of home and children flocked into her mind in a new aureole of allurement and delight. Her world now seemed so dear and precious that she could not bear to be separated from it another day and she decided to leave on the morrow.

Meanwhile Anna, on returning to her boudoir, took a wine-glass and dropped some medicine into it whose main ingredient was morphine; when she had taken it she sat motionless a while, then, having regained her composure and recovered her spirits, she went into the bedroom.

When she entered, Vronsky threw her a sharp glance. He was looking for signs of the conversation she must have had with Dolly since she had been with her so long. But the suppressed excitement and secretiveness of her face revealed nothing to him except the beauty to which he had grown accustomed but which still captivated him, her own awareness of her beauty and her desire to have it move him. He did not wish to ask her what they had talked about but he hoped she would tell him herself. The only thing she said was:

"I am so glad you like Dolly. You do, don't you?"

"Oh, I've known her a long time. She is a very good sort, I believe, *mais excessivement terre-à-terre.* Still, I am very glad she came."

He took Anna's hand and gazed inquiringly into her eyes.

Giving her own interpretation of his look, she smiled at him.

The next morning, despite the protests of Anna and Vronsky, Dolly left. Levin's coachman in his worn coat and cabman's cap drove his ill-matched horses and patched carriage under the porte cochere with grim resolution.

Dolly took her leave of Princess Varvara and the gentlemen rather stiffly. One day spent there was enough to make them all feel she was not one of them and had best go away. Anna alone was sorry to see her go. She knew that once Dolly was gone there would be no one to stir within her the feelings that had risen to the surface at their meeting. These feelings caused her pain, yet she knew that they belonged to her better nature and that in the life she was leading this better nature was being smothered very quickly.

Dolly experienced a great sense of relief when they found themselves out among the fields; she was thinking of asking the men up on the box how they had enjoyed their visit to the Vronsky's when the coachman himself spoke up:

"Rich as they be, they only give the horses three measures of oats. Ate it all up, they did, before the cock crowed. What's three measures? Just a swallow. Oats is forty-five kopeks this year. Horses as comes to our place gets as much oats as they can eat."

"A stingy landlord," confirmed the clerk.

"But did you like their horses?" asked Dolly.

"Fine horses. And good food. But a dull sort of place if you asks me, Daria Alexandrovna–don't know what you think of it," he said, turning his good-humoured handsome face to her.

"I think the same. Well, will we be home by evening?"

When they reached home, where Dolly found everything in order and dearer to her heart than ever, she told them with great vivacity all about her journey and the cordial reception she received, and the sumptuousness of the Vronsky household, all in such good taste, and the variety of their recreations, and she did not allow anyone to say a word against them.

"One must know Anna and Vronsky–I got to know him much better this time–to appreciate how good and how touching they are," she said with utter sincerity, forgetting the indefinable sense of disapproval and awkwardness she had experienced while there.

25

Vronsky and Anna spent the rest of the summer and part of the autumn in the country in just the same circumstances, without taking any measures towards getting a divorce. They both agreed that they would not go off on any journey; but the longer they lived alone in the country, especially in the autumn and without any visitors, the clearer it became that they could not stand such a life long and would have to change it.

It would seem that their life left nothing to be desired: they wanted for nothing, they were well, they had a child, and both of them were occupied. Anna gave much time to her appearance even when they had no visitors, and she took to reading–the popular novels and non-fiction of the day. She sent for the books that were praised in the foreign papers and journals to which she subscribed and she read them with the concentration possible only when leading a sequestered life. Moreover she studied all the subjects that occupied Vronsky by reading books on them and specialized periodicals, so that he often consulted her on matters of agriculture, architecture, occasionally even horse-breeding and sport. He was astonished by her knowl-

edge and memory, and if ever he doubted the veracity of her information, she confirmed it by showing him the exact place in a particular book that told him what he wanted to know.

She also busied herself with the hospital. Not only did she help with the work but she thought of and introduced many valuable improvements. But her greatest concern was for herself, for her own person, so as to remain dear to Vronsky, so as to compensate for all he had given up for her sake. Vronsky appreciated her staking her whole life upon the desire not only to please but to serve him; at the same time he resisted the web of love in which she sought to entangle him. The longer this went on and the oftener he saw himself being entangled in this web, the more keenly he longed not so much to free himself from it as to test the extent to which it constrained his freedom. Were it not for this growing desire to be free, were it not for those unpleasant scenes that occurred every time he had to go to town for a meeting or a horse-race, Vronsky would have been perfectly content with his life. The role he had chosen for himself, the role of one of those rich landowners who ought, he felt, to form the very core of the Russian aristocracy, suited his taste, and for six months he lived this role with increasing satisfaction. His affairs prospered and drew him deeper and deeper into them. Despite the immense cost of the hospital, the machines, the pedigreed cows brought from Switzerland, he was confident that he was increasing rather than dissipating his fortune. When it came to making profit from the selling of timber, grain and wool and the renting of lands, Vronsky was as hard as flint; he could get his price. In managing this and his other estates he adhered to simple principles involving no risk and he could not have been more tight-fisted and calculating when it came to petty business expenditures. Vronsky was not taken in by the cunning and adroitness of his German steward, who tried to get him to buy on a large scale and at high prices which, when looked

into, could be considerably reduced and turned to immediate advantage. He listened to his steward, questioned and agreed with him only when whatever was to be ordered or built was of the very latest model, as yet unknown in Russia and capable of creating a sensation. He consented to making a big expenditure only when he had the extra money for it, and in making such an expenditure he went into all the particulars and made sure of getting the very best for his money. With such management, it was clear that he was increasing rather than dissipating his fortune.

In October the gentry were to hold elections in Kashin Gubernia, where Vronsky, Sviazhsky, Koznishev and Oblonsky all had their estates and where a small part of Levin's land was located.

Public notice was attracted to these elections by many circumstances connected with them as well as by the personages involved. Much was the talk and great the preparations. The elections were attended by people from Moscow and St. Petersburg and by Russians living abroad who were not in the habit of attending such elections but came specially for this one.

Vronsky had long since promised Sviazhsky that he would attend. And so Sviazhsky, who often visited Vronsky, called for him.

On the eve of his departure Vronsky and Anna almost had a quarrel because of it. The season was autumn, the dullest and dreariest time of year in the country, and Vronsky, expecting a battle, announced his going with a cold brusqueness he had never before used with Anna. To his surprise, Anna accepted the news calmly, asking only when he expected to return. He looked at her intently, unable to comprehend her calmness. She smiled back at him. He was acquainted with her tendency to withdraw into herself, and he knew that she did so only when she had resolved on something she did not communicate to him. He feared this, but he wanted so badly to avoid a scene that he put on the appearance of believing, and

partly did believe, what he wanted to believe, namely, that she was being reasonable.

"I hope you will not be lonely?"

"I hope not," said Anna. "Yesterday I received a box of books from Gautier's. No, I will not be lonely."

If she is intentionally adopting such a tone, all the better, thought he. Otherwise we should have the same old thing.

And so, without pressing the matter further, he left for the elections. It was the first time he had ever parted with her without their coming to a frank and open understanding. On the one hand, this made him uneasy; on the other, he found it better. At first there will be something vague and unspoken in our relations, as now, but soon she will become used to it, he said to himself. At any rate, she shall have everything I can give her–everything but my masculine independence.

26

In September Levin went to Moscow for Kitty's confinement. He had been living there idle for a month when Koznishev prepared to leave for Kashin Gubernia where his estate was and where he took an active part in the elections. He invited Levin, who had a vote for Seleznev Uyezd, to go with him. In addition to the vote, Levin had urgent business to attend to in Kashin regarding the estate of his sister, who was living abroad; the business concerned the wardship and the collection of money for sold lands.

Levin could not make up his mind to go but Kitty, seeing that he was unhappy in Moscow, urged him to do so and without his knowledge ordered for him a uniform such as those worn by the nobility. The uniform cost eighty rubles and it was these eighty rubles that turned the scale in favour of his going. He left for Kashin.

He spent the first six days attending meetings and

trying to arrange his sister's affairs, which he could not bring to a satisfactory conclusion. All the Marshals of Nobility were engaged in the elections, as a result of which he could not accomplish the simplest business relating to the wardship. The money transaction was met by just as many obstacles. After interminable delays the matter was settled and the money could have been collected but the notary, a most obliging gentleman, could not give him the papers because they had to be signed by the chairman, and the chairman had gone to the session without authorizing anyone to act in his stead. This endless petitioning, this going from one place to another, this talking with good kind gentlemen who thoroughly understood the harassment to which a petitioner was subjected but could do nothing to help him—all this exertion that brought no results whatever caused Levin torture akin to the frustration experienced in dreams, when a person tries futilely to perform some physical act. This was what he usually felt when talking to his good-humoured solicitor. The solicitor appeared to be doing everything possible, to be mustering all his mental powers to bring Levin through his difficulties. "Here, try this," he said more than once. "Go here . . . go there. . ." And he worked out a plan designed to circumvent the obstacles thwarting Levin's efforts. He always added: "They are sure to stop you, but try this measure anyway." And Levin tried it, and he went here, and he went there. Everyone was kind and obliging, but it turned out that the circumvented obstacles always sprang up at the other end and stood in his way as perversely as ever. Most distressing was Levin's inability to discover who was opposing him and who was gaining from his not being able to conclude his business. That, it appeared, no one knew, not even the solicitor. If Levin had been able to understand this, as he was able to understand why, in coming to the cashier's window to buy a railway ticket, a person had to take his place in the queue, he would not have felt so exasperated and resentful; but nobody could explain to

him why the obstacles existed which prevented him from accomplishing his business.

Levin, however, had changed greatly since his marriage; he had become patient and if he did not understand why matters were arranged as they were, he told himself that without seeing the whole picture he could not judge, that there must be some good reason for it; and so he tried not to lose his temper.

At the sessions and at the voting in which he took part he likewise did not judge and did not argue but tried his best to understand the activities to which these good, honest, highly esteemed gentlemen applied themselves with such diligence and enthusiasm. Since his marriage Levin had discovered so many new and serious sides to things he had formerly considered trivial owing to his superficial approach to them, that now, in this matter of elections, he assumed they must have serious significance and he tried to find it.

Koznishev explained to him the significance and importance of the overthrow they hoped to effect at these elections. The Gubernia Marshal of Nobility, in whose hands the law placed such important public matters as wardship (causing Levin such trouble at the time), and the huge sums contributed by the nobility, and education for the gentry (schools for girls as well as boys, and military schools) and public education according to the latest ideas, and, in the end, the *Zemstvo* administration–well, then, this Gubernia Marshal of Nobility, Snetkov by name, was a nobleman of the old type who had quickly gone through an immense fortune, a good-humoured fellow, honest in his own way, but without the slightest comprehension of the demands of the times. In every question he invariably took the side of the nobility, he openly opposed the spread of public education and ascribed a purely class character to the *Zemstvo*, which ought to have had such far-reaching significance. He must be replaced by a fresh and efficient man of modern views, who would run things in such a

way as to squeeze out of the rights accorded the nobility (not as the nobility but as an element of the *zemstvo*) all the advantages of self-government that could possibly be squeezed out of them. This rich Kashin Gubernia had by this time such forces at its disposal that if its affairs were properly conducted it could serve as a model for other gubernias and indeed for the whole of Russia. For that reason every piece of business was of the greatest importance. It was proposed to replace Snetkov by Sviazhsky, or, better still, by Nevedovsky, a former university professor, a man of great intelligence and a close friend of Koznishev's.

The session was opened by the Governor, who urged the noblemen to elect their officers not for personal reasons but according to their ability to further the welfare of the country, and he expressed his hope that the noblemen of Kashin Gubernia would worthily fulfill their sacred duty, as they had done at former elections, thereby justifying the high trust placed in them by the monarch.

The speech over, the Governor left the hall and the noblemen noisily and animatedly, some even ecstatically, followed at his heels and surrounded him while he put on his coat and amicably talked to the Gubernia Marshal. Levin, who was anxious to probe into everything and miss nothing, stood by in the crowd and heard the Governor say: "Pray tell Maria Ivanovna that my wife is very sorry, but she has got to visit the alms-house." After that the noblemen found their coats with a great deal of gayety and then they all set out for the cathedral.

In the cathedral Levin raised his hand along with everyone else and took the most terrible oath to do all that the Governor had adjured them to do. Church services always affected Levin, and at this service when he pronounced the words "kiss the cross..." and looked round and saw all these other young and old gentlemen repeating the same words, he was deeply moved.

On the second and third days discussion concerned

finances and schools for girls, and since Koznishev assured him the subjects were of no importance, Levin busied himself with his own affairs and did not attend the session. On the fourth day the auditing of gubernia funds took place at the Governor's table, and this gave rise to the first clash between the new and the old parties. The commission entrusted with the auditing of the funds reported to the meeting that the funds were intact. The Gubernia Marshal got up and thanked the noblemen in a rather maudlin way for the confidence they placed in him. The noblemen responded loudly and shook his hand. But at this point an adherent of Koznishev's party said he had heard that the commission had not actually audited the funds, adjudging it an insult to the Marshal to do so. One of the members of the commission incautiously admitted the fact. Then a smallish, young-looking but exceedingly mordacious gentleman averred that the Marshal would no doubt want to have the satisfaction of giving an account of the funds entrusted to him and that the excessive solicitude shown by the commission deprived him of that satisfaction. Then the members of the commission withdrew their report, and Koznishev undertook to prove to them by logical arguments that the funds either had been audited or had not been audited, and he elaborated extensively on the dilemma. A long-winded fellow from the other party refuted Koznishev's claims. He was followed by Sviazhsky, who in his turn was followed by the mordacious gentleman. The discussion went on for a long time and came to nothing. Levin was surprised they could talk so much about this matter, especially when, having asked Koznishev if he believed the funds had been misused, the answer was:

"Oh, no. He's perfectly honest. But it's high time an end was put to this old-fashioned patriarchal family way of conducting business."

On the fifth day elections of Uyezd Marshals were held. It was a rather stormy event for certain of the uyezds.

From the Seleznev uyezd Sviazhsky was elected unanimously, without balloting, and that evening he gave a dinner to celebrate the event.

27

The election of the Gubernia Marshal was scheduled for the sixth day. All the rooms, large and small, were filled with noblemen in a great variety of uniforms. Many had come for this day only. Acquaintances who had not seen each other for years, arriving from the Crimea, from St. Petersburg, from abroad, met in these halls. Speeches were being made from the Governor's table, below the Tsar's portrait.

The noblemen in both large and small halls grouped themselves in camps, and from the hostility and distrust of their glances, from the way in which they stopped talking whenever a member of the opposite camp drew near, and from their tendency to whisper and withdraw to a far corner of the corridor, it was clear that each camp had secrets from the other. In outer appearance the noblemen were sharply divided into two groups: old men and young men. Most of the old men were buttoned up into outworn noblemen's uniforms with swords and hats, or into old service uniforms of the navy, cavalry or infantry. These uniforms were old-fashioned in cut and with epaulettes on the shoulders, patently too small, too tight, too short in the waist, as if their wearers had grown out of them. The young men were in up-to-date noblemen's uniforms, low in the waist and broad in the shoulders, worn unbuttoned over white waistcoats; some wore uniforms of the Judiciary, with black velvet collars adorned with an embroidered laurel leaf. To the young belonged the court uniforms that flashed here and there in the crowd.

But the division into young and old did not correspond with the division into parties. Levin observed that some of the young people belonged to the old party and some

of the very oldest noblemen, on the contrary, whispered with Sviazhsky and appeared to be ardent supporters of the new party.

Levin took up his stand in the small hall where the members were smoking and taking refreshment; he chose a place near a group of his friends, listening to what they were saying and straining his faculties to the utmost to understand their remarks. Koznishev was in the centre of the group. He was listening to Sviazhsky and Khlustov, a Marshal from one of the uyezds supporting the new party. Khlustov refused to have his uyezd ask Snetkov to stand as a candidate and Sviazhsky was trying to persuade him to do so. Koznishev supported Sviazhsky. Levin could not understand why the opposing party should ask the Marshal whom they wanted to replace to stand.

Oblonsky, who had just partaken of food and drink and was wiping his lips with a fancy-edged batiste handkerchief, came up to the group in his Kammerherr uniform.

"Taking over, are we?" he said, patting down his side-whiskers. "Eh, Koznishev?"

When he had caught the drift of the conversation he took Sviazhsky's side.

"One uyezd is enough, and Sviazhsky will be the opponent without doubt," were his words, which everyone but Levin seemed to understand. "So you've caught the bug too?" he said to Levin, who would have been only too glad to catch the bug if he could have understood what it was all about; he drew Oblonsky off to one side and asked him why in the world they should ask the present Marshal to stand.

"Oh, *sancta simplicitas!*" exclaimed Oblonsky, who then gave a brief and lucid explanation of their tactics.

If, as in preceding elections, all the uyezds should ask the Marshal to stand, he would get all the white balls. That the opposition wanted to avoid. At present eight uyezds had asked him to stand; if two uyezds refused to ask, Snetkov might withdraw his candidacy and his

party might advance another one of their members since they could no longer reckon on him. But if only one uyezd, Sviazhsky's, were to refuse to ask Snetkov to stand, he would not withdraw. He would be elected; even some of his opponents might give him their votes–so as to throw dust in his party's eyes. Then when a member of the opposing party stood for Deputy Marshal, Snetkov's party might, likewise, give him *their* votes.

Levin understood, but not very clearly, and was about to ask a few more questions when suddenly everyone began talking and getting up and making for the large hall.

"What's that? What? Who?"–"In his place?" "Whose place? What?" "Declines?" "No right!" "Won't let Flerov vote?" "What does it matter if he is on trial?" "At that rate nobody would be allowed. It's a fraud!" "The law!" These were the ejaculations Levin heard on all sides as, along with the others rushing off in the fear of missing something, he reached the big hall and was pushed by the crowd towards the Governor's table where Sviazhsky, Snetkov and other leaders were arguing hotly.

28

Levin stood some distance away. The heavy breathing of a nobleman at his side and the creaking boots of another kept him from hearing clearly. From where he stood he could only distinguish the Marshal's mild voice, then the shrieking of the mordacious gentleman, then Sviazhsky's voice. So far as he could judge they were arguing a point of the law and the meaning of the phrase *a person on trial.*

The crowd parted to allow Koznishev to pass. On reaching the table he waited for the mordacious gentleman to finish, then said he believed the best thing to do was to refer to the law in the matter and he asked the

secretary to find the required article. The article stated that in case of disagreement, the matter must be put to the vote.

Koznishev read the article out loud and undertook to explain its meaning, but he was interrupted by a tall, stout, round-shouldered landowner with dyed whiskers and in a tight uniform whose collar dug into the back of his neck. He came up to the table and struck it with the ring on his finger and shouted:

"Vote! No sense in all this talk! Vote, and there's an end of it!"

Here other voices were raised, but the nobleman with the ring grew angrier and angrier and shouted louder and louder. No one, however, could make out what he said.

He said the same thing Koznishev had proposed, but obviously he hated him and his party, and his hate was communicated to the entire party and elicited the same spiteful response, only in a more decorous form, from the other side. People began screaming and the next moment there was such a hullabaloo that the Marshal had to call for order.

"Vote! Vote!" "Any nobleman understands! We shed our blood!..." "The monarch has entrusted!..." "We won't take orders from the Marshal!" "That's beside the point!" "Put it to a vote!" "Phoo!" came the fierce angry cries from every side. Eyes and faces were even more fierce. They registered implacable hate. Levin could not understand what was going on and was amazed by the passion with which they insisted on voting or not voting on the Flerov question. He forgot, as Koznishev explained to him later, the syllogism that the general welfare required replacing the Gubernia Marshal; that in order to replace him they had to gain a majority of the votes; that to gain a majority of the votes they had to have Flerov voting, that to recognize Flerov's right to vote they had to explain the meaning of the law.

"One vote can decide everything; one must be serious and consistent if one wishes to work for the public weal," concluded Koznishev.

But Levin had forgotten this and he found it sad to see these good, highly-respected gentlemen making such a disagreeable display of anger. To escape so unpleasant an impression he left before the discussion was over and went into a room where he found no one but some waiters at the refreshment bar. As he watched them drying dishes and putting away plates and glasses, their faces lively and unperturbed, he experienced an unexpected sense of relief, as one coming out of a stuffy room into the fresh air. He began walking back and forth and observing them. He was very much taken by one of the waiters, an old man with side-whiskers, who was superciliously teaching some young ones, who were teasing him, how to fold napkins. Levin was about to speak to him when he was approached by the secretary of the Nobleman's Wardship, an old man whose specialty it was to know the names of all the noblemen in the gubernia.

"If you please, Konstantin Dmitrich," he said, "your brother is looking for you. Votes are to be cast to settle the disagreement."

Levin entered the hall and was given a white ball; he followed his brother Koznishev to the table at which Sviazhsky was standing with a look of sardonic importance on his face as he sniffed the beard clutched in his fist. Koznishev thrust his hand into the box, disposed of his ball somehow, and stepped aside to make way for Levin, who came forward but could not remember what was expected of him and turned in embarrassment to Koznishev with the question: "Where am I to put it?" He asked it softly and at a moment when the gentlemen standing by were talking, so that he thought they would not hear him. But the gentlemen stopped talking. The improper question had been heard. Koznishev frowned.

"One's convictions must decide that," he replied stiffly.

A few of the men smiled. Levin reddened and hastily thrust his hand under the felt covering of the box and dropped the ball on the right side because it was in his right hand; instantly he remembered that he ought to have put his left hand under too, and he did put it under, but too late, and in greater confusion than ever he hastily retreated to the back of the hall.

"One hundred twenty-six for, ninety-eight agentht," called out the secretary, who had a lisp. This was followed by a ripple of laughter: a button and two nuts had been found in the box. Flerov was admitted to the voting; the new party had won.

The old party, however, did not admit defeat. Levin heard that Snetkov had been asked to stand and he saw a group of noblemen surrounding him and listening to something he was saying. Levin drew nearer. Snetkov was thanking them for the trust his supporters placed in him and for their devotion, which he hardly deserved since his only merit had been his loyalty to the nobility, to whose service he had dedicated twelve years of his life. He kept repeating the words: "To the best of my strength, faith and conscience, gratefully and appreciatively." Suddenly the Marshal was choked by tears and left the hall. It would have been hard to say whether the tears arose from a sense of the injustice meted him, or from his love for the nobility, or from the strain of the situation in which he found himself, surrounded as he was by enemies—whatever the cause, most of the gentlemen were touched and Levin felt an upsurge of sympathy for him.

The Marshal ran into Levin in the doorway.

"Sorry, I beg your pardon," he said as to a stranger, but on recognizing Levin he smiled timidly. Levin fancied he wanted to say something to him but was too distressed to do so. The look on his face, his whole appearance with the decorations pinned to his uniform and in white trousers trimmed with braid, the haste with which he was

retreating made Levin think of a hunted creature that knows the game is up. Levin was particularly touched by the expression of his face, for only the day before he had called on him at home on business connected with his wardship and had found him in all the grandeur of an estimable *pater familias.* A big house filled with old furniture handed down from forebears, old servants, neither smartly nor over-cleanly dressed but respectful of their master, evidently former serfs who had remained loyal; a fat good-humoured wife in a lace cap and Turkish shawl fondling her granddaughter, her daughter's child; a perky young son, a sixth-form student who greeted his father by kissing his broad hand; the father's gentle but impressive way of speaking—all this had inspired Levin's respect and sympathy on the preceding day. And now he found the old man touching and pitiful and he wanted to say something pleasant to him.

"So it seems you are to be our Marshal again," he said.

"I doubt it," said the Marshal, throwing him a frightened look. "I am tired, I am old. There are younger and better men than me, let them serve."

And he dodged into a side door.

The most solemn moment had come. Elections were about to begin. The leaders of both camps were calculating their chances on their fingers.

The discussion of Flerov's case not only gained a vote for the new party but gained time, too, in which they could send for three of their supporters whom the machinations of the old party had kept away from the elections. Two of them with a weakness for booze had been made drunk by Snetkov's men and the third had been robbed of his uniform.

Learning of this, the new party had taken advantage of the discussion by sending some of their supporters in a cab to put the undressed man in uniform and fetch one of the two sots.

"We brought back one and doused him with water," reported one of the emissaries to Sviazhsky. "He'll do."

"Not too drunk? Can stand on his legs?" asked Sviazhsky with a shake of his head.

"Oh, yes; he's in good shape. If only they don't souse him again. I warned the waiter–not a drop under any circumstances!"

29

The narrow room for smoking and refreshments was crowded with noblemen. Excitement was growing and uneasiness could be seen on all faces. The leaders were particularly excited, knowing as they did the chances and the distribution of the balls. They were the commanders of the coming battle. The others were like the rank-and-file who, though ready for the fray, were seeking distraction before it began. Some were sitting or standing at tables as they ate; others were walking up and down smoking and talking to acquaintances they had not seen for long.

Levin did not care to eat and he did not smoke; nor did he want to join his friends–Koznishev, Oblonsky, Sviazhsky and others–because they were engaged in conversation with Vronsky, who was wearing an equerry uniform. Levin had caught sight of him at the elections on the previous day and had studiously avoided him. So now he took a seat by the window, from where he watched the various groups and listened to what they were saying. Perhaps the most depressing thing was that all these men were eager, anxious and occupied, whereas he alone and an old gentleman in naval uniform who sat down beside him and kept smacking his toothless gums took no interest or part in what was going on.

"Oh, what a scamp! I told him so, but he wouldn't listen. Not he! He couldn't collect it in three years!" ejaculated a short, round-shouldered landlord with pomad-

ed hair laying about the embroidered collar of his uniform, who came clumping up in new boots that had obviously been bought for the elections. On seeing Levin he scowled and turned abruptly.

"Dirty business, no doubt of it," assented his undersized companion in a shrill voice.

Behind them came a group of landlords clustering about a fat general. They walked quickly in Levin's direction, apparently seeking a spot where they could talk without being heard.

"How dare he say I had them steal his breeches! He sold them for drink I wager! What do I care for him and his princedom! Let him keep his swinish mouth shut!"

In another group they were saying:

"Ah, but their claims are based on the law. His wife has a right to be listed among the gentry."

"A fig for the law! I'm telling you what I think, as becomes a nobleman; a nobleman is to be taken at his word."

"Come along, Your Excellency. Fine champagne."

Still another group followed at the heels of a man who was shouting boisterously; he was one of those who had been plied with liquor.

"I have always advised Maria Semyonovna to rent out her lands, she can't work them at a profit," a landlord with white whiskers and in the uniform of a colonel of the General Staff was saying in a pleasant voice. He was the landlord Levin had met at Sviazhsky's. He recognized him at once. The landlord took a second look at Levin, and came over and greeted him.

"Glad to see you. Yes indeed, I remember you very well. It was last year at Sviazhsky's, the Marshal's."

"How are you getting on with your farming?" asked Levin.

"The same as ever, at a loss," replied the landlord, smiling resignedly and with an expression of tranquil

conviction that that was as it should be. "How do you happen to be here in our gubernia? Come to take part in our *coup d'etat?*" he asked, pronouncing the French words blithely but badly. "All Russia seems to be here; Kammerherrs . . . almost-ministers. . ." he said, indicating Oblonsky who, in white trousers and a Kammerherr's uniform, was walking beside a general.

"I must confess to having a poor understanding of the significance of noblemen's elections," said Levin.

The landlord threw him a glance.

"What is there to understand? No significance whatever. An obsolete institution that keeps going by inertia. Take a look at these uniforms. They alone tell you this is a gathering of local magistrates, permanent members and the like, but not of the nobility."

"Then why do you attend it?" asked Levin.

"From habit, in the first place. And then to keep up connections. And moral duty, to an extent. And to be perfectly frank, I have a personal reason. My son-in-law wants to be elected a permanent member; he has a very small fortune and so this is important. But why should *those* gentlemen attend?" he asked, nodding towards the mordacious gentleman who had spoken at the Governor's table.

"They are the new generation of the nobility."

"New, no doubt, but not the nobility. They are landowners but we are landlords. They are exterminating themselves as noblemen."

"But you have just said it was an obsolete institution."

"Obsolete, no doubt, but even so it deserves being shown a little more respect. Snetkov deserves it, too. Whether we're good or bad, it has taken a thousand years to grow us. If you want, say, to plant a garden in front of your house and on that very spot a century-old tree is growing–it may be old and twisted and still you will not cut it down for the sake of the beds and borders, you will plan your beds and borders so as to make

the best use of the tree. After all, it cannot be grown in a day," he said slyly, then, quickly changing the subject: "Well, and how is *your* farming going?"

"Badly. I don't make more than five percent."

"And that's without counting your own wage. After all, you surely ought to earn something too. Before I began managing my estate I received three thousand in the service. Now I work harder than I ever did in the service and, like you, get five percent, and thank God if it's not less. My own labour goes for nothing."

"So why do you do it? If it's a dead loss?"

"Can't be helped. That's how I'm made. Habit, I suppose, and knowing that that is how it ought to be. I will say even more," he went on, leaning on the window-sill and warming to the subject. "My son has not the slightest interest in farming. He will probably choose science. So there will be no one to carry on. And still I stick to it. This year I planted an orchard."

"I know, I know," put in Levin. "You are quite right. I am constantly aware that there is no advantage in farming, and still I go on with it. A feeling of being responsible for the land, is it?"

"And listen to this," continued the landlord. "One of my neighbours is a merchant. We took a stroll together over my estate, inspected the park. 'Fine order everywhere, Stepan Vassilich,' he says, 'but the park's neglected.' And it is *not* neglected. 'If you ask me, I would chop down those lindens. Only it must be done when the sap's running. You've got a thousand lindens here, each of them would give a fine lot of bark, and there's a high price on linden bark now. I'd take down all these trees.' "

"And with the money from them he would buy cattle or land dirt-cheap and rent it out to the peasants," Levin concluded for him, evidently having heard such calculating before. "And he would make a fortune, whereas you and I—pray God we can keep what we have and pass it on to our children."

"I hear you are married?" said the landlord.

"Yes," said Levin with proud satisfaction. "Indeed, it is odd, is it not?" he went on. "You and I carry on without calculating, like ancient vestals put here to keep some sort of fire going."

The landlord's white moustache was stirred by a little snort of laughter.

"There are others of our circle, our friend Nikolai Sviazhsky, for instance, or Count Vronsky who has settled on the land; they want to run industrial farms. So far that has got them nowhere, just gobbled up their investments."

"But why do we not follow the example of the merchants? Why do we not cut down our parks for lindenbark?" asked Levin, going back to the question that puzzled him.

"Keeping the fire going, as you said. That other business is not for noblemen. And the work of noblemen is carried on not here, at the elections, but each in his own nook. There's a class instinct as to what we ought or ought not to do. The peasants have it too: if he's a good peasant I see him grabbing all the land he can lay his hands on. Poor land, perhaps, but still he ploughs it. He doesn't make calculations either. Works it at a loss."

"Like us," said Levin. "I'm delighted to have met you again," he added as he saw Sviazhsky coming towards them.

"Ran into each other here after meeting at your place," said the old landlord to Sviazhsky, "and went on with our discussion."

"I daresay you blasted the new order?" said Sviazhsky with a smile.

"Oh, yes, we did that."

"Relieved our minds."

30

Sviazhsky took Levin's arm and led him back to his friends.

Now there was no avoiding Vronsky: he was standing with Oblonsky and Koznishev and looking directly at Levin as he came up.

"Very glad. I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you at Princess Scherbatskaya's," he said, offering Levin his hand.

"Yes, I remember our meeting," said Levin who, feeling his colour rising, turned and spoke to his brother.

With a slight smile Vronsky went on talking to Sviazhsky, displaying no desire to hold intercourse with Levin; but Levin kept glancing at Vronsky as he talked to his brother, trying to think of something to say to him as a means of atoning for his rudeness.

"What is to happen now?" he asked, looking at Sviazhsky and Vronsky.

"It all depends on Snetkov. He must either consent or refuse to stand."

"Has he not given his consent?"

"That's the trouble, he has neither consented nor refused."

"If he refuses, who will stand?" asked Levin, looking at Vronsky.

"Whoever wishes to," said Sviazhsky.

"Will you?" asked Levin.

"Oh dear, no!" said Sviazhsky in confusion, casting a frightened glance at the mordacious gentleman who was standing beside Koznishev.

"Nevedovsky, then?" asked Levin, aware that he was saying the wrong thing.

Nevedovsky and Sviazhsky were rival candidates.

"Not for anything," replied the mordacious gentleman. He, it turned out, was Nevedovsky. Sviazhsky introduced him to Levin.

"Well, have you caught the infection too?" Oblonsky asked Vronsky with a wink. "This is as good as horse-racing. Can even bet on the results."

"Yes, it certainly is infectious," replied Vronsky. "And

once a person has got involved he wants to see it through. A fight!" he said, frowning and clenching his strong jaws.

"What a good manager Sviazhsky is! How clearly he sees everything!"

"Oh, yes," agreed Vronsky absent-mindedly.

A pause ensued during which Vronsky looked at Levin, since he had to look at somebody. He looked at his feet, his uniform, his face, and finding Levin's sullen eyes fixed on him he said, for want of anything better to say:

"How is it that you, who live in the country permanently, are not a magistrate? You are not wearing a magistrate's uniform."

"Because I consider the district court an idiotic institution," replied Levin glumly, even though all this time he had been seeking an opportunity to speak amiably to Vronsky and make amends for the rudeness he had shown him.

"I do not share your view; on the contrary–" began Vronsky with placid surprise.

"It's just a game," interrupted Levin. "We have no need of a district court. In eight years I have had no business with it. And what I did have was decided upside-down. The court is thirty miles from my place. For a two-ruble law suit I must send a solicitor who costs fifteen."

And he went on to describe the case of a peasant who stole flour from the miller, and when the miller told of this the peasant sued him for calumny. The story was foolish and out of place, as Levin himself felt as he told it.

"Oh, Levin is our famous eccentric," said Oblonsky with his almond-oil smile. "But come along, it seems the voting has begun."

The little group broke up.

"I don't understand," said Koznishev, who had witnessed his brother's clumsy essay, "I don't understand how

anyone can have so little political sense. That is a thing we Russians lack utterly. The Gubernia Marshal is our political opponent, yet you are *ami cochon* with him and ask him to stand. As for Count Vronsky–I do not consider him my friend, he invited me to dine with him and I refused, but he is on our side and why should you make an enemy of him? And then you ask Nevedovsky if he intends to stand! That isn't done, you know."

"Oh, I don't know anything, and all this is tommy rot," said Levin unhappily.

"You call it tommyrot, yet you get yourself into it and then make a fool of yourself."

Levin said nothing and they went together into the big hall.

The Gubernia Marshal agreed to stand even though his nomination was not unanimous and even though there was something in the air that told him he was running for a fall. Everyone was silent in the hall while the secretary loudly proclaimed that voting was about to take place for Mikhail Stepanich Snetkov as Gubernia Marshal of Nobility.

The uyezd marshals carried platters of balls from their tables to the Governor's table and the voting began.

"Put it on the right," Oblonsky whispered to Levin as he and Koznishev followed their Uyezd Marshal to the table. But by this time Levin had forgotten what had been explained to him and feared that Oblonsky had made a mistake in telling him to put the ball on the right. After all, Snetkov was the enemy. Levin was holding the ball in his right hand when he got to the box but, afraid of making a mistake, he transferred it to his left hand and very obviously put the ball on the left-hand side. The keen gentleman who was stationed at the box and could tell by the mere movement of an elbow on which side the ball was deposited, frowned disapprovingly. He knew no other way of demonstrating his acumen.

Again silence reigned while the balls were being counted. Then a single voice announced the number of votes for and the number against.

The Marshal was re-elected by a considerable majority. Everyone began talking and making for the door. Snetkov came in and was instantly surrounded and congratulated.

"Everything over now?" Levin asked Koznishev.

"It has just begun," Sviazhsky answered for Koznishev. "The Deputy Marshal may receive more votes than the Marshal."

Levin had completely forgotten this. He only remembered that there was some subtlety involved, but the whole thing was too tiresome to bother about. Again he felt dejected and wanted to get away.

Since no one was paying any attention to him or seemed in need of him, he quietly retired to the refreshment room, where once more the sight of the waiters brought him relief. The old waiter offered to bring him something to eat and Levin accepted. After eating a cutlet and beans and talking to the waiter about his former masters, Levin went to the gallery so as not to have to go back into that unpleasant hall.

The gallery was full of fashionably-dressed ladies who leaned over the railing in their eagerness not to miss a single word spoken below. Standing and sitting near the ladies were officers, well-dressed barristers and bespectacled school-masters. Everyone was talking about elections, saying how fatigued the Marshal looked and how fine the speeches were. Levin heard one group praising his brother. One of the ladies said to a barrister:

"How glad I am I heard Koznishev! It was well worth missing my dinner! Simply marvellous! So clear and distinct! No one in your court can make speeches like that. Maidel, perhaps, but even he is not nearly so eloquent."

Levin found a place for himself at the railing and bent over to see and hear what was going on.

The noblemen were sitting in the seats marked off for their respective uyezds. A man in uniform was standing in the middle of the hall and crying loudly:

"Nominee for Gubernia Deputy Marshal of the Nobility, Staff Captain Evgeny Ivanich Apukhtin!"

A deep silence followed; then an old and feeble voice:

"Nomination declined."

"Nominee for Gubernia Deputy Marshal of Nobility, Privy Counsellor Pyotr Petrovich Boll!"

"Nomination declined!" came a shrill young voice.

Again a nomination and again "declined," and this went on for nearly an hour. Levin sat at the railing, looking and listening. At first he was perplexed and wondered what it could mean, but when he became convinced that he could find no meaning in it, he was bored. Later, recalling the angry excitement he had seen on all the faces, he was saddened and decided to go away. He went downstairs. As he crossed the gallery-landing he met a glum-faced student with bags under his eyes walking back and forth. On the stairs he encountered a lady in high-heeled slippers running up rapidly, followed by a lean Assistant Prosecutor.

"I told you we were not late," the Prosecutor said as Levin stood aside to make way for the lady.

Levin had reached the entrance hall and was feeling in his waistcoat pocket for his coat-check when the secretary caught him up. "If you please, Konstantin Dmitrich. Voting has begun."

The voting was for Nevedovsky, who had so firmly denied that he would stand.

Levin went to the door of the hall. It was locked. The secretary knocked, the door was opened and two gentlemen with flushed faces darted out.

"God, I've come to the end of my rope!" exclaimed one of the red-faced gentlemen.

Behind the gentlemen appeared the face of the old Marshal. It was drawn with fear and exhaustion.

"I told you not to let anyone out!" he shouted at the doorman.

"I let this gentleman *in*, Your Excellency."

"Ah, me!" murmured the Marshal with a deep sigh as with drooping head he shuffled wearily in his white trousers back to the big table in the middle of the hall.

As the new party had anticipated, the other party gave so many votes to Nevedovsky that he had more than Snetkov as Marshal, and so he was the new Marshal of the Nobility. Many were pleased and happy, many were in ecstasy, many were displeased and unhappy. Snetkov, the old Marshal, could not hide his despair. When Nevedovsky left the hall a host of admirers surrounded him and followed him out in rapture, just as on the first day they had surrounded the Governor who opened the elections, and as they had surrounded Snetkov when he was elected.

31

That day Vronsky gave a dinner for the newly-elected Marshal and many members of the victorious new party.

Vronsky had come to the elections because he was bored in the country and wanted to demonstrate to Anna his right to freedom, and because he wanted to show his gratitude to Sviazhsky for getting him into the Zemstvo Council by supporting him in these elections, but mostly because he wished to strictly carry out all duties attending the position he had chosen for himself as a country gentleman. But he had in no way expected to be so interested in the elections, to get all worked up by them and to discover in himself a gift for guiding them. He was a completely new man in this circle of noblemen, but he saw that they received him with open arms and he was not mistaken when he surmised that he already exerted influence over them. His influence was made sure by his rank and wealth; by the handsome town house placed at his

disposal by his old friend Shirkov, a financier, founder of the thriving bank in Kashin; by the excellent chef he had brought with him from the country; by his friendship with the Governor, a former classmate and one who had enjoyed Vronsky's patronage; but above all by his plain and equal relations with everyone, which soon made most of the noblemen deny the rumours that he was overly proud. He himself saw that every nobleman whose acquaintance he made instantly became his friend, with the exception of that preposterous gentleman who had married Kitty Scherbatskaya and who *à propos de bottes* let off a lot of senseless steam with fierce animosity. He knew, and others knew it too, that Nevedovsky's success was largely of his, Vronsky's doing. Now as he sat at the head of his dinner-table celebrating Nevedovsky's election, he basked in the triumph of the man he had made his choice. He took such relish in the elections that he thought he himself would perhaps stand if in three years' time he were a married man—the wish resembling that of an owner who wants to ride his horse himself after his jockey has won a prize.

Now it was the jockey who was being feted. Vronsky sat at the head of the table and on his right sat the young Governor, a General belonging to the tsar's suite. For all these people the Governor was the first man in the gubernia, the man who had opened the elections with a solemn speech, a man who inspired awe and obsequiousness in many, as Vronsky could see, but who for Vronsky was Katka Maslov (Katka had been his nickname in the Corps of Pages), who felt awkward in Vronsky's presence and whom Vronsky tried to put at his ease. On his left sat Nevedovsky with his young, resolute and mordacious face. Vronsky treated him with simplicity and respect.

Sviazhsky accepted his defeat good-humouredly. It could hardly be called defeat, as he said when lifting his glass to toast Nevedovsky, for no better representative of the new direction could be found than Nevedovsky. For

that reason, as Sviazhsky said, all honest people supported and celebrated today's victory.

Oblonsky was happy that the time had passed so pleasantly and everyone was satisfied. During the excellent dinner the guests recalled incidents from the elections. Sviazhsky gave a comical imitation of the old Marshal's maudlin speech and, turning to Nevedovsky, said that His Excellency would have to choose a more effective means of auditing his accounts than the shedding of tears. Another jovial nobleman told them that the old Marshal had hired footmen in livery for the ball to celebrate his election, and that now the footmen would have to be sent home unless the new Marshal also intended giving a ball with footmen in livery.

Throughout the dinner the gentlemen kept addressing Nevedovsky as "our Marshal" and "Your Excellency". It gave them the same pleasure as it gives to call a newly-married woman "Madame so-and-so." Nevedovsky pretended to be indifferent to the new title, even to despise it, but everyone could see he was delighted; he kept a tight rein on his feelings, however, as being inappropriate to the new liberal circle in which he found himself.

In the course of the dinner telegrams were sent to people interested in the outcome of the elections. Oblonsky, who was in high spirits, sent his wife the following telegram: "Nevedovsky elected twelve votes. Congratulations. Tell others." He dictated it out loud, remarking: "Let them enjoy it, too." On receiving the message Dolly heaved a sigh for the ruble it had cost and concluded it had been sent towards the end of the dinner. She knew that one of Steve's weaknesses was *faire jouer le télégraphe* towards the end of a good meal.

Vronsky's dinner, including the excellent food and the wines of foreign (not Russian) vintage, was in every respect simple, jolly, and in good taste. Sviazhsky had chosen the twenty guests from among the most witty and outstanding new liberals. They drank toasts, mostly hu-

morous, to the new Gubernia Marshal of the Nobility, to the Governor, to the Director of the Bank, and to "our gracious host".

Vronsky was pleased. He had not expected to find such an agreeable atmosphere in the provinces.

The men became more and more convivial as the dinner drew to an end. The Governor invited Vronsky to attend a benefit concert for their brother Serbs arranged by his wife, who was anxious to make Vronsky's acquaintance.

"It will be followed by a ball, at which you will see our famous beauty. She really is exceptional."

"Not in my line," said Vronsky in English, having taken a great liking to this phrase but he smiled and promised to attend.

Just before pushing back the chairs, when all had lighted cigarettes, Vronsky's valet brought him a letter on a card-tray.

"A messenger brought it from Vozdvizhenskoye," he said with a meaning look.

"Amazing how much he resembles prosecutor Sventitsky," one of the guests said in French about the valet as Vronsky read the letter with a frown on his face.

The letter was from Anna. He guessed what it said before he read it. Believing that the elections would last five days, he had promised to return on Friday. It was now Saturday and he knew that the letter would contain a rebuke for not having come back on time. Evidently she had not received the letter he had despatched the evening before.

The contents were just what he had expected, but the form was unexpected and particularly displeasing to him. "Annie is very ill, the doctor thinks it may be pneumonia. I have quite lost my head without anyone to consult. Princess Varvara is less a help than a hindrance. I expected you yesterday and the day before and now I am sending to know where you are and how you are. I

thought of coming myself but changed my mind, knowing you would disapprove. Send some sort of answer so that I shall know what to do."

The child is ill and she thought of coming here! Our daughter is ill and she uses such a hostile tone!

Vronsky was struck by the contrast between the innocent gaiety of the elections and the gloomy, burdensome love to which he must return. But he had to go. So he took the first train, the night train, home.

32

Before Vronsky's departure for the elections Anna went over in her mind all the unpleasant scenes that had taken place when he had gone away at other times. Knowing that such scenes could not possibly hold him but could only repulse him, she resolved to do everything in her power to accept his going with composure this time. But she was deeply offended by the hard cold look he gave her when he announced his intention of going, and so her composure was destroyed even before he left.

Left alone to ponder that look, which was a declaration of his right to be free, she came once more to a recognition of her own humiliation. He has the right to go away whenever and wherever he likes. Not only to go away, but to leave me. He has every right; I have none. Knowing that, he ought not to have done it. But what has he done? Looked at me with hard, cold eyes. That, of course, is something intangible, indefinable, but he never did it before and the look was very significant, she thought. The look said his love for me is cooling.

And although she was convinced that his love was cooling, there was nothing she could do about it, there was no way in which she could alter their relations. Now as before, she could hold him only with her love and her beauty. And now as before she could drive away the frightful thought of what she would do if he ceased lov-

ing her only by occupying herself in the daytime and taking morphine at night. True, there was another means–not of holding him (for this she wanted nothing but his love), but of attaching him to her, of making their position such that he would not abandon her. This means was divorce and marriage. And she began to long for it and decided to agree to it whenever he or Steve should broach the subject to her.

With such thoughts in her mind she spent five days without him, the five days he was to have been away.

Her time was taken up with talking to Princess Varvara and visiting the hospital and even more by reading–reading one book after another. But on the sixth day, when the coachman returned without him, she felt she no longer had the strength to stifle thoughts of him and what he must be doing. At just this time the baby fell ill. Anna undertook to take care of it herself, but even this did not distract her, especially since the child's illness was not serious. Try as she might, she could not make herself love this child and she was incapable of feigning love. By evening of that day Anna was filled with such apprehension that she decided to set off for the town, but she thought better of it and wrote the ambiguous note that Vronsky received; she sent it off with a messenger without reading it. On the next morning she received his reply and regretted having sent it. She shuddered to think he might look at her again with hard cold eyes, especially when he found out the child was not seriously ill. And still she was glad she had sent it. Anna now owned to herself that she was a burden to him, that he regretted having to give up his freedom and return to her, and even so she was glad he was coming back. Let him find her a burden, at least he would be here with her, where she could see him, where she could follow his every movement.

She sat herself down in the drawing-room beneath the lamp with a new book by Taine, and as she read she

listened to the sound of the wind outside, expecting the arrival of his carriage every minute. Several times she was sure she heard the sound of wheels but she was mistaken; at last she heard not only the sound of wheels but the cries of the coachman and a dull rumble in the covered driveway. Even Princess Varvara, who was playing solitaire, heard them and Anna got up, a flush suffusing her cheeks, but instead of going downstairs, as she had already done twice, she stood still. Suddenly she felt ashamed of her ruse and fearful of how he would respond to it. Her sense of having been ill-used had passed; now she only dreaded his displeasure. She remembered that the baby had been perfectly well for the last two days. She was even annoyed with her for having recovered as soon as she sent off the letter. Then she remembered him, that he was here, the whole of him, his hands, his eyes. She heard his voice. Forgetting everything, she ran joyfully to meet him.

"Well, how is Annie?" he asked timidly from below as she came running down the stairs. He was sitting in a chair while a footman pulled off his warm boots.

"Oh, she is better."

"And you?" he asked, shaking himself.

She took his hand in both of hers and drew it round her waist without taking her eyes off him.

"I am glad," he said, studying her coldly–her hair, her gown, which he knew she had put on for his sake.

All of this pleased him, but how many times had it pleased him! And his face took on the stone-cold look she had so dreaded.

"I am glad. You are well?" he asked, wiping his wet beard with his handkerchief and kissing her hand.

It doesn't matter, she thought. The only thing that matters is that he is here, and when he is here he cannot, he dare not grow cold to me!

The evening passed happily and cheerfully in the com-

pany of Princess Varvara, who complained to him that Anna had taken morphine in his absence.

"What was I to do? I couldn't sleep. My thoughts prevented it. I never take it when you are here. Almost never."

He gave an account of the elections, and Anna adroitly guided him to the subject that was sure to put him in good spirits–his own success. Then she told him of things that interested him at home, and all her news was cheerful news.

But when they were alone late that evening Anna, seeing that he was completely in her power again, wished to erase the bad impression made by her letter. She said:

"Confess that you were vexed to receive my letter, and you didn't believe it, did you?"

No sooner had she said it than she realized that for all the love he bore her at the moment, he did not forgive her the letter.

"No," he said. "It was such an odd letter. First Annie ill, then you wanting to come to town."

"It was all true."

"Oh, I didn't doubt it."

"Yes, you did. You are displeased, I can see it."

"Not in the least. Only I *am* displeased, it is true, that you seem unwilling to recognize responsibilities–"

"To attend a concert when–"

"We shall not talk about it," he said.

"Why should we not talk about it?" she said.

"I only wish to say that imperative duties may arise. Now, for instance, I must go to Moscow on business about the house... Oh, Anna, why are you so unreasonable? Do you not know I cannot live without you?"

"If that is the case," said Anna with a sudden change of tone, "it means you find this life wearisome. Yes you do, you return for a day and go off again, just like–"

"Anna, that is cruel. I am ready to give my life–"

But she was not listening.

"If you go to Moscow, I go too. I will not be left here alone. Either we must part or we must live together."

"You know that is my one wish. But in order to do that–"

"I must get a divorce? I will write to him. I see that I cannot go on like this. But I will go to Moscow with you."

"You declare it like a threat. There is nothing I desire more than to be with you always," said Vronsky, smiling.

But the glance he flashed at her as he said these tender words was not only cold, it was the glance of a man made cruel by persecution.

She saw the glance and divined its meaning.

If that is how it is, it means catastrophe, his glance said. The impression was a momentary one, but she was never to forget it.

Anna wrote to her husband asking for a divorce, and at the end of November, after seeing off Princess Varvara to St. Petersburg, she and Vronsky left for Moscow. This time, since she expected Karenin's reply any day and the divorce that would follow, they made a home for themselves as man and wife.

PART SEVEN

1

The Levins were entering upon the third month of their life in Moscow. According to the reckoning of those versed in such things, the time for Kitty's lying-in had long since passed, and still she was carrying her child and there was no sign that the day was any nearer than it had been two months since. The doctor, the midwife, Dolly, her mother, and particularly Levin (who could not think of what was coming without trembling)–all were beginning to be anxious and impatient. Kitty alone felt serene and happy.

She was keenly aware of her newly-conceived love for the future child–almost the present child–and took delight in this love. This child was no longer merely a part of her own body, to some extent it lived its own life now, independent of her. Often this caused her pain, and at the same time made her want to cry out with joy.

All the people she loved were with her, and all were so kind to her, so solicitous of her, so anxious to give her pleasure, that had she not felt and known it must soon end, she could not have wished for anything better. The only thing that marred the perfection of her life was that her husband was not as she had known and loved him in the country.

She loved the relaxed, tender, hospitable man he was in the country. In town he always seemed uneasy and on his guard, as if afraid someone might offend him or, even worse, her. In the country, obviously convinced that this

was where he belonged, he did not run about aimlessly and he was never without occupation. In town he was always rushing off as if fearing to miss something, and he had nothing to do. She felt sorry for him. To others she knew he did not cut a sorry figure; on the contrary, when Kitty observed him in company, as one sometimes tries to observe a beloved one with unprejudiced eye to see the impression he makes on others, she saw (fuel to jealous fires) that he was extremely attractive, made so by his uprightness, the rather shy and old-fashioned courtesy he showed the ladies, his strong physique and above all his expressive face–at least she found it so. But when she observed him not from the outside but from the inside she could see he was not himself; that was the only way she could describe his state. In her heart of hearts she was sometimes vexed with him for not being able to live in town; at other times she realized he simply could not find satisfaction in this sort of life.

And indeed, what was he to do? He did not enjoy playing cards. He did not frequent clubs. She had learned by this time what it meant when he went about with gay dogs like Oblonsky: it meant drinking and then going off somewhere–she shuddered to think where. Ought he to mingle in society? This, she knew, required that a man should take pleasure in forming intimacies with young ladies, and surely she could not wish this for him. Ought he to sit home with her and her mother and sisters? Pleasant and amusing as was their talk–their "bonnets-and-gowns" as the old prince dubbed sisters' gossip–she knew he would be bored by it. What was for him to do? Go on writing his book? He tried to do this, he even went to the library to take notes and read up on the subject, but, as he told her, the longer he did nothing the less time he had in which to do it. Furthermore, he complained to her that he talked too much about his book here, as a result of which his thoughts became confused and he lost interest in it.

The only benefit deriving from life in town was that they no longer quarrelled. Whether it was because of the change of environment or because they were both more careful and prudent in this respect, they did not have the jealous quarrels in Moscow they had dreaded when anticipating the move.

In this respect there occurred an event of vast importance for both of them—an encounter between Kitty and Vronsky.

Old Princess Maria Borisovna, Kitty's godmother who loved her dearly, naturally wanted to see her when she came to Moscow. Although Kitty made a point of not going anywhere in her condition, she did go with her father to see the venerable old lady. It was there she met Vronsky.

The only thing Kitty could reproach herself with at this encounter was that in the first instant of recognizing the familiar figure, no longer in uniform, her heart stopped beating, the blood rushed to her head, and she felt that her face was crimson. This, however, lasted but a second. Before her father had finished conversing with Vronsky in a deliberately loud voice, she was prepared to look at him and even speak to him if necessary, and in such a way that her every smile, her every intonation, would be approved by her husband, whose invisible presence she was conscious of at the moment.

She exchanged a few words with him and smiled serenely when he joked about the elections to what he called "Our Parliament" (she had to smile to show that she caught his irony). But presently she turned to Princess Maria Borisovna and not once thereafter did she look at him until he got up to take his leave; she looked at him then only because it would have been rude not to look at a man who was bowing to you.

She was grateful to her father for not saying a word about the encounter; but she could tell by the particular tenderness he showed her on their daily walk that he

was pleased with her. She was also pleased with herself. She had not supposed she would have the strength to drive back into the furthermost corner of her heart all recollection of her former feeling for Vronsky, and not only appear to be calm and indifferent but to be so in very truth.

When she told Levin she had met Vronsky at Princess Maria Borisovna's he coloured more deeply than she had done. It was very difficult for her to tell him, but it was even more difficult to embellish the tale with details since he did not ask her for them but just stood scowling at her in silence.

"I was very sorry you were not there," she said. "Not that you were not there... I would have felt self-conscious if you had been ... I am blushing now much worse ...much," she said, red to the roots of her hair, "...but I wish you could have watched us through a chink."

Her truthful eyes told him she was pleased with herself, and despite her blushing he was reassured and began asking her questions, which was just what she wanted. When he had learned everything, even that she had not been able to keep from blushing the first moment but then had felt as much at ease as if speaking to a perfect stranger, Levin's spirits rose and he said he was very glad it had happened and he would never again behave as stupidly as he had behaved at the elections and would try to be as amiable as possible with Vronsky the next time they met.

"It is insufferable to think you have an enemy whom you dread meeting," said Levin. "I am glad; very, very glad."

2

"Do please go and see the Bolls," Kitty said to her husband when he came to her before leaving the house at eleven o'clock in the morning. "I know you are to

dine at the club, papa has put down your name. But what do you intend doing until then?"

"I am going to call on Katavasov," replied Levin.

"Why so early?"

"He promised to introduce me to Metrov. I want to talk to him about my work; he is a well-known Petersburg economist," said Levin.

"It was his article you praised so? Well, and what then?" asked Kitty.

"I may drop in at the courthouse to find out about my sister's affairs."

"And the concert?"

"Oh. I shan't go to the concert alone."

"Ah, but you must; they are playing those new things . . . you take an interest in. I would surely go."

"At any rate I will come home before dinner," he said glancing at his watch.

"Put on your frock-coat so as to go directly to the Bolls'."

"Must I go there?"

"Indeed you must! He called on us. Is it so difficult? You will go in, sit down, talk five minutes about the weather, get up and drive away."

"You would hardly believe how out of the habit I have got, and how shameful it seems to me. How is it possible? Enter the house as a perfect stranger, sit down, take up their time without any cause, bother them and distress myself, then get up and go away."

Kitty laughed.

"But you went calling when you were a bachelor, did you not?" she said.

"I did, but I always felt ashamed, and now when I have got out of the habit I swear I would rather miss my dinner two days running than go there. Shameful, I find it. I always fancy they will resent it and say: why have you come here for no good reason?"

"Oh, they won't resent it, I promise you that," said

Kitty, laughing and looking into his face. She took his hand. "Well, goodbye. Do call on them, darling."

He kissed her hand and was turning away when she stopped him.

"Kostya, can you believe it?–I have only fifty rubles left."

"Very well, I will stop at the bank and get some more. How much?" he said, his face assuming the expression of displeasure she knew so well.

"No, wait," she said, seizing his hand. "Let's talk it over, I am anxious about it. I don't seem to spend anything unnecessarily and yet the money goes. Something is wrong somewhere."

"Not at all," he said, clearing his throat and looking at her from under his brows.

She knew that way he had of clearing his throat. It was a sign of great displeasure, not with her but with himself. He really was displeased, but not because the money was melting away but because he was reminded of something he knew was going wrong and therefore wanted to forget.

"I ordered Sokolov to sell the wheat and collect the money for the mill in advance. There will be money, never fear."

"I know, but are we not spending too much?"

"Not at all, not at all," he repeated. "Well, goodbye darling."

"No, but really–sometimes I am sorry I listened to mother. How good it was in the country! Here I cause all of you such trouble, and we are spending so much money . . ."

"Not at all, not at all. Not once since the day of our marriage have I thought anything could be better than it is."

"Really?" she said, looking into his eyes.

He had said it without thinking, only to comfort her. But when he saw those dear truthful eyes searching his

own so questioningly, he repeated the assertion with all his heart. I forget about her condition, he said to himself, recalling what was about to take place.

"Will it be soon? What do you feel?" he whispered, taking both her hands.

"So many times have I thought I knew, that I have stopped thinking; I know nothing."

"And you are not afraid?"

She gave a scoffing little laugh.

"Not the least bit!"

"If you should need me, I will be at Katavasov's."

"Nothing will happen, don't even give it a thought. I am going driving with papa on the boulevard; we will stop in to see Dolly. I shall expect you before dinner. Oh, yes! Do you know that Dolly is in dire straits–head over heels in debt and without a sou! Yesterday mamma and I spoke to Arseni . . ." (Arseni Lvov was the husband of the third sister, Natalie) ". . .and decided to set you and him on Steve. It has really become impossible. We can't even mention the subject to papa. But if you and he–"

"What can we do?" asked Levin.

"Well, you will be at Arseni's; speak to him. He will tell you what we decided."

"I agree beforehand to anything Arseni proposes. I will stop in and see him. By the way, if I go to the concert it will be with Natalie. Well then, goodbye."

He was accosted in the hall by Kuzma, the old servant of Levin's bachelor days who was supervising the household in town.

"Beauty . . ." (she was the left shaft-horse brought with them from the country) ". . .was re-shod and has gone lame," he said. "What are your orders?"

On first coming to Moscow Levin kept a sharp eye on the horses brought from the country. He wanted to provide for that aspect of their life well and cheaply; but it turned out it was cheaper to use cab-horses than to

keep your own. And so, having their own, they used cab-horses.

"Have them send for the veterinary, it may be an inflamed corn."

"And what will Ekaterina Alexandrovna do?" asked Kuzma.

No longer was Levin shocked, as he had been when they first began their life in Moscow, by the necessity of harnessing two strong horses to a heavy brougham so as to drive through the snow a quarter of a mile from Vozdvizhenka Street to Sivtzev Vrazhek, where the horses would stand waiting for four hours—a procedure which cost him five rubles every time. Now it seemed perfectly natural.

"Have a cabman hitch a pair of horses to our brougham," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Having so easily, thanks to the advantages of town life, solved a problem that would have cost him no end of thought and effort in the country Levin went out, called a cab, got in and went to Nikitskaya Street. On the way he no longer thought of money but only of his coming meeting with the Petersburg economist and the conversation he would have with him about his book.

In the first days of Moscow life Levin was distressed by the unproductive but inevitable expenses, so incomprehensible to a rustic, that were demanded of him on every hand. He had got used to them by this time. The same thing happened to him as they say happens to drunkards: the first glass sticks in the throat, the second slides down like an oyster, all the others flit up into your mouth like little birdies. When Levin changed his first hundred-ruble note to buy liveries for the footman and hall-porter, he could not help thinking that those useless liveries (which must have been indispensable, judging by the looks of consternation that came over the faces of Kitty and her mother when Levin hinted that they might be forgone)—

that these liveries cost as much as two farm labourers hired for the summer, in other words as much as three-hundred work-days from Easter to Michelmas, each day one of grueling labour from sun-up to sun-down. And this first hundred rubles stuck in his throat. The next hundred-ruble note, changed to pay for a dinner given to their relatives, went down easier, even though Levin could not help reflecting that this money was the price of two poods of oats that were cut, bound, threshed, winnowed, sifted and stored away, all by the sweat of the labourer's brow. Now the bank-notes flitted up and away like little birdies without eliciting any reflections whatever. Long since had he ceased to consider whether the labour invested in the acquiring of money was in proportion to the pleasure obtained from things purchased with the money. And he forgot his rule of not selling grain for less than a certain price. After delaying the selling of his rye so as to get his price, it was sold for fifty kopeks a pood less than he could have got for it a month earlier. Even his calculation that at the rate he was spending money he must certainly be in debt before the year was out—even this was of no consequence to him. The only thing that mattered was that there should be money in the bank regardless of where it came from, so that he would always know he had the wherewithal to buy the next day's meat. So far he had always had money in the bank. But now his account was exhausted and he did not know how to replenish it. It was this that upset him for a moment when Kitty spoke to him about money; but he had no time to think of it now. As he rode along he thought about Katavasov and his anticipated meeting with Metrov.

3

On this visit to Moscow Levin became close friends with a former university chum, Professor Katavasov, whom he had not seen since his marriage. He liked Ka-

tavasov for his clear and simple view of the world. Levin thought Katavasov's clear outlook sprang from the limitations of his nature. Katavasov thought that the lack of consistency in Levin's thinking sprang from an undisciplined mind. But Levin liked Katavasov's clarity, and Katavasov liked Levin's inconsistency, and so they enjoyed meeting and arguing.

Levin read Katavasov excerpts from his book and Katavasov liked them. At a public lecture on the previous evening Katavasov had told him that the eminent Metrov whose article Levin had enjoyed was in Moscow and had shown interest in Levin's book, and that Metrov would be at his place the next morning at eleven o'clock and would be glad to meet him.

"I see you've mended your ways, old boy; very commendable," said Katavasov on greeting Levin in the entrance hall. "I heard the bell and thought: surely he cannot have come on time! . . . Well, what do you think of the Montenegrins? Born warriors, eh?"

"Why, what has happened?" asked Levin.

Katavasov gave him the latest news in a few words before taking him into his study, where he introduced him to a stocky man of middle height and pleasant appearance. The man was Metrov. They went on talking about politics for a little and about the opinion of recent events held in St. Petersburg's highest circles. Metrov repeated words handed down from a reliable source and said to have been spoken by the Tsar and one of the Ministers. Katavasov had heard from a no less reliable source that the Tsar had expressed quite a different opinion. Levin endeavoured to think of a situation in which both opinions might have been voiced. This ended the conversation.

"Well, my friend here has almost finished a book on the natural conditions of the peasant in relation to the land," said Katavasov. "I am not a specialist in this field but as a student of natural history I was pleased to discov-

er that he does not place human beings in a category beyond biological laws but on the contrary sees them as dependent upon their environment, and that he seeks the laws of their development in this dependency."

"Very interesting," said Metrov.

"Actually I began writing a book about agriculture, but my studies of agriculture's main instrument of production, the farm worker, led me to unexpected conclusions," said Levin, reddening.

And he began cautiously, as if feeling the ground under his feet, to elaborate his views. He knew that Metrov had written an article opposing commonly accepted political-economic teachings, but he did not know, nor could he guess from the scholar's calm and intelligent face, to what extent he could hope to win his sympathy.

"But in what do you see the peculiar features of the Russian farm worker?" asked Metrov. "In his, let us say, biological aspect, or in the conditions in which he finds himself?"

Levin perceived in the very question a view with which he disagreed; but he went on explaining his idea, which was that the Russian farm worker's attitude to the land was different from that of the farm workers of other countries. He hastened to reinforce his view by adding that in his opinion the attitude of the Russian farm worker sprang from his consciousness that he was destined to settle vast unoccupied lands to the east.

"One can easily be led into a misconception by drawing conclusions as to a people's destiny," Metrov interrupted. "The position of the farm worker will always depend on his relation to the land and to capital."

Without giving Levin a chance to complete his thought, Metrov began elucidating a special point of his own teaching.

In what this special point consisted Levin did not understand because he did not try to understand; he was aware that, notwithstanding the article in which Metrov

renounced the economic views of the day, he, like all the others, considered the position of the Russian farm worker strictly from the point of view of capital, wages and rent. Surely he ought to have seen that in the east, where most of Russia's land lay, there was no such thing as rent, that for nine-tenths of the eighty millions of Russia's population, wages meant only the feeding of themselves, and that capital was represented by the most primitive instruments of production; yet Metrov considered every farm worker from this point of view alone, despite his differences with the economists and his new theory about wages, which he tried to explain to Levin.

Levin listened unwillingly and at first tried to argue with him. He wished to stop Metrov so that he could finish the exposition of his own theory, which, he believed, would make further discussion superfluous. But when he was convinced that they saw things so differently that they could never understand each other, he stopped contradicting him and simply listened. And he derived some pleasure from listening even though he found what Metrov said uninteresting. It tickled his wanity that a man of Metrov's learning should expound his ideas to him so earnestly and with such confidence in Levin's knowledge of the matter, referring at times offhandedly, with a mere hint, to a broad aspect of it. Levin assumed that he found him worthy of such confidence, not knowing that Metrov, having exhausted the subject with his close friends, was only too glad to talk to any newcomer, to anyone at all who would listen to the ideas that occupied his mind and were not quite clear to him as yet.

"But I fear we shall be late," said Katavasov, glancing at his watch as soon as Metrov had finished his disquisition.

"Yes, today our Amateurs' Society is marking the fiftieth anniversary of Svintič's death," Katavasov said in reply to Levin's question. "Pyotr Ivanich and I are

going. I have promised to read a paper about his researches in zoology. Come along, it will be interesting."

"Yes, it's time," said Metrov. "Join us, and afterwards come home with me if you wish. I should like you to read me passages from your book."

"Oh, no; it's not nearly finished, you know. But I shall be glad to go to the meeting with you."

"I say, have you heard? The separate resolution has been turned in," called Katavasov from the next room where he was changing into a frock-coat.

Now they began discussing the university question.

The university question was the talk of the day in Moscow that winter. Three of the older professors on the Academic Council had rejected a resolution proposed by the younger professors; and so the younger ones had turned it in over their heads. In the judgement of some, the resolution was villainous; in the judgement of others it was fair and natural. The professors were now divided into two parties.

Some of them, including Katavasov, looked upon their opponents as traitors and informers; others—as green youths contemptuous of authority. Although Levin no longer had any ties with the university, he had heard and discussed the matter on several occasions while in Moscow and had formed his own opinion on the question; and now as the three of them walked to the old building of the university he took an active part in the discussion.

The meeting had begun. At a table with a cloth cover on it, at which Katavasov and Metrov took their places, six men were sitting, one of them crouched over a paper he was reading. Levin sat down in a chair of the outer circle and asked the student next to him in a whisper what the reading was about. The student looked at him disapprovingly and grunted:

"Biography."

Levin was not interested in the scientist's biography but he could not help listening and he learned a number

of new and curious details about the celebrated man's life.

When the reading was over the chairman thanked the gentleman and proceeded to read some verses written for the occasion by the poet Ment, to whom he then addressed a few words of thanks. After that Katavasov read his paper on the great man's contribution to science.

When Katavasov finished Levin looked at his watch and, seeing it was after one o'clock, knew he would not have time to read passages from his book to Metrov before the concert, and indeed he had lost all desire to do so. During the reading of the papers he had been going over in his mind his conversation with Metrov, and it was clear to him that, important as Metrov's ideas might be, his own ideas were important too, and the ideas of both of them could be clearly elaborated and brought to a meaningful conclusion only if each worked separately along his chosen line; nothing good would come of sharing their ideas at present. And so Levin went up to Metrov at the end of the meeting to decline his invitation. Metrov introduced him to the chairman, with whom he was talking about the latest political news. Metrov was telling the chairman exactly what he had told Levin earlier, and Levin made exactly the same comments as he had made then, adding for variation an opinion that had just occurred to him. Then began a discussion of the university affairs. Since Levin had heard it all, he hastened to express his regret that he was unable to accept Metrov's invitation, bowed his way out, and set off for the Lvovs.

4

Arseni Lvov, the husband of Kitty's sister Natalie, had spent his entire life in St. Petersburg and Moscow and abroad, where he had received his education and served as a diplomat.

In the previous year he had resigned from diplomatic service, not because he had had trouble (Lvov never had trouble with anyone), but because he wanted to give his two boys the best possible education, for which purpose he settled in Moscow, accepting a post in the Court Administration.

Despite the sharp contrast between their views and habits and the difference in their ages, Lvov being considerably older, the two men had become very close friends that winter.

Lvov was at home and Levin went in to him without being announced.

In a belted housecoat and suede shoes, with blue-tinted glasses clipped to his nose, Lvov was sitting in an armchair reading a book propped up on a stand, cautiously holding out in his tapering fingers a cigar half burnt to ash.

His handsome, fine-featured and still youthful face, to which the frame of curly silver hair lent even more aristocratic grace, lighted up with a smile on seeing Levin.

"What a pleasant surprise! I was just about to send to you. How is Kitty? Sit here ... more comfortable..." and he got up and pulled over a rocking-chair. "Have you read the latest circular sent out by the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg?* I find it excellent," he said with a slight French accent.

Levin told him what he had heard from Katavasov as to what was being said in St. Petersburg, and when they had finished talking about politics he told him about his conversation with Metrov and the meeting he had attended. Lvov found all this of great interest.

"I envy you for being able to mix in such interesting scientific circles," he said. As he spoke he relapsed into French, which was easier for him. "It is true, of course, that I have no time—what with my work and my lessons with the children I am deprived of that. But the main

thing is, that my education is insufficient, and I am not ashamed to own it."

"Oh, you are mistaken," said Levin with a smile, now as always touched by the low opinion Lvov held of himself, which was not an affectation springing from his desire to appear, or even to be modest, but was perfectly sincere.

"No, it really is! I am more aware now than ever before of the deficiencies of my education. In order to teach my children I have to refresh many things in my memory and to study many new subjects. It is not enough to have tutors for the boys, it is necessary to have a superintendent as well—as on your estate you must have an overseer as well as workmen. So here you find me reading—" and he showed his friend Buslayev's "Grammar" on the reading stand. "Misha is expected to know it, and it is so difficult. Here, explain this to me: he says...."

Levin protested that such things could not be explained, they simply had to be learned by heart, but Lvov disagreed with him.

"Ah, but you are laughing at all this!"

"Not at all. You would be surprised to know that I am constantly learning from you the task that lies ahead of me: the education of my children."

"Well, there is nothing for you to learn from me," said Lvov.

"I know only one thing," said Levin, "that I have never seen children better brought up than yours and could not wish for better children."

It was apparently difficult for Lvov to suppress the pleasure these words brought him; he restricted it to a radiant smile.

"I only want them to be better than I am. I can hope for nothing else. You cannot imagine how difficult it is with boys like mine, whose education has been neglected because of their living abroad."

"You will make up for it. They are capable boys. The

main thing is their moral upbringing. That is what I have learned from watching your children."

"You say their moral upbringing. You cannot imagine how hard that is! No sooner does one succeed in putting down one ogre than another pops up and the battle begins all over again. Without the support of religion–remember you and I spoke of that?–no father with nothing but his own resources to fall back upon could properly bring up his children."

The discussion of this matter, which had always interested Levin, was interrupted by the entrance of Natalie Alexandrovna, Lvov's beautiful wife, who was dressed for going out.

"I didn't know you were here," she said, and it was clear she was glad rather than sorry to have interrupted talk she had heard so often she was thoroughly sick of it. "How is Kitty? I am taking dinner with her today. Well, then, Arseni," she said, turning to her husband, "you will take the carriage and–"

A discussion ensued between husband and wife as to how they would spend the day. Since the husband had to meet someone as a part of his official duties, and as the wife had to attend the concert and a public meeting of the Committee on South-Eastern Affairs, much had to be considered and decided upon. Levin, as one of the family, was expected to take part in their plans. It was decided that Levin would accompany Natalie to the concert and the public meeting, from which they would send the carriage to the office for Arseni, who would call for her later and take her to Kitty's, or if he had not finished his work by that time, he would send the carriage and Levin would take her.

"He is spoiling me with compliments," said Lvov to his wife. "He assures me our children are sterling when I know how much dross there is in them."

"I always say Arseni goes to extremes," said his wife. "If you aim at perfection you will never be satisfied. Fa-

ther is right when he says people went to another extreme when they brought us up; in those days they kept the children in the attic and their parents occupied the parlour; now it is just the opposite–the parents are sent to the attic and the children romp in the parlour. Nowadays parents are not expected to have a life of their own, they must live only for their children."

"And if they prefer it that way?" asked Lvov with his charming smile as he took her hand. "Anyone who did not know you would take you for a step-mother instead of a mother."

"All extremes are bad," said Natalie serenely, putting his paper-knife back in its proper place on the desk.

"Ah, come in, my perfect children," Lvov said to two charming boys who appeared in the doorway and, after bowing to Levin, went to their father as if to ask him something.

Levin wished to speak to them and hear what they said to their father, but first Natalie addressed him and then one of Lvov's colleagues, a man named Makhotin wearing the court uniform in which he was to go with Lvov to meet the somebody, entered the room, and an unceasing stream of talk began about Herzegovina, Princess Korzinskaya, the City Council and the sudden death of Madame Apraksina.

Levin quite forgot about the errand on which he had come. He remembered it only when they were in the hall.

"Oh! Kitty asked me to speak to you about Oblonsky," he said when Lvov stopped on the stairs as he was seeing off Levin and his wife.

"Yes, *maman* wants us, *les beaux-frères*, to attack him," he said, smiling and reddening. "But why should I be drawn into it?"

"Well, then, *I* shall attack him," said Natalie with a smile, waiting in her white fur robe until they should stop talking. "Come, let's be off."

5

Two very interesting works were played at the matinée concert. One was the fantasia *King Lear*, the other was a quartette dedicated to Bach. Both of them were new and in the new spirit and Levin wanted to form an opinion of them. Having seen his sister-in-law to her seat, he took up his stand beside a column and resolved to listen as attentively and conscientiously as possible. He tried not to be diverted, not to have his impression spoiled by the waving hands of the swallow-tailed conductor, which always distracted his attention from the music, and by the ladies who had taken great pains to tie the ribbons of their hats over their ears for the concert, and by the people round about whose minds were either a perfect blank or filled with everything imaginable but music. He tried to avoid talkative friends and connoisseurs of music; he just stood there looking down and listening.

But the more intensely he listened to the fantasia the more impossible it was for him to form a definite opinion of it. The music was constantly on the verge, was constantly preparing itself, as it were, to give musical expression to an emotion, but every attempt broke up into new beginnings, occasionally into nothing at all but the composer's whims—disconnected but extremely complicated sounds. And these shreds of musical ideas, some of them very fine, exasperated him as coming without any preparation, wholely unexpectedly. Joy, sorrow, tenderness, triumph, despair, followed one another haphazardly, like the emotions of a madman, and, as with a madman, they disappeared as unexpectedly as they came.

Throughout the performance Levin felt as a deaf man must feel when watching people dance. He was completely bewildered when it was over as well as being exhausted by his intense and unrewarded concentration. From all sides came loud applause. Everyone got up and began walking about and talking. Hoping the impression

of others would clear up his bewilderment, Levin set out to find connoisseurs and was glad to spy a gentleman celebrated for his knowledge of music talking to his friend Pestsov.

"Amazing!" Pestsov was saying in his deep bass voice. "How do you do, Konstantin Dmitrich. The passage where you feel the approach of Cordelia, where the woman, *das ewig Weibliche,* begins her struggle with fate, is particularly rich in imagery, particularly sculptural, so to speak, and with a fabulous wealth of tone. Do you not find it so?"

"Why . . .er . . .what has Cordelia to do with it?" asked Levin timidly, having completely forgotten that the fantasia represented King Lear.

"Why, Cordelia puts in an appearance, you know. . . . Here," said Pestsov, pointing to the glossy programme in his hand and offering it to Levin.

Only then did Levin remember the title of the fantasia and he hastened to read the Russian translation of lines from Shakespeare printed on the back of the programme.

"You cannot follow the music without that," said Pestsov, turning to Levin now since his musical friend had walked off and he had no one else to talk to.

In the intermission Levin and Pestsov argued about the merits and shortcomings of the Wagner trend in music. Levin contended that the error of Wagner and his followers lay in their making music usurp the prerogatives of other forms of art, the same error that poetry makes when it describes the features of a face, which is the work of painting; as an example of this error he mentioned a sculptor who carved into the marble pedestal of a poet's statue the shades of the characters the poet had created. "These shades are so little like shades that they are depicted holding on to a ladder for dear life," said Levin. He was pleased with the phrase but suddenly wondered if he had not used it before and with this very Pestsov, and the

misgiving made him feel uncomfortable in the extreme.

Pestsov contended that art is one and that it can soar to its greatest heights only when all its forms are combined.

Levin was prevented from listening to the second number on the programme. Pestsov, who had attached himself to him, spoke incessantly about the piece, criticizing it for a superfluous, saccharine, insincere simplicity and comparing this simplicity with that of the pre-Raphaelites in painting. As he was going out Levin met a host of acquaintances with whom he spoke about politics and music and their common acquaintances; among others he met Count Boll; Levin had quite forgotten that he was supposed to call on him.

"You had better go now," said Natalie when Levin mentioned it to her. "They may not be receiving and then you will call for me at the meeting. You will have time."

6

"Perhaps they are not receiving?" said Levin in the entrance of the Boll's house.

"They are; come in, sir," said the porter, and he resolutely took hold of Levin's coat.

What a pity, thought Levin as with a sigh he pulled off one glove and ran his fingers round the inside of his hat. Why should I go up? What have I to say to them?

On passing through the outer drawing-room he met Countess Boll in the doorway looking anxious and severe as she gave orders to a servant. She smiled when she saw Levin and invited him into the small adjoining drawing-room from which voices were coming. There he found the countess's two daughters and a Moscow colonel of his acquaintance sitting in armchairs. Levin greeted them and took a seat near a couch, holding his hat on his knee.

"How is your wife? Were you at the concert? We couldn't go. Mamma had to go to the funeral."

"Yes, I know. Such an unexpected death," said Levin.

The countess came in and sat down on the couch; she also asked about his wife and the concert.

Levin replied and repeated his remark about the sudden death of Madame Apraksina.

"She was always in bad health."

"Were you at the opera last evening?"

"Yes, I was."

"Lucca was charming."

"Yes, very charming," he said and, since it was all the same to him what they thought of him, he repeated what he had heard a hundred times about the distinguishing qualities of that singer's performance. Countess Boll pretended to listen. When he thought he had talked enough and became silent, the colonel, who had as yet said nothing, began to speak. The colonel spoke about the opera and about the stage lighting. And at last, after mentioning Turin's proposed *folle journée,* the colonel laughed noisily, got up and took his leave. Levin also got up, but from the look the countess gave him he understood it was too soon for him to leave. He must wait another minute or two. He sat down again. He kept saying to himself how stupid this was and this kept him from thinking of something to say and so he did not open his mouth.

"You did not go to the public meeting? I have been told it was to be very interesting," began the countess.

"No, but I promised my sister-in-law to call there for her," said Levin.

Again silence. And again the mother and daughters exchanged glances.

Well, now it seems I can go, thought Levin, and he got up. The ladies shook his hand and begged him to give his wife *mille choses.*

While helping him on with his coat the porter asked: "And where might you be staying, sir?" and rapidly

jotted down the address in a big book with a handsome binding.

It's all the same to me, of course, but still I find it shameful and disgustingly stupid, thought Levin, consoling himself with the knowledge that he was only doing what everyone did. From there he went directly to the public meeting to find his sister-in-law and take her to his house.

At the public meeting there were a great many people and almost the whole of society. Levin was in time to hear the end of the report, which everyone said was very interesting. When it was over the meeting broke up and Levin met Sviazhsky, who urged him to attend a session of the Agricultural Society that evening which was to be addressed by a great man; he also met Oblonsky, who had just come from the races, and many other friends and acquaintances, and he talked some more and heard various opinions of meetings, new plays and a trial then being held. Owing, perhaps, to his having exhausted his power of concentration, he made a blunder while talking about the trial, and for some time thereafter he could not recall this blunder without vexation. The talk was about the punishment to be meted out to a foreigner on trial in Russia, and many were of the opinion that it would be a mistake to punish him by banishing him from the country. Levin repeated what he had heard one of his acquaintances say on the previous evening:

"It seems to me that to punish him by banishing him from the country would be the same as punishing a fish by throwing it back into the sea," said Levin. Later he remembered that the words of his friend, which he had offered as his own, referred to the pike in Krylov's fable, and that his friend had taken them from a newspaper article in which they were quoted.

When he got home with his sister-in-law he found Kitty well and in good spirits, and so he set out for the club.

7

Levin arrived at the club at the right time. Members and their guests were just gathering. He had not visited the club for a long time, not since, on completing the university, he had lived in Moscow and moved in society. He remembered it very well, all the details of the building, but he had completely forgotten the impression it had made on him in former times. But no sooner had he entered the semi-circular yard, climbed out of the cab and stepped into the vestibule where he was met by a porter in braided livery who silently opened the door to him and made him a bow; no sooner had he seen the winter coats and overshoes heaped in the porter's room, where the members found it more convenient to leave them than in the wardrobe upstairs; no sooner had he heard the mysterious ring of a bell heralding his entrance and climbed the low risers of the carpeted stairway and seen the statue on the landing and the third porter in club livery, a man he had known and found greatly aged, standing at an upstairs door which he immediately but unhurriedly opened to him as he took in the guest with a practised eye; no sooner had he experienced all this than his former feeling swept over him, a feeling of pleasure, relaxation and refinement.

"Your hat, if you please," the porter said to Levin, who had forgotten the club rule that hats were to be left at the door. "Been a long time since we've seen you, sir. The prince wrote your name down yesterday. Prince Stepan Arkadich Oblonsky has not arrived yet."

The porter knew not only Levin himself but all his relatives and connections and now made a point of mentioning them.

Passing through a lobby divided up by screens with a space on the right where fruit was served, Levin overtook a maundering old man and entered the dining-room filled with people, all of them talking.

He walked between rows of tables, most of them occupied, scanning the diners. All sorts of faces met him, old and young, faces of bare acquaintances and close friends. Not one of them looked anxious or ill-humoured. All of these men seemed to have left their troubles in the porter's room along with their hats and were here to unhurriedly partake of life's material delights. Here he found Sviazhsky and young Scherbatsky and Nevedovsky and the old prince and Vronsky and Koznishev.

"Aha! Late, aren't you?" smiled the old prince Scherbatsky, giving him his hand over his shoulder. "How is Kitty?" he added as he thrust a corner of his napkin into a buttonhole of his waistcoat.

"She's all right; the three women are having dinner together at home."

"Hm, enjoying their 'bonnets and gowns'. Well, there is no room here. Hurry and take a place at that table over there while you can," said the prince and, turning round, cautiously made room for a plate of burbot.

"Levin! Come here!" came a cheerful call from down the line. It was Turovtsin. He was sitting with a young officer. Two of the chairs at their table were overturned. Levin gladly joined them. He had always felt a soft spot in his heart for the good-natured rake Turovtsin and now he associated him in his mind with his proposal to Kitty; today, after the strain of so much intellectual conversation, Turovtsin's cheery face was particularly welcome.

"These chairs are for you and Oblonsky. He will come directly."

The young officer, who had a very straight back and eyes that were always laughing, was named Gagin and he came from St. Petersburg. Turovtsin introduced them.

"Oblonsky is always late."

"Ah, there he is."

"You just got here?" asked Oblonsky as he came swiftly to the table. "Greetings. Had vodka? Then come along."

Levin got up and went with him to the long table on which stood various kinds of vodka and hors d'oeuvres. It would seem that one could make a satisfactory choice from among the two dozen dishes proffered, but Oblonsky demanded something special and a waiter brought it to him. They each had a glass of vodka and went back to their table.

Gagin ordered a bottle of champagne immediately, with the soup, and he had it poured out into four glasses. Levin did not refuse the wine and ordered another bottle. Being hungry, he ate and drank with zest and with even greater zest took part in his companions' gay unsophisticated talk. Gagin lowered his voice to tell a new St. Petersburg joke, and although the joke was silly and obscene, it was very funny and Levin laughed so uproariously that the neighbours turned to look at him.

"That's something like the one: 'I simply can't bear it!' Know that one?" asked Oblonsky. "It's perfect! Bring another bottle," he said to the waiter and began the joke.

"From Pyotr Ilich Vinovsky," interrupted an old waiter, coming up with a tray on which were two tall glasses of sparkling champagne which he offered to Oblonsky and Levin. Oblonsky took his glass and turned his eyes to a bald-headed red-whiskered man at the end of the room, to whom he smiled and nodded.

"Who is that?" asked Levin.

"You met him at my place once, remember? Nice chap."

Levin took his glass and repeated Oblonsky's gesture.

Oblonsky's joke was also very amusing. Then Levin told one that they liked too. Then they talked about horses, about this year's races and about how smoothly Vronsky's Satin had won first prize. The dinner was over before Levin knew it.

"Ah, here they are!" cried Oblonsky towards the end, tipping back his chair as he held out his hand to Vronsky

and a tall Colonel of the Guards with him. The gay good humour of the club shone in Vronsky's face. With appropriate *bonhomie* he put an elbow on Oblonsky's shoulder, whispered something in his ear and then held out his hand to Levin with a bright smile.

"Glad to find you here," he said. "I looked for you afterwards at the elections but they told me you had gone."

"Yes, I left the same day. We were just talking about your horse. Congratulations," said Levin. "Remarkably fast, I should say."

"But I believe you also keep horses?"

"No, my father did. But I remember them and understand a little."

"Where were you sitting?" asked Oblonsky.

"At the second table, behind the columns."

"We had a little celebration," said the tall colonel. "Second time he's won the Imperial Prize; I wish I could have the luck at cards he has with horses. Well, no sense in wasting precious time. I shall retire to the 'Nether World'," said the colonel, and walked away.

"Yashvin," Vronsky replied to Turovtsin's question, taking a seat that had just been vacated next to them. He drank the wine proffered him and ordered another bottle. Owing perhaps to the general atmosphere of the club, or perhaps to the wine he had drunk, Levin spoke easily to Vronsky about pedigreed cattle and was happy to discover he felt no antagonism to this man at all. He even told him that his wife had said she had met him at Princess Maria Borisovna's.

"Ah, Princess Maria Borisovna! A precious creature!" put in Oblonsky and proceeded to tell them a story about her that set them all laughing. Vronsky in particular laughed so wholeheartedly that Levin felt completely at ease with him.

"Well, have we finished?" said Oblonsky, getting up and smiling. "Then let's be off."

8

When Levin had risen from the table he went with Gagin in the direction of the billiard room, aware that his arms were swinging with unwonted lightness and rightness as they walked the length of the big room. He came upon his father-in-law in the lobby.

"Well, what do you think of our Temple of Indolence?" asked the prince, taking his arm. "Come, let's take a little walk."

"That is just what I wanted to do, walk about and see things. Very interesting."

"You find it interesting. But I am interested in something quite different. When you look at those old men," he said, indicating an ancient member all bent over and with drooping under-lip who was coming towards them, hardly able to shuffle along in his soft boots, "do you fancy they have always been such mumbly-crumblies?"

"Mumbly-crumblies?"

"Never heard the word, eh? That's what we call them at the club. You know when you roll Easter-eggs, some of them turn into crumblies. So it is with us old folks, we turn into crumblies–and mumblies to boot. You laugh, but at my age a man keeps wondering when he'll qualify for the title. You know Prince Chechensky?" asked the prince, and from the twinkle in his eye Levin knew he was about to tell a funny story.

"No, I don't."

"How's that? Prince Chechensky is very well known. Well, that doesn't matter. The thing is, he is a great billiard player. Three years ago he was not yet a mumbly-crumbly, and very proud of it he was. Called others mumbly-crumblies. But one day he comes here and that porter of ours–you know who I mean? Vassili. The fat one. He's a great joker. So Prince Chechensky says to him: 'Well, Vassili, who's here? Has this one come? And that one? Any mumbly-crumblies?' And Vassili says, 'You're the third, sir.' By Jove, that was something!"

In this way, chatting and greeting acquaintances, Levin and the prince passed through all the rooms: the big hall where card-tables were set up and habitual partners were playing for small stakes; the lounge where a few members were playing chess and Koznishev was talking to a man Levin did not know; the billiard-room, in a corner of which some men including Gagin were drinking champagne and having a boisterous card game; they glanced into the "Nether World" where Yashvin had already taken his place at one of the tables and a flock of men who had made bets hovered near; as noiselessly as possible they entered the reading-room, where in the light of shaded lamps a bald-headed general was immersed in a book and a young gentleman who looked very cross was leafing through one journal after another; and they went into what the prince called the "brainy room". In this room they found three gentlemen having a hot argument about the latest political news.

"Come, Prince, everything is ready," announced one of the prince's card companions who had come to look for him, and the prince went out. Levin sat down and listened to the argument a little while, but, recalling all the talk he had heard that morning, he suddenly felt unspeakably bored. He got up quickly and went in search of Oblonsky and Turovtsin, whose company was sure to cheer him up.

Turovtsin was sitting on a high couch drinking a glass of beer and Oblonsky was talking to Vronsky near the door at the far end of the room.

"Not that she is moping, but the uncertainty of her position, you know, the lack of any decision..." Levin heard as he came up to them; he would have turned away if Oblonsky had not called him.

"Levin!" said Oblonsky, and Levin saw that his eyes were filmed over not with tears but with the moisture that came to them when he was tipsy or deeply moved. This time both causes operated. "Don't go away, Levin,"

he said, taking a tight grip on his elbow as if wishing to retain him by any means.

"He is my true, perhaps my best friend," he said to Vronsky. "You, too, are a close friend and very dear to me. And I want you to be friends, you ought to be friends, and close ones, too, because both of you are uncommonly good fellows."

"Well, I see there is nothing left for us to do but throw ourselves into each other's arms," laughed Vronsky good-humouredly, holding out his hand.

Levin took it eagerly and gave it a hard squeeze.

"I am very, very glad," said Levin, as he pressed the hand.

"Waiter! Champagne!" called out Oblonsky.

"And I am very glad," said Vronsky.

But despite Oblonsky's desire, despite their common desire, the two men could find nothing to say to each other, and this was only too evident.

"Are you aware he has never met Anna?" Oblonsky said to Vronsky. "I am anxious to take him ho see her. You will go, won't you, Levin?"

"Has he not?" said Vronsky. "She will be delighted. I would go with you," he added, "but I am anxious about Yashvin; I must stay here till he stops playing."

"Why? Things going bad?"

"He's losing, and I am the only one who can make him stop playing."

"What about a game of billiards? Will you play, Levin? Good!" said Oblonsky. "Get the balls ready," he said to the marker.

"They've been ready for a long time," said the marker, who had arranged the balls in a triangle and was now amusing himself by rolling the red one about.

"Then let's begin."

When the game was over Vronsky and Levin sat down at Gagin's table and on Oblonsky's advice Levin betted

on the ace. Vronsky kept leaving the table and the friends were constantly coming up to speak to him, to go to the "Nether World" and see how Yashvin was getting on. Levin was enjoying a pleasant rest after the mental exertions of the morning. He was relieved that no antagonism remained between him and Vronsky and he was constantly sensible of the atmosphere of peace, pleasure and refinement the club provided.

Oblonsky took Levin's arm when the game was over.

"Let's go and see Anna. This very moment–shall we? She is at home. I promised I would bring you long ago. What are you doing this evening?"

"Nothing in particular. I promised Sviazhsky to attend a meeting of the Agricultural Society. But I think I will go with you," said Levin.

"Capital! We're off! Find out if my carriage has come," he said to a footman.

Levin went up to the table, paid the forty rubles he had lost on the ace, paid his club bill whose amount was ascertained in a mysterious way known only to the old footman standing at the door, and walked back through the rooms to the stairway, swinging his arms with unwonted vigour.

9

"Oblonsky's carriage!" called out the porter irascibly. The carriage drew up and both men got in. Only in the first moments when the carriage was going out of the yard did Levin remain under the spell of the club's peace, pleasure and unquestionable refinement; as soon as the carriage reached the street and began lurching over the cobblestones, as soon as he heard the angry cries of the cabbies and saw the faint red gleam of tavern and shop signs, the spell was broken and he began thinking of what he was doing and asking himself if he ought to

be going to see Anna. What would Kitty say? But Oblonsky did not allow him to think; as if divining his misgivings, he did away with them.

"How glad I am," he said, "that you will get to know her. Dolly has wanted this for some time, you know. And Lvov went, and keeps on going to see her. She may be my sister," he went on, "but even so I say she is an exceptional woman. You will see. Her position is very bad, now especially."

"Why now especially?"

"We are negotiating with her husband for a divorce. He has given his consent, but there are complications as to the custody of the son, and so a matter that ought to have been decided long ago has been dragging on for three months. As soon as she has her divorce she will marry Vronsky. What humbug all these old rituals are, in which nobody believes but which ruin people's happiness!" he added. "Well, then their position will be perfectly clear, as sound as yours or mine."

"What is the complication?" asked Levin.

"Oh, it's a long and tiresome story! Everything is so vague with us! But the fact remains that she has been waiting for her divorce for three months here in Moscow, where everybody knows both of them; she never goes anywhere and none of the women but Dolly come to see her because, as you can well understand, she does not want them to come as a favour. That old fool of a Princess Varvara—even she went away because she felt it was not respectable. Well, I doubt that any other woman would have the strength to stand up under the strain. But she—you will soon see for yourself how she has managed to adjust to her life, how calm and dignified she is. To the left, up that lane, stop opposite the church," cried Oblonsky, leaning out of the carriage window. "God, how hot it is!" he exclaimed, throwing open his coat that was already unbuttoned even though the thermometer was down to twelve below zero.

"She has a baby; I suppose that keeps her busy," said Levin.

"You seem to think every woman is just a female, *une couveuse,*" said Oblonsky. "If a woman is occupied, it can only be with her children. Oh, no, I don't doubt but that Anna brings up her child beautifully, but nothing is heard of it. She is busy, first of all, with writing. I see that smirk on your face but you are mistaken. She is writing a book for children and doesn't tell anyone about it, but she read it to me and I gave the manuscript to Vorkuyev–the publisher, you know–I believe he is a writer himself; anyway, he knows all about such things and says it is delightful. And do you suppose she is like the run of your women-authors? Not at all. She is first of all a woman with a heart; you shall see! Now she has taken an English girl and her family under her wing and devotes ever so much time to them."

"What is it, a philanthropic undertaking?"

"I can see you want to take the worst view of everything. Not philanthropic but of the heart. They, or rather Vronsky, had a jockey who knew his business thoroughly but was a sot. Drank unmercifully, delirium tremens, you know, and left his family to shift for themselves. She saw it, helped them, got drawn into it, and now has the whole family on her hands; oh, not as you might think, patronizingly, only giving them money; she herself is teaching Russian to the boys so they can enter the high school and she has taken the girl to live with her. You will see her."

The carriage entered the yard and Oblonsky vigorously rang the bell at the entrance where a sleigh was standing.

Oblonsky went in without asking the servant who opened the door if the mistress was at home. Levin followed him with growing doubts as to whether he were doing the right thing.

On glancing into the looking-glass he saw that his

face was red but he was sure he was not tipsy and went with firm step up the carpeted staircase behind Oblonsky. When they got to the top Oblonsky asked the footman, who bowed to him as to an old acquaintance, if Anna Arkadievna was alone and was told Vorkuyev was with her.

"Where are they?"

"In the study."

They went through a rather small dining-room panelled in dark wood and with a thick carpet on the floor, to a shadowy study lighted by a single lamp with a dark shade on it. Another lamp with a reflector was focused upon a big full-length portrait that instantly caught Levin's attention. It was the portrait of Anna done by Mikhailov in Italy. Oblonsky went behind a screen, causing a man's voice to break off, and Levin remained in front of the portrait, which in the bright light seemed to step out of its frame; he was unable to tear his eyes away; he forgot where he was, he did not hear what was being said, he stood with his eyes glued to this amazing portrait. It was not a picture, it was a glorious live woman with curly black hair, bare arms and shoulders and a pensive half-smile playing over her lips, the upper one darkened by a delicate fuzz, and she was looking at him with a tender and conquering gaze that he found disconcerting. She was not alive only because no living woman could possibly be so beautiful.

"I am very glad," he heard someone say close by, evidently to him, and the voice belonged to the very woman whose portrait he had been admiring. Anna came out from behind the screen to greet him, and in the dusky light of the study Levin saw the woman of the portrait in a dark-blue figured silk gown, saw her not in the same high level of beauty the artist had caught in the portrait. She was less dazzling in reality, but there was something new and alluring in life that the portrait lacked.

10

She had risen to greet him without hiding her pleasure in seeing him. And in the composure with which she held out to him her small, energetic hand and introduced him to Vorkuyev and indicated the pretty auburn-haired girl with some work in her hands whom she called her charge, Levin perceived the familiar and pleasing manners, always tranquil and unaffected, of a woman of high society.

"Very, very glad," she repeated, and for some reason these simple words coming from her lips took on special meaning. "I have known you for long and have become attached to you because of your friendship with Steve and because of your wife. I did not know her very long but my impression of her was of a lovely flower, yes, precisely a flower. And to think she is soon to become a mother!"

She spoke easily and unhurriedly, now and then shifting her glance from Levin to her brother, and Levin felt that he had made a good impression on her and he instantly fell into an easy, simple, pleasant relationship, as if they had known each other from childhood.

"Ivan Petrovich and I came into Alexei's study just so that we could smoke," she said when Oblonsky asked her permission to smoke. She glanced at Levin and instead of asking him if he smoked, pulled over a tortoise-shell box and took out a cigarette.

"How are you feeling today?" asked her brother.

"So-so. Nerves, as usual."

"Extraordinarily fine, don't you think?" Oblonsky asked, seeing Levin glance up at the portrait.

"I've never seen a better portrait."

"And an extraordinary likeness, is it not?" asked Vorkuyev.

Levin looked from the portrait to the original. A particular radiance came to Anna's face when she felt his eyes

on her. Levin reddened, and to hide his embarrassment was about to ask if she had seen Dolly lately, but Anna spoke first.

"Ivan Petrovich and I were just talking about Vashchenkov's latest pictures. Have you seen them?"

"I have," replied Levin.

"But I'm sorry, I believe you were about to say something."

Levin asked if she had seen Dolly recently.

"She was here only yesterday, and very angry with Grisha's Latin teacher, who it seems treated him unfairly."

"Yes, I saw his pictures. I didn't like them particularly," said Levin, going back to the subject she had begun.

Now Levin's tone was not that of a tradesman appraising wares, as it had been in the morning. Every word acquired added significance when talking to her. It was a pleasure to talk to her but an even greater pleasure to listen to her.

Anna spoke not only naturally and cleverly, but cleverly and off-handedly, attributing little value to what she herself said and great value to what others said.

The conversation turned to new trends in art and to the new illustrations of the Bible by a certain French artist. Vorkuyev accused the artist of carrying realism to crude extremes. Levin said the French had gone beyond everyone else in departing from reality in art and for that reason they looked upon a return to realism as a great event. Now they found poetry in the mere absence of lies.

None of the clever things Levin had ever said gave him the satisfaction this one did. Anna's face lighted up with appreciation and she laughed.

"I am laughing," she said, "as one laughs on seeing a portrait that is a striking likeness. Your remark perfectly describes French art today, painting and even litera-

ture . . . Zola, Daudet . . . But perhaps it is always like that: conceptions are build up out of fabricated forms, and then when all the *combinaisons* have been tried and people are sick and tired of fabrications, they begin thinking of more natural, more lifelike forms."

"Absolutely true!" said Vorkuyev.

"Well, were you at the club?" she asked, turning to her brother.

Ah, this is a woman for you! thought Levin, losing himself in the perusal of her lovely mobile face, which had now undergone a sudden change. Levin did not hear what she said as she leaned over to talk to her brother, but he was struck by the new expression that had come to her face. A moment before it had been lovely for its serenity; now it expressed pride, indignation, and a strange curiosity. But not for long. The next moment she had narrowed her eyes as if trying to remember something.

"Yes, yes indeed; but that is of no interest to anyone," she said and turned to the English girl.

"Please order the tea in the drawing-room," she said in English.

The girl got up and went out.

"Well, did she pass the examination?" asked Oblonsky.

"Beautifully. She is very capable and has a sweet disposition."

"It will end up with your loving her more than your own daughter."

"Only a man could say such a thing. Love doesn't know 'more' or 'less'. I love my daughter in one way and her in another."

"I keep telling Anna Arkadievna," said Vorkuyev, "that if she put one-tenth of the energy she gives to that English girl into the educating of Russian children she would do a great and valuable work."

"Ah, but I couldn't. Count Alexei Kirillich encouraged me–" (in pronouncing the name *Count Alexei Kirillich* she cast a timidly inquiring glance at Levin, to which he

unconsciously responded by looking at her with reassuring deference) "–encouraged me to interest myself in the village school. I went there a few times. They were very sweet, but I did not find myself drawn to the work. You say–energy. Energy is generated by love. And where was I to get the love? Love is not made to order. But see, I have come to love this girl and I don't know why."

Once more she glanced at Levin, and her glance and her smile–everything told him that she was talking to him alone and that she valued his opinion and was sure they understood each other.

"I quite understand you," said Levin. "One cannot give one's heart to a school or to any institution, and that, I think, is why philanthropic undertakings produce such poor results."

She considered it a moment, then, with a smile:

"Yes," she agreed, "I certainly never could. *Je n'ai pas le coeur assez large* to love a whole home full of horrid little girls. *Cela ne m'a jamais réussi.* Yet how many women have won for themselves *position sociale* in this way! Now in particular," she said, outwardly addressing her brother but obviously meaning it for Levin, ". . .even now, when I am desperately in need of occupation, I cannot do it." Suddenly she frowned (Levin could see that she was frowning at herself for talking about herself) and changed the subject. "I have heard," she said to Levin, "that you are not at all public-spirited and I have defended you as best I could."

"And how have you defended me?"

"In various ways, depending on the attack. But come, let us have tea." She got up, taking with her a book in a morocco binding.

"Give it to me, Anna Arkadievna," said Vorkuyev, indicating the book. "It is well worth submitting."

"Oh, no, it is still in such a rough state."

"I have told him about it," Oblonsky said to his sister, nodding towards Levin.

"And a great pity. My writing is something like those carved baskets made by prisoners that Liza Mertsalova used to sell me. She was head of prisons in our Society," she explained to Levin. "Those poor wretches are capable of miracles of patience."

This revealed to Levin a new feature of this woman he found so extraordinarily attractive. She was truthful as well as being clever, charming and beautiful. She did not wish to hide from him the hardships of her position. She had sighed as she said this and her face had become severe, as if turned to stone. She was even more beautiful like this, but the expression was new and had nothing in common with the expression of inner happiness conferring happiness on others caught by the artist in the portrait. Levin glanced up at the picture again and then at Anna as she went to the tall doorway on her brother's arm, and he felt a tenderness and compassion for her that surprised him.

She asked Levin and Vorkuyev to go into the drawing-room while she remained behind a moment to speak to her brother. About the divorce? About Vronsky? About what is keeping him at the club? About me? wondered Levin. So engrossed was he in his conjectures that he scarcely heard Vorkuyev expounding on the merits of the novel Anna had written for children.

The same pleasant and serious conversation was carried on at the tea table. Far from there being a want of topics for discussion, each person seemed afraid he might not have a chance to say what he wanted to say, and yet each willingly refrained from speaking so as to listen to the others. And all that was said not only by Anna but by Vorkuyev and Oblonsky as well—all this, Levin fancied, was given special significance by her attention and remarks.

As he followed the conversation Levin kept admiring her, her beauty and knowledge, and at the same time her warmth and simplicity. He listened and talked, and all

the while thought about her, about her inner life, trying to understand her feelings. And he, who had formerly judged her so harshly, now by some odd logic came to justify her conduct and pity her and fear that Vronsky did not fully understand her. It was after ten when Oblonsky got up to leave (Vorkuyev had left earlier), yet it seemed to Levin they had just come. With regret he, too, got up.

"Goodbye," she said, holding his hand and allowing her eyes to linger on his. "I am very glad *que la glace est rompue.*"

She let go of his hand and narrowed her eyes.

"Tell your wife I am as fond of her as ever, and if she cannot forgive me my position I hope she will never be able to forgive it. To forgive it, one must live through what I have lived through, and God spare her that."

"I will certainly tell her," said Levin, blushing.

11

What an amazing, charming and unfortunate woman, he thought as he and Oblonsky went out into the cold air.

"Well, what did I tell you?" said Oblonsky, seeing that Levin was completely captivated.

"Yes," said Levin thoughtfully, "she is an exceptional woman. It is her warm-heartedness that captivates even more than her intelligence. I do feel sorry for her."

"God willing, everything will soon be arranged. Well, don't be quick in judging others in future," said Oblonsky as he opened the door of the carriage. "Good night, we are going in different directions."

All the way home Levin thought of Anna and of the unconstrained conversation they had had, and as he went over it in his mind he recalled every change in the expression of her face, and he came more and more to understand her position and to feel sorry for her.

When he got home Kuzma told him Ekaterina Alexandrovna was well and that her sisters had just gone home, and he handed him two letters. Levin read them there in the hall so as not to be distracted later. One of them was from his steward Sokolov, who wrote that he could not sell the wheat, they only give him five-and-a-half rubles a pood and there was no other way to raise money. The other letter was from his sister, who rebuked him for taking such a long time with her business.

Well, let him sell it for five-and-a-half if he can't get more, thought Levin, rapidly disposing of a question that would formerly have cost him much consideration. It certainly is amazing how all my time is taken up here, he said to himself in regard to the second letter. He was ashamed that he had not yet done what his sister had asked him to do. I didn't go to court again today, but then I really didn't have time. Resolving that he would surely go the next day, he went to his wife. On the way he rapidly reviewed the day in his mind. It had consisted almost entirely of conversations, conversations heard and participated in. All the conversations were about matters he would never have given a thought to had he been in the country, but here he found them interesting. Only two things troubled him: one was what he had said about punishing a fish, and the other–his sense that the tender compassion he felt for Anna *was not quite the thing.*

Levin found his wife lonely and dejected. The dinner with her sisters had passed off gaily enough, but afterwards they waited and waited for him to come and their spirits wilted and the sisters went home and she was left alone.

"And what did you do?" she asked, looking into his eyes and finding something suspicious in their brightness. Fearing, however, to prevent his giving a full account, she concealed her anxiety and with an approving smile listened to the story of how he had spent the evening.

"I was very glad to have been thrown together with

Vronsky. I felt quite at ease with him. I will try not to see him in future, of course, but I am glad an end has been put to our strained relations," he said, and then recalling that he who was *trying not to see him in future* had gone directly to his house to call on Anna, the colour rose in his cheeks. "We say the peasants drink, but I don't know who drinks more, the peasants or our own class; the peasants at least drink on holidays, whereas—"

Kitty was not interested in when the peasants drink. She had seen him blush and wanted to know why.

"And where did you go afterwards?"

"Steve begged me to go and see Anna Arkadievna."

As he said it Levin blushed even more furiously, and his doubts as to whether he ought to have gone to see Anna or not were resolved. He ought not to have gone.

At the mention of Anna, Kitty's eyes flashed and opened wide, but she forced herself to suppress her feelings and succeeded in deceiving him.

"Ah," was the only thing she said.

"I daresay you don't object to my having gone. Steve begged me to and Dolly wanted it so much," said Levin.

"Not at all," she said, but he read in her eyes the struggle she was having with herself, and that boded nothing good for him.

"She is a charming, good, and very, very unfortunate woman," he said, and went on to tell all about Anna's occupations and what she had asked him to say to Kitty.

"It goes without saying she is unfortunate," said Kitty when he finished. "Who were your letters from?"

He told her and then, believing from her tone that she was tranquil, he went to undress.

When he came back he found Kitty in the same chair, and when he went up to her she looked at him and burst out into tears.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked, though he knew very well what it was.

"You are in love with that horrid woman, you have

fallen for her charms. I could see it in your eyes. Oh, yes I could! Oh, what will we come to! You went to the club and drank yourself silly and played cards and then went . . . to her of all people. Oh, we must go away. . .I am going–tomorrow!"

It took Levin a long time to pacify his wife. He succeeded in the end only by owning that his pity for Anna combined with the drink had befuddled his mind and made him succumb to her wiles, but that henceforward he would avoid her. The one sincere confession he made was that he was dazed by this prolonged life in Moscow with all its palaver and food and drink.

They talked until three in the morning. Only at three had they made it up so that they could fall asleep.

12

When Anna came back from seeing off her guests she did not sit down but began walking up and down the room. In spite of having quite unconsciously done everything in her power to make Levin fall in love with her (as she did with all young men nowadays); in spite of her knowing she had achieved her aim to the extent such a thing was possible in a single evening with a serious-minded married man; and in spite of her liking him immensely (striking as was the difference between Levin and Vronsky from a man's point of view, she, as a woman, perceived in them the common element that had made Kitty fall in love with both)–in spite of all these things she forgot all about him as soon as he was gone.

One thought and one alone pursued her in various aspects. If I affect others in such a way–that devoted family man, for instance–why is *he* so cold to me? Not that he is cold, he loves me, I know that. But some new thing has come between us of late. Why has he stayed away all evening? He had Steve tell me he could not leave Yashvin, that he had to keep an eye on him while he played.

Is Yashvin a child? Oh, well, that may be true. He never lies. But there is something behind it. He wants to demonstrate to me that he has other obligations. I know it and agree with it. So why should he make a point of it? So as to convince me that his love must not interfere with his freedom. But I don't want to be convinced, I want to be loved. He ought to understand all the misery of my life here in Moscow. Life indeed! I am not living, I am merely waiting for the decision, which is forever being put off. Again no answer has been given. Steve says he cannot go and speak to Karenin. And I cannot bring myself to write to him again. I cannot do anything, begin anything, change anything, I can only keep myself in hand and wait and think of ways of distracting myself: that Englishman's family . . . writing . . . reading . . . But it's all self-deception, just another kind of morphine. He ought to take pity on me, she said to herself, aware that tears of self-pity were gathering in her eyes.

She heard Vronsky's impetuous ring of the bell and hurriedly wiped away her tears, and not only wiped away her tears but sat down beside the lamp and opened a book, assuming an unperturbed air. She must show him she was displeased with his not coming home as he promised, but nothing more; under no circumstances must she show him her distress and, above all, her self-pity. She might pity herself but he must not pity her. She did not want an open conflict and rebuked him for seeking a conflict, and yet unwittingly she took up the cudgels.

"You were not lonely?" he asked as he came towards her in a bright and animated mood. "A wicked passion, gambling!"

"No, I was not lonely, I learned long ago not to be lonely. Steve was here, and Levin."

"Yes, I knew they intended coming. Well, how did you like Levin?" he asked, sitting down beside her.

"Very much. They left not long ago. And how did Yashvin do?"

"Very well at first, won seventeen thousand. I called him away and he almost came, but back he went and now he is losing."

"Then why did you stay there?" she asked, suddenly raising her eyes to his. The expression of her face was cold and hostile. "You told Steve you were staying so as to take Yashvin home. But you came away and left him."

The same cold expression showing readiness for conflict came over his face.

"In the first place, I did not ask Steve to tell you that; in the second, I never lie. But the main thing is that I wanted to stay and so I stayed," he said with a frown. "Anna, why should we have this? Why?" he said after a moment's silence, leaning towards her and holding out his hand in the hope she would place her own in it.

She was glad of this invitation to be gentle and loving, but some strange malevolent force did not allow her to succumb to her impulse, as if the rules of combat did not allow it.

"It goes without saying that you wanted to stay and so you stayed. You do whatever you want to do. But why should you declare it to me? What is the reason?" she asked with growing anger. "Has anyone challenged your right? You wish to be in the right, so be in the right."

He shut his hand and leaned back, and his face looked more stubborn than ever.

"With you it is a matter of obstinacy," she said, gazing steadily at him and unexpectedly finding the definition of the look that irritated her so. Obstinate, that's what it was. "For you it is all a question of getting the better of me, but for me. . ." Once again she felt sorry for herself and almost wept. "If only you knew what it is for me! When I feel, as I do now, that you are hostile to me—yes, hostile—oh, if you only knew what that means to me! If you only knew how close to catastrophe I am at such moments, how afraid I am, afraid of my own self!" and she turned away to hide her tears.

"God! What are we doing?" he said, appalled by this evidence of her despair, leaning towards her again and taking her hand and kissing it. "And why? Do I leave home in search of diversion? Do I not avoid the company of other women?"

"Oh, indeed!" she said.

"Tell me what I ought to do to bring you peace of mind. I am ready to do anything to make you happy," he said, moved by her despair. "Is there anything I would not do to relieve you of anguish like this, Anna?" he said.

"It will pass, it will pass," she said. "I myself don't know: perhaps it is my solitary life . . . or just nerves . . . Well, let us not talk about it. How were the races? Tell me about them," she said, trying to conceal the triumph of victory that was, after all, hers.

He asked for supper and began telling her all the particulars of the races; but from his tone and his glance, which became colder and colder, she saw that he did not forgive her her victory and that the spirit of obstinacy with which she was struggling had again taken possession of him. He was even more distant than before, as if he regretted his surrender. And as she recalled the words that had brought her victory, namely, that she was close to a dreadful catastrophe and was afraid of herself, she knew they were a dangerous weapon and one she dared not use again. And she also knew that, bound to each other as they were by love, they were nevertheless both possessed by the evil spirit of conflict, which she was unable to expel from his heart, and even less from her own.

13

There are no circumstances to which a man cannot adapt himself, especially if he sees that *everyone* around him is living in these circumstances. Three months earlier Levin could not have believed he could fall asleep peace-

fully in the conditions in which he found himself that evening; that while leading an aimless and useless life and one that was beyond his means, on a night after drunken debauchery (that was how he described his visit to the club), after having formed an incongruous friendship with the man with whom his wife had once been in love, and having made an even more incongruous call on a woman who could only be called a lost woman, and after having succumbed to the attractions of this woman and caused his wife acute distress–after all this he could not have believed he could fall asleep peacefully. And yet his weariness, the lateness of the hour and the wine he had drunk contrived to put him to sleep, and soundly at that.

At five o'clock in the morning he was awakened by the creak of a door being opened. He sat up and looked round. Kitty was not in bed beside him. But a light was moving on the other side of the partition and he heard her step.

"Wha . . .? What . . .?" he murmured half asleep. "Kitty! What is it?"

"Nothing," she said, coming out from behind the partition with a candle in her hand. "I am not feeling quite well," she said with a peculiarly sweet and meaning smile.

"You mean it has begun?" he asked in fright. "We must send for . . ." and he sprang up and began pulling on his clothes in haste.

"No, no," she said, still smiling and putting a hand on his arm. "It may be nothing. I only feel a little unwell. It has passed already."

Going over to the bed, she put out the candle, lay down and grew quiet. He found something suspicious in her quietness and the way she seemed to be holding her breath and particularly in the tenderness and excitement with which she had said "It is nothing," when she came out from behind the partition; but for all that he was so tired that he instantly fell asleep again. It was only lat-

er that he remembered the softness of her breathing and appreciated all that was taking place in her dear soul as she lay beside him in expectation of the greatest event in a woman's life. At seven o'clock he was aroused by the touch of her hand on his shoulder and a soft whisper. She seemed to be struggling between her unwillingness to wake him and the necessity of speaking to him.

"Kostya, don't be frightened. It is nothing. But still I think . . . You had better send for Lizaveta Petrovna."

The candle was relighted. She was sitting on the edge of the bed and holding the knitting she had occupied herself with the last few days.

"I beg you not to be frightened, it is nothing. I am not the least bit afraid," she said on seeing his terrified face, and she pressed his hand to her breast and then to her lips.

He leaped out of bed, unmindful of himself and without taking his eyes off her face he pulled on his dressing-gown, then stood looking down at her. He ought to have rushed off but he could not tear himself away from her eyes. Who knew her face, her glance, her every expression as well as he? And yet he had never before seen her like this. How he loathed and despised himself as he recalled the pain he had caused her, in her condition, that very night! Her flushed face in an aureole of soft hair curling out from under her night-cap radiated joy and resolution.

Simple and unaffected as Kitty was by nature, Levin was nevertheless overwhelmed by what was revealed to him when all veils fell away and the very essence of her soul shone in her eyes. In this simplicity, in this revelation, she whom he loved was seen more clearly than ever before. She looked at him and smiled, but suddenly her brows quivered, she threw back her head, rushed to his side, seized his hand and pressed close to him, and he felt her hot breath on his skin. She was suffering and was, as it were, complaining to him of her suffering. And

in the first moment he blamed himself, as was his wont. But the tenderness of her eyes told him she not only did not blame him for her suffering but loved him for it. Who is to blame if not I? he could not help asking himself as he sought a culprit to be punished for it; but there was no culprit. She was suffering and complaining of her suffering, but she was exulting in it, and rejoicing in it, and glad of it. He could see that something marvellous was taking place in her soul, but what it was he could not comprehend. It was beyond his comprehension.

"I have sent for mamma. And you go quickly for Lizaveta Petrovna. Kostya! No, no, it is nothing, it has passed."

She went over to the bell and rang it.

"There, you can go now, Pasha is coming. I'm all right."

And to his astonishment Levin saw her take up her work and begin knitting again.

As Levin went out of one door he heard the servant girl come in another. He stopped and heard Kitty give her detailed instructions as to what she must do, and Kitty herself helped her move the bed.

He put on his clothes and while the horse was being harnessed (it was too early for the cabbies to be out) he ran back into the bedroom, not on tiptoe but, as he fancied, on wings. Two maid-servants with anxious looks on their faces were rearranging things there. Kitty was walking back and forth with her knitting in her hands, throwing the loops erratically as she gave the girls directions.

"I am going for the doctor. Lizaveta Petrovna has been sent for but I shall go and make sure. Anything you need? Shall I go for Dolly?"

She looked at him as if she did not hear what he said.

"Yes, yes. Go, do go," she murmured quickly, frowning and waving him off.

He was entering the drawing-room when suddenly he heard a pitiful moan come from the bedroom. He stopped

and for some time could not imagine who could have uttered it.

Ah, yes, Kitty, he said to himself and, throwing his hands over his ears, dashed down the stairs.

"Lord have mercy, forgive and support us," were the words that came unexpectedly to his lips. And he, an unbeliever, repeated them over and over, not with his lips alone. At this crucial moment he knew that his doubts, the inability of his reason to accept the tenets of faith, in no way kept him from appealing to God. All this fell away from his soul like ashes. To whom was he to appeal but to Him in Whose hands he felt himself, his soul, his love, were entrusted?

The horse was not ready yet and so, impelled by a tense accumulation of physical strength and a no less tense concentration of attention on the tasks before him, he set out on foot, fearing to lose a second, and told Kuzma to catch him up.

At the corner he met a hired sleigh rushing towards him. In this little sleigh sat Lizaveta Petrovna wearing a velvet jacket and with a shawl over her head. "Thank God, thank God!" he murmured as he joyfully recognized her little face framed in fair hair, looking very solemn, even severe. Without ordering the driver to halt, he turned back and ran beside the sleigh.

"Two hours? Not more?" she asked him. "Bring Pyotr Dmitrich, but don't hurry him. And get some opium at the chemist's shop."

"So you think everything may turn out all right? God be merciful, forgive us, help us!" repeated Levin as he saw his horse coming through the gate. Jumping into the sleigh beside Kuzma, he told him to drive to the doctor's.

14

The doctor had not yet got up and the servant said his master had "gone to bed late and given orders not to be waked but he would get up soon." The servant was

cleaning lamp chimneys and seemed to be putting his whole heart into it. Levin was at first shocked by the man's absorption in the glass chimneys and indifference to what was taking place at Levin's house, but then he told himself that no one understood or was obliged to understand his feelings; all the more reason why he must act calmly, decisively, and with careful consideration if he hoped to break through this wall of indifference. "Do not hurry and do not overlook anything," was the rule Levin laid down for himself, conscious that his store of physical strength was growing greater and greater, as was his concentration on the tasks that lay before him.

On hearing that the doctor had not yet got up, Levin chose the following plan from among the various ones that presented themselves to him: he would send Kuzma with a note to another doctor, he himself would go to the chemist's for opium and if when he came back the doctor was still not up, he would try to bribe the servant to wake him, and if this was ineffective he himself would wake up the doctor by fair means or foul.

At the chemist's shop a lean assistant was wrapping up some powders for a waiting coachman with the same indifference with which the servant cleaned lamp chimneys, and he refused to give Levin the opium. Making an effort not to be hasty or lose his temper, Levin named the doctor and the midwife, explained why the opium was needed and tried to persuade him to let him have it. The clerk called out in German to someone behind a partition, asking if he should give it to him and, receiving an affirmative answer, found a little medicine bottle and a funnel, slowly poured the opium out of a big bottle into the little one, pasted a label on it, sealed it despite Levin's request not to do so, and would have wrapped it up too, but Levin's patience was exhausted by this time and he seized the bottle out of the man's hands and ran out of the big glass doors. The doctor was still not up and the servant, who was now putting down carpets, refused

to wake him. Calmly and unhurriedly Levin drew a ten-ruble note out of his pocket-book and held it out to him as he explained with slow articulation but without losing time, that Pyotr Dmitrich (ah, what size and importance this once inconsequential Pyotr Dmitrich had acquired for him!) had promised to come at any time of the day or night, and that there was little danger of his being angry and therefore would he not please wake him up at once.

The servant consented and went upstairs, asking Levin to follow him to the waiting-room.

On the other side of the waiting-room door Levin could hear the doctor coughing, walking about, washing and mumbling to himself. Three minutes passed; they seemed like an hour to Levin. He found it impossible to wait any longer.

"Pyotr Dmitrich, Pyotr Dmitrich!" he implored through a crack in the door. "For God's sake forgive me, but do receive me just as you are. Two hours have passed already."

"Just a minute, just a minute," came the doctor's voice and to Levin's astonishment he could tell that the doctor was smiling as he said it.

"If you would just speak to me. . ."

"Just a minute."

Two more minutes passed while the doctor pulled on his boots and another two while he put on his clothes and combed his hair.

"Pyotr Dmitrich!" began Levin plaintively, but just then the doctor came out, all combed and dressed. These doctors have no conscience! said Levin to himself. Letting people die while they comb their hair!

"Good morning," said the doctor, holding out his hand and seeming to taunt him with his equanimity. "What's your hurry? Well?"

In his effort to be thorough Levin gave all sorts of superfluous details as to his wife's state, constantly inter-

rupting his account with pleas that the doctor go with him at once.

"Oh, there's no hurry. After all, you know nothing of such things. I doubt that my presence is needed but I promised to come and I suppose I shall. But not in a rush. Pray sit down. Have a cup of coffee?"

Levin threw him a glance that asked whether he were not making fun of him, but nothing was further from the doctor's mind.

"I know, I know," said the doctor with a smile. "I am a family man too; but at such moments we husbands could not be more useless. I have a patient whose husband always hides in the stable when this happens."

"But what is your opinion, Pyotr Dmitrich? Do you think it possible that everything will turn out all right?"

"Everything points to a safe delivery."

"And you will come with me now?" asked Levin, looking darkly at the servant who brought coffee at that moment.

"In an hour."

"Oh, no, for God's sake!"

"Well, do let me have my coffee in peace."

The doctor poured himself out some coffee. Neither of them spoke.

"Those Turks are certainly taking a beating. Have you read the latest dispatch?" asked the doctor as he munched a bun.

"This is insufferable!" cried Levin, leaping up. "Will you come in fifteen minutes?"

"In half an hour."

"For sure?"

When Levin got home he met his mother-in-law and together they went to the door of the bedroom. The old princess had tears in her eyes and her hands were trembling. She threw her arms round Levin's neck and wept.

"Oh, my dear, how is she?" she said to Lizaveta Petrov-

na who came out of the room with an anxious but radiant face.

"Everything is as it should be," she said. "Persuade her to lie down, it will be easier for her."

From the moment Levin woke up and comprehended what was happening he steeled himself to undergo the ordeal resolutely, without thinking about it, without anticipating eventualities, locking up his thoughts and feelings so as not to distress his wife but, on the contrary, to comfort and support her by his own show of courage. Not allowing his mind to dwell on what was taking place and how it would end, Levin in imagination prepared to take a grip on himself and endure the strain for some five hours, a time limit he set in accordance with the answers to his inquiries as to how long it usually took—a limit he was sure he could stand up to. But when he got back from the doctor's and saw her suffering again he found himself murmuring more frequently, "Lord have mercy, forgive and support us," throwing back his head and heaving deep sighs; and he was beset by the fear that he would not be able to endure it but would break down or run away. His anguish was unspeakable. And only one hour had passed.

And this hour was followed by another, by two, three, all five of the hours he had set as the limit of his endurance, and still the situation remained unchanged; and he went on enduring because there was nothing he could do but endure, convinced each minute that he had reached the end of his endurance and that his heart must surely break from suffering her suffering with her.

And still the minutes and hours dragged on, and with their passage his dread and anguish grew in strength and intensity.

The ordinary conditions without which life had been inconceivable no longer existed for him. He lost all sense of time. Now the minutes—those minutes when she called him to her and he held her damp hand, which one moment clutched his with extraordinary force and the next pushed

it away—seemed hours; now the hours seemed minutes. He was surprised when Lizaveta Petrovna asked him to light a candle behind the screen and he discovered that it was already five o'clock in the evening. Had they told him it was only ten in the morning he would have been just as surprised. He was as insensible of where he was as of the passage of time. He only saw her flushed face, now suffering and distraught, now smiling reassuringly at him. He saw the old princess, tense and flushed, her grey ringlets uncombed, biting her lip and swallowing back the tears that would come; he saw Dolly and the doctor, who was smoking one thick cigarette after another, and Lizaveta Petrovna with a firm, resolute and heartening face, and the old prince wandering from room to room with bent brows. But how they came and went and where they were he did not know. One moment the princess was with the doctor in the bedroom, the next she was in the study, where a table had been laid. Sometimes it was not she but Dolly. Later Levin recalled having been sent for something. Once he was asked to help bring in a table and couch. He eagerly brought them, thinking *she* needed them, learning only later that the table and couch were for himself. He was sent into the study to ask the doctor something. The doctor answered his question and began talking about a row in the Municipal Council. He was sent into the bedroom to fetch an icon in a gilded silver frame; he and the princess's old maid-servant climbed up on a wardrobe to take it down and in doing so they broke the lamp that hung in front of it and the princess's maid assured him Kitty would be all right and the lamp didn't matter and he brought the icon into the bedroom and placed it at the head of Kitty's bed, carefully slipping it down behind the pillows. But when and how and why all this was done he did not know. Nor did he know why the princess took him by the hand and looked at him pityingly and begged him to calm himself and Dolly urged him to eat something and led him out of the room

and even the doctor looked at him anxiously and sympathetically and offered him some drops.

The only thing he knew was that what was taking place here was similar to what had taken place the previous year on his brother Nikolai's death-bed in the hotel of that provincial town. But that had been grief and this was joy. And that grief and this joy were equally above and beyond the conditions of ordinary life; they were, so to speak, a chink in ordinary life through which a glimpse was caught of something beyond. And equally agonizing were the two happenings, and equally inaccessible were the heights to which the soul soared on contemplating the something beyond—heights to which it had never soared before and to which the reason was incapable of following it.

"Lord have mercy, forgive and support us," he kept repeating under his breath, and despite his long and what he had thought to be complete severance from God, he now found himself addressing Him as simply and trustingly as he had done in childhood and early youth.

All this time he experienced two different moods. One was when he was not with her but with the doctor, who smoked one fat cigarette after another and extinguished them on the rim of the cluttered ash-tray, or with Dolly and the prince, who spoke about dinner and politics and Maria Petrovna's illness, on which occasions Levin completely forgot for the moment what was taking place and was as one who has suddenly waked up; the other mood possessed him in her presence, sitting at the head of her bed where his heart was at the breaking point from suffering her suffering and still did not break, and where he prayed without cease. And when, waiting in the study, he was roused from a moment of forgetfulness by a cry coming from the bedroom, he was seized by the same illusion that had seized him at first: every time he heard her cry he jumped up and ran to defend himself, remembering only later, as he ran, that he was not to blame. His one desire was to guard and help her. But when he looked at

her he saw that he could not help her and this appalled him and he murmured, "Lord have mercy, forgive and support us." And the longer time dragged on, the stronger grew both moods: the more tranquil he became when not in her presence, quite forgetting about her, and the more anguished he was by her suffering and the knowledge that he was helpless to alleviate it. He would jump up with the desire to run away and would run to her.

There were moments when he was angry with her for calling him again and again. But as soon as he saw her submissive smiling face and heard her whisper, "I am torturing you," he was angry with God, but the very thought of God made him appeal for mercy and forgiveness again.

15

He did not know whether it was early or late. The candles were burning out. Dolly had just been in the study to suggest that the doctor should lie down. Levin was sitting in an armchair listening to the doctor's account of a fake mesmerist and watching the ashes grow at the end of his lighted cigar. It was in one of the lulls and he was in a mindless state. He had completely forgotten what was taking place and found he could listen to the doctor and even comprehend what he was saying. Suddenly a cry like no other was heard. So terrible was the cry that Levin did not even jump up but with bated breath fixed frightened and questioning eyes on the doctor. The doctor cocked his head, listened, then smiled approvingly. Everything was so far out of the ordinary that nothing could surprise Levin any more. I suppose this is as it should be, he concluded and remained sitting where he was. But who could have given that cry? Now he did jump up and go on tiptoe to the bedroom where Lizaveta Petrovna and the princess were, and took his place at the head of the bed. The cry had ceased but some change had taken place. He did not see or comprehend what the change was and he did not want

to see or comprehend it. He knew by Lizaveta Petrovna's face that it had taken place: Lizaveta Petrovna's face was pale and stern and as resolute as ever, but now her jaw was quivering and her eyes were glued to Kitty. Kitty's inflamed, haggard face with locks of wet hair plastered to it was turned to him seeking his eyes. Her raised hands sought his hands. He took her hot wet hands in his cold ones and pressed them to his face.

"Don't go away, don't go away! I'm not afraid, not afraid!" she said rapidly. "Mamma, take off my ear-rings, they're in the way. You're not afraid? Soon, soon, Lizaveta Petrovna."

She spoke rapidly and tried to smile, but suddenly her face became distorted and she pushed him away.

"Oh, this is awful! I shall die, I shall die! Go! Go!" she called out and once more let out that terrible cry that was like no other.

Levin seized his head in his hands and fled the room.

"Calm yourself, everything is going well," Dolly said to him as he passed.

Say what they would, he knew that doom had come. He stood in the next room with his head against the door-jamb listening to incredible shrieks and roars and knew they were coming from what had once been Kitty. He had long since lost all desire to have a child. He loathed the very thought of the child. He did not even want Kitty to live, he only wanted this terrible agony to end.

"Doctor! What is it? What is it? Good God!" he cried, seizing the arm of the approaching doctor.

"It's almost over," said the doctor. And his face looked so serious as he said it that Levin took the words *almost over* to mean she was dying.

Unaware of what he was doing, he ran back into the bedroom. The first thing he saw was Lizaveta Petrovna's face. It was more sombre and severe than before. Kitty's face was gone. The place where it had been was horrifying for the strain upon it and the sounds issuing from it. He

dropped his head upon the high wooden bedstead and felt that his heart was breaking. The dreadful screams became even more dreadful and when they appeared to have reached the uttermost extreme of dreadfulness they suddenly stopped. Levin could not believe his ears, but it was true. The screams were over and nothing was heard but a rustle, a quiet moving about, rapid breathing and her broken voice, alive and tender, saying with quiet happiness:

"It's all over."

He lifted his head. She lay with her arms stretched limp on the cover, still and inexpressibly sweet, looking at him in silence, vainly trying to smile.

And suddenly from that dreadful and mysterious other world in which he had been living for the last twenty-two hours he was transported to the former well-known world, now irradiated with such dazzling new happiness that he could not bear it. The taut strings snapped. Tears and sobs of happiness rose in him, racking his body and preventing him from speaking.

He fell on his knees beside the bed and held his wife's hand to his lips, covering it with kisses, and she responded to his kisses with a faint pressure of her fingers. Meanwhile at the foot of the bed, in the skilful hands of Lizaveta Petrovna, the life of a human being who had never existed before but who now would live and reproduce its kind on the same footing as other human beings and with the same significance for himself—this life was fluttering as a flame flutters at the end of a wick.

"Alive! Alive! And a boy! Have no more fear!" Levin heard Lizaveta Petrovna saying as she slapped the baby's back with a trembling hand.

"Is it true, mamma?" came Kitty's voice. The princess' quiet sobs were her only answer. But in the midst of the silence an indubitable answer was given by a new voice distinctly different from the hushed voices in the room. It was a brave, audacious cry, defiant of propriety, announc-

ing the arrival, nobody knew from where, of a brand-new human being.

If a while before Levin had been told that Kitty had died and he had died with her and their children were angels, he would not have been surprised; but now, having returned to the real world, it required an effort of imagination to realize that she was alive and well and that that squealing creature was his son. Kitty was alive and her sufferings were over. And he was unspeakably happy. This he understood and it was all the happiness he wanted. And the baby? Where had it come from? Why? Who was it? In no way could he comprehend or grow used to the idea of the baby. It was an incumbrance, a superfluity. It would take him a long time to accustom himself to it.

16

At something after nine o'clock in the evening the old prince, Koznishev and Oblonsky were sitting in Levin's drawing-room. Having exhausted the subject of the young mother, they began discussing other things. As he listened, Levin's mind wandered to recollections of what had just taken place and of what he himself had been like on the previous day. A hundred years seemed to have passed since then. He fancied he had been transported to some inaccessible height from which he deliberately descended so as not to offend those with whom he was talking. Levin took part in the conversation, but all the while he was thinking of his wife, of how she must be feeling at the moment and of his son, to whose existence he was trying to adjust himself. The world of women, which had taken on new and hitherto unsuspected meaning for him after his marriage, had now become such a great and lofty conception that his imagination could not embrace it. As he listened to a discussion of yesterday's dinner at the club he thought to himself: What is she doing now, has she fallen asleep? How is she feeling? What is she thinking? Is son Dmitri

crying? And in the middle of the conversation, in the middle of a sentence, he got up and went out of the room.

"Send someone to say whether I can go to her," said the old prince.

"I will," called back Levin without staying his steps, so anxious was he to reach her.

She was not sleeping, she was talking quietly to her mother, making plans for the baby's christening.

Washed, combed, wearing a fancy cap with something blue on it, she was lying on her back with her arms outside the blanket, and she met his glance with a glance that called him to her. Her eyes, always bright, grew brighter with every step that brought him nearer. Her face showed the change from the earthly to the unearthly that is seen on the faces of the dying; only with her it was hail, and with them it is farewell. Once more his heart became as agitated as when she was giving birth. She took his hand and asked him if he had slept. He could not answer and turned away, despising himself for being a weakling.

"I slept a little, Kostya," she said. "And now I feel lovely."

As she looked at him the expression of her face changed.

"Give him to me," she said, hearing the baby let out a little squeal. "Give him to me, Lizaveta Petrovna; I want my husband to see him."

"Yes indeed, papa must see him," said Lizaveta Petrovna, picking up something very queer, something red and wriggling. "But wait, we must get him ready first," and Lizaveta Petrovna put that something red and wriggling on the bed and began unwrapping it and then wrapping it up, lifting it and turning it over with a single finger and sprinkling something on it.

As he looked at that pathetic little mite Levin vainly tried to find some semblance of paternal feeling in his heart. He felt nothing but repugnance. But when the creature was unwrapped and he saw the wee little arms and legs, saffron-coloured, all of them with fingers and toes and

even with thumbs and big toes distinguished from the others, and when he saw Lizaveta Petrovna press down those outstretched arms like soft springs and fold soft linen round them, he felt such pity for this creature and such fear that she might injure it, that he put his hand on her arm.

Lizaveta Petrovna laughed.

"Don't be afraid, I shan't hurt him," she said.

When the baby was ready, converted into a firm cocoon, Lizaveta Petrovna tossed him up as if to show off her work and held him out so that Levin could get a better view of his son in all his splendour.

Kitty carefully followed all this out of the corner of her eye.

"Give him to me, give him to me!" she said, struggling to sit up.

"Come, Ekaterina Alexandrovna, you mustn't do that! Wait, I'll give him to you. First let us show his papa what a bouncing boy he is!"

And holding him in one arm, supporting the bobbing head with the other hand, she brought Levin this queer, red wriggling creature that kept hiding its face in its head wrappings. But this face had a nose, and sucking lips, and eyes that tended to cross.

"A fine baby!" said Lizaveta Petrovna.

Levin drew a disappointed sigh. The only feelings that fine baby evoked in him were pity and repugnance. Not at all what he had expected.

He turned away while Lizaveta Petrovna taught it to take the breast.

Suddenly a laugh made him turn round. Kitty was laughing. The baby had taken the breast.

"Well, enough for the first time," said Lizaveta Petrovna, but Kitty would not give him up. He fell asleep in her arms.

"Look at him now," said Kitty, turning him round so

that Levin could see him. The wizened little face screwed up and the child sneezed.

Smiling and touched almost to tears, Levin kissed his wife and went out of the darkened room.

What he felt for this tiny creature was not at all what he had expected to feel. There was nothing joyous or happy in his feeling; on the contrary, he was tortured by new fears; new fields of vulnerability had been opened up. And this new consciousness was so painful at first, the fear that this helpless creature might be injured was so strong, that he did not notice the strange feeling of senseless joy and even pride he had known when the baby sneezed.

17

Oblonsky's affairs were in a bad way.

He had already used up the money for two-thirds of the woods he had sold and had taken in advance all but ten percent of the remaining third. The merchant had refused to give him more, particularly since Dolly, asserting her right to the property for the first time, had refused to sign for the receipt of the final third. Oblonsky's entire salary went for household expenses and the payment of petty debts. He had no money at all.

This was awkward and unpleasant and in Oblonsky's opinion, a stop must be put to it. The reason for it, as he saw it, was that he received too small a salary. The post he held had been a very good one five years earlier but was so no longer. Petrov, a bank director, received twelve thousand; Sventitsky, a company director, received seventeen thousand; Mitin, founder of the bank, received fifty thousand. Evidently I've been napping and so have been passed over, Oblonsky said to himself. So he pricked up his ears and kept his eyes open and by the end of the winter he discovered a very suitable post on which he opened attack first in Moscow, through uncles and aunts and friends, then, when things seemed to be coming to a head, in St. Petersburg, to which he made a personal visit. It was

one of those posts offering salaries ranging from one to fifty thousand a year, which have now become more plentiful than were formerly the soft jobs rich in bribes. It was the post of Chairman of the Commission of the Consolidated Agency of Southern Railways and Banks. This post, like all such posts, required a greater amount of knowledge and energy than any single person could possess. Since no person combining these virtues was to be found, it was better to entrust the post to an honest rather than to a dishonest man. And Oblonsky was not only honest (without a stress), he was also hónest (with a stress), in the particular sense accorded the word in Moscow when speaking of an hónest official, an hónest writer, an hónest publication, an hónest organization, an hónest trend, meaning that the person or thing so designated was as a matter of course not dishonest and in addition was capable on occasion of taking a whack at the government. Oblonsky moved in Moscow circles that used the word in this connotation, he himself was considered an hónest man and therefore he had more right to the post than an ordinary man.

The salary offered was from seven to ten thousand a year and Oblonsky could fill the position without resigning his post at the ministry. His appointment depended upon two ministers, one lady and two Jews; and while all people concerned had been worked upon, it behoved Oblonsky to see them personally in St. Petersburg. Moreover, Oblonsky had promised his sister Anna to press Karenin for a final answer in respect to the divorce. And so, having begged fifty rubles from Dolly, he went to St. Petersburg.

As Oblonsky sat in Karenin's study listening to his brother-in-law's project for pulling Russia out of her critical financial state, he waited for him to finish so that he could speak of his own business and of Anna.

"Yes, that is very true," he said when Karenin, taking off the pince-nez without which he could no longer read, looked inquiringly at his former brother-in-law. "Very true

if examined point by point, but the fact is that the principle of our times is freedom."

"Yes, but I advance another principle which embraces the principle of freedom," said Karenin, placing special emphasis on the word "embraces" and putting his pince-nez on again so as to re-read the place in which this was stated.

And Karenin leafed through the manuscript written in a beautiful hand and with wide margins till he found and re-read to his listener this most convincing passage.

"It is not for the advantage of private interests but for the general welfare that I am against a protective system; it is for the poor and for the upper classes alike," he said, looking at Oblonsky over his pince-nez. "But *they* are unable to understand this, *they* are interested only in their personal welfare and entertain themselves with inventing phrases."

Oblonsky knew that as soon as Karenin began talking about what *they* thought and did, about those people who did not wish to accept his projects and who were the cause of all Russia's ills, he was coming to the end of his discourse. And so Oblonsky willingly relinquished the principle of freedom and agreed with him completely. Karenin stopped talking and sat there thoughtfully fingering the pages of his manuscript.

"Oh, by the way," said Oblonsky. "I wanted to ask you if you happen to see Pomorsky to put in a word for me as to that post which is free as Chairman of the Commission of the Consolidated Agency of Southern Railways and Banks."

The name of this post that he so coveted had become customary by much repetition and he rolled it glibly off his tongue.

Karenin asked what the activities of this new commission were to be and, when told, fell to considering them. He considered whether these activities might not in any way be in opposition to his project. But since the activities

of this new organization were very complicated and his project covered a very wide field he could not at the moment decide the question, so he took off his pince-nez and said:

"Unquestionably I can speak to him, but why should you wish to occupy that post?"

"It offers a good salary, up to nine thousand, and my circumstances–"

"Nine thousand," repeated Karenin, and frowned. Such a high salary reminded him that in this respect at least Oblonsky's proposed activities went against the very heart of his project, which aimed at economizing.

"I find, and have written of it in my paper, that such enormous salaries in our times are striking evidence of the wrong economic *assiette* of our management."

"And what would you have?" asked Oblonsky. "The director of a bank, say, receives ten thousand. And he is worth it. Or an engineer receives twenty thousand. Live undertakings, say what you will."

"I look upon salaries as the payment for a commodity, and as such they ought to conform to the law of supply and demand. If the naming of a salary does not conform to this law, as, for instance, when I see two engineers issue from an engineering school with equal knowledge and ability and one is given a salary of forty thousand and the other has to make do with only two thousand; or when I see an association appoint a lawyer or a Hussar director of a bank and pay him an enormous salary when neither the one nor the other has the slightest specialized training for the holding of such a position, I am forced to the conclusion that salaries are named not according to the law of supply and demand but for purely personal considerations. This, I contend, is an abuse as heinous for its own sake as for the evil influence it exerts on the civil service. I contend–"

Oblonsky hastened to interrupt him:

"Yes, but you must own that in this case a new and

highly beneficial institution is being founded–a live undertaking, say what you will. And the main thing is that they want it to fall into hónest hands," said Oblonsky, stressing the word.

But Karenin was not enlightened as to the Moscow meaning of *hónest.*

"Honesty is but a negative qualification," he said.

"But you will be doing me a great favour," said Oblonsky, "by saying a word to Pomorsky. You know, just in the course of conversation."

"But it depends more on Bolgarinov, I believe," said Karenin.

"Oh, Bolgarinov has already given his consent," said Oblonsky, blushing.

Oblonsky blushed at the mention of Bolgarinov because on that very morning he had been to see the Jew Bolgarinov and he had most unpleasant recollections of this visit. There was no doubt in Oblonsky's mind but that this new undertaking was a vital and honest one, yet that morning when Bolgarinov had made him wait for two hours along with other petitioners in his waiting-room, and had obviously done it deliberately, Oblonsky felt uneasy about it.

Whether it was because he, Prince Oblonsky, a descendant of Rurik, founder of the Russian state, should have been made to wait for two hours in a Jew's waiting-room, or whether it was because by entering into a new field of endeavour he was for the first time violating the tradition established by his forebears of always serving the government–whatever the reason, he felt extremely uncomfortable. But he assiduously hid his feeling from himself as well as from those about him in those two hours when he briskly paced the floor of the waiting-room, stroking his side-whiskers, exchanging remarks with the other petitioners and trying to invent a pun about how he had waited upon *Jew*-piter.

Yet all the while he felt uneasy and vexed without being

able to say why: perhaps because he was not quite satisfied with his pun: "How long, oh *Jew*-piter!" or "Jew-piter laughs." When at last Bolgarinov received him with ostentatious deference, clearly gloating over having humiliated him, and when he all but declined to help him, Oblonsky hastened to drive the incident out of his mind. That is why he blushed when Karenin reminded him of it.

18

"Now there is another matter I wish to speak to you about, and you know what it is. About Anna," said Oblonsky after a little pause in which he tried to free himself of the unpleasant impression.

The instant Oblonsky pronounced Anna's name Karenin's face underwent a complete change: its former vivacity was supplanted by weary lassitude.

"What, precisely, do you want of me?" he asked, shifting in his chair and clicking his pince-nez.

"A decision, some sort of decision, Alexei Alexandrovich. I appeal to you now. . ." ("not as to an injured husband," he had been about to say, but abruptly changed it, fearing it would damage his cause) ". . .not as to a public figure. . ." (which was hardly any better) ". . .but as to a human being, and a very kind human being, who is also a Christian. You must show her compassion," he said.

"That is . . . I don't quite understand," said Karenin softly.

"Yes, show her compassion. If you could see her as I have done–I have spent the entire winter with her–you would feel sorry for her. Her position is ghastly, yes, ghastly."

"I was under the impression," replied Karenin, his voice mounting to a screech, "that Anna Arkadievna had got what she herself wanted."

"For God's sake, Alexei Alexandrovich, let us not go in for recriminations! What is done is done, and you know

what she wants now and what she is waiting for: a divorce."

"I have been made to believe that in the contingency of my insisting on that she should leave me our son, Anna Arkadievna refuses a divorce. With that in mind I replied to her and believed the matter was settled. And I consider it settled," he screeched.

"For God's sake, do not get excited," said Oblonsky, laying a hand on his brother-in-law's knee. "The matter is not settled. If you will allow me to recapitulate, this is how things stand: when you parted you could not have been more magnanimous: you gave her everything–her freedom, even a divorce. And she appreciated it–oh, yes, she did indeed appreciate it. And to such an extent that in those first minutes, aware of the wrong she had done you, she did not and could not appraise the situation. She refused everything. But experience and time have shown her that her position is extremely painful, is in fact unendurable."

"Anna Arkadievna's life can be of no interest to me," interrupted Karenin with a lift of his eyebrows.

"Permit me not to believe that," objected Oblonsky gently. "Her position is painful for her without bringing benefit to anyone. You will say she got what she deserved. She knows it and therefore does not ask anything of you; she says openly that she does not dare ask anything of you. But I and all her relatives, all who love her, ask this of you and implore you to do it. Why should she suffer so? Who is the better for it?"

"I beg your pardon, but you seem to be implying some guilt on my part," murmured Karenin.

"No, not at all, but do try to understand me," said Oblonsky, putting out his hand and touching Karenin again, as if by touching he could soften him. "I am saying only one thing: her position is unendurable, and it is in your power to bring her relief without in any way injuring yourself. I will arrange everything so that you will not even be aware of it. After all, you did promise."

"I promised earlier. And I was given to understand that the question of my son's custody settled the matter. Furthermore, I had hoped that Anna Arkadievna would be sufficiently generous..." Karenin paled and could hardly pronounce the words with his quivering lips.

"She leaves everything to your generosity. She begs, she implores you to do only one thing: help her out of the unendurable position in which she now finds herself. She no longer asks for her son. Alexei Alexandrovich, you are a kind man. Enter into her position for a moment. For her, in her position, the question of divorce is a question of life or death. If you had not given her your promise earlier she would have reconciled herself to the situation and lived in the country. But you promised, she wrote to you and came to Moscow. And here in Moscow, where every encounter is like a stab in the heart, she has been living for six months expecting a decision every day. That is tantamount to keeping a man sentenced to death for months with the noose round his neck, now promising him death, now pardon. Do take pity on her, and besides, I agree to arrange everything myself. *Vos scrupules...*"

"I am not speaking of that, of that..." interrupted Karenin squeamishly. "But I may have promised that which I had no right to promise."

"Then you withdraw your promise?"

"I never refuse to do that which I consider possible, but I wish to have time to consider whether or not the fulfilling of this promise is possible."

"Oh, no, Alexei Alexandrovich!" said Oblonsky, jumping to his legs. "I do not wish to believe such a thing. No woman could be more miserable than she is, and yet you would refuse her–"

"Whether or not the fulfilling of this promise is possible. *Vous professez d'être un libre penseur.* But I, as a believer, cannot take any measure violating Christian law, especially in such an important matter."

"But so far as I know Christians everywhere, and here

too, allow of divorce," said Oblonsky. "Divorce is permitted by our church. And we see–"

"Permitted, but not in that sense."

"I positively do not recognize you, Alexei Alexandrovich," said Oblonsky after a little pause. "Was it not you who forgave her everything? And did not we appreciate the magnanimity of it? And was it not you who, moved precisely by Christian sentiments, agreed to sacrifice all? You yourself said 'If a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also,' and now–"

"I must ask you," screeched Karenin as he struggled to his feet, white and with a shaking lower jaw. "I must ask you to stop this talk, stop it, stop it!"

"Oh, but . . . Very well, very well, forgive me if I have distressed you," said Oblonsky with an embarrassed smile, holding out his hand. "After all, I only came as an emissary and have said what I was asked to say."

Karenin gave him his hand, reflected a moment, then said:

"I must consider the matter and seek direction. I will give you a final answer the day after tomorrow," he announced, apparently having something in view.

19

Oblonsky was about to leave when Kornei came in to say:

"Sergei Alexeyich, sir."

Oblonsky was about to ask who Sergei Alexeyich was when he remembered.

"Ah, Sergei!" he said. "I thought Sergei Alexeyich must be at least a Department Director." He recalled that Anna had asked him to see her son. He remembered the meek, plaintive look with which, on seeing him off, she had said:

"Do see him. And find out all about him, where he lives, who takes care of him. And oh, Steve, if only it were possible. . . ! Do you suppose it could be possible?" Oblonsky

knew what "if only it were possible" meant. If only it were possible to arrange the divorce so that she could have her son. Now he saw there could be no thought of such a thing. But he was glad to see his nephew.

Karenin reminded his brother-in-law that no one ever mentioned his mother to his son and he begged him not to do so.

"He was very ill after that meeting with his mother which unfortunately we did not foresee," said Karenin. "We feared for his life. But proper medical treatment and sea baths in the summer brought him round; now we have put him in school on the doctor's advice. Companionship with children of his own age has had a salutary effect; he is now perfectly well and a good scholar."

"Oh, what a fine chap! Not Sergei any more, but a whole Sergei Alexeyich!" said Oblonsky with a smile as a good-looking broad-shouldered boy in a blue jacket and long trousers came in briskly and without the slightest constraint. He looked healthy and happy. He bowed to his uncle as to a stranger, but on recognizing him he blushed and hurried to turn away as if someone had hurt and angered him. He went up to his father and handed him a report on the marks he had received in school.

"Quite satisfactory," said his father. "You may go."

"He has grown and got thinner, he is a real boy, no longer a child. And a fine boy," said Oblonsky. "Do you remember me?"

The boy shot his father a quick glance.

"I remember you, *mon oncle*," he replied, looking at his uncle, then lowering his eyes.

His uncle beckoned him over and took his hand.

"Well, how are things?" he asked, eager to speak to him but not knowing what to say.

The boy blushed and did not answer and cautiously withdrew his hand. As soon as Oblonsky released his grasp, the boy glanced inquiringly at his father, then swiftly left the room like a bird set free.

A year had passed since Sergei last saw his mother. And not once in all that time had he heard her mentioned. In that same year he was sent to school, where he got to know and love his school-fellows. The dreams and recollections of his mother that had caused his illness no longer visited him. If he found them intruding he would vigorously drive them away as shameful sentiments worthy only for girls, certainly not of a boy who was the companion of other boys. He knew that his mother and father had quarrelled and separated and that he was to remain with his father, and so he did his best to adapt himself to circumstances.

He was displeased to see this uncle who looked like his mother because it roused in him the recollections he found shameful. He was particularly displeased because the words he had overheard exchanged between him and his father while he waited at the door, and the expression of their faces when he entered the room, told him they were talking about his mother. He did not wish to find fault with his father, with whom he lived and on whom he depended, and above all he did not want to succumb to the sentiments he considered shameful, and so he endeavoured not to look at this uncle who had come to disturb his peace of mind, and he did not allow himself to think about the things his uncle reminded him of.

Yet when Oblonsky followed him out of the room and, seeing him on the stairs, called him over and asked how the boys amused themselves between lessons at school, Sergei was not averse to talking to him in the absence of his father.

"What we do now is play railway," he replied. "This is how we do it: two fellows sit down on a bench–they're the passengers–and one stands up on it. All the rest haul it. You can do it with your hands or with your belts. And we ride through all the rooms. First we open the doors. It's not easy for the conductor, I can tell you!"

"The chap standing up?" asked Oblonsky with a smile.

"Uh-huh, and he's got to be quick I can tell you, es-

pecially when the train stops all of a sudden or somebody falls off."

"I can see it's a serious business," said Oblonsky, looking sadly at these lively eyes so like his mother's, no longer a child's eyes, no longer completely without guile. And while he had promised Karenin not to mention Anna to him, he could not desist.

"Do you remember your mother?" he asked suddenly.

"No, I don't," said Sergei curtly; a frown and a flush came over his face. His uncle could not get another word out of him.

Half an hour later his tutor found him on the stairs and could not make out whether he was crying or moping.

"Hurt yourself when you fell down?" he asked the boy. "I warned you it was a dangerous game. I must speak to the headmaster."

"If I'd hurt myself nobody would have found out, you can take my word for that!"

"Then what is the trouble?"

"Leave me alone! Do I remember! What business is it of his? Why should I remember? Leave me alone!" he said less to the tutor than to the world at large.

20

As usual, Oblonsky did not waste any time in St. Petersburg. Besides tending to the matter of his sister's divorce and his own appointment, he had as usual to refresh himself after Moscow's stuffy air, as he put it.

For all its *cafés chantans* and omnibuses, Moscow was a stagnant bog. Oblonsky was always conscious of this. In Moscow, especially within the confines of his family, he felt his spirits droop. If he lived there long without the relief of a journey elsewhere he found himself worrying about his wife's black moods and nagging, the health and upbringing of his children and the petty interests of his office. He even worried about his debts. He had but to go

to St. Petersburg and enter those circles in which he had always moved and in which people *lived* and did not merely exist as in Moscow, for all these worries to melt like wax in a flame.

His wife? Only today he had had a talk with Prince Chechensky. Prince Chechensky had a wife and family, grown boys in the Corps of Pages, and he had another, illegitimate, family where he also had children. Excellent as was the first family, Prince Chechensky felt happier in the second one. He took his eldest son with him to visit the second family and told Oblonsky he found this beneficial for his son, it broadened his views. What would they think of such a thing in Moscow?

His children? In St. Petersburg children did not bother their parents. Children were put into schools to be educated and no one had that preposterous idea, as did Lvov, for instance, that children should enjoy all the luxuries of life and their parents should know only work and anxiety. Here they understood that a person ought to live for himself, that this was the only way of life for educated people.

His work? Here work, too, was not the heavy, hopeless yoke he bore in Moscow; here it held some interest. Encounters, favours, well-turned phrases, a talent for mimicry when telling jokes—and a fellow had made a career for himself, like that Bryantsev whom Oblonsky had met the previous day and who was now a top functionary. Such work was interesting.

But the thing that soothed Oblonsky above everything else was the St. Petersburg attitude towards pecuniary matters. On the previous day Bartnyansky, who must be spending at least fifty thousand a year judging by his scale of living, had pronounced some remarkable words.

In conversation with him before dinner, Oblonsky had said:

"I believe you are a close friend of Mordvinsky's. I would greatly appreciate your dropping a few words to

him in my favour. There's a certain post I should like to occupy: Chairman of the–"

"Oh, don't bother, I won't remember it anyway. But why should you want to have dealings with those Jews and their railways? Filthy, if you ask me."

Oblonsky did not try to tell him it was a live undertaking; Bartnyansky would not have understood.

"I'm hard up, haven't enough to live on."

"Well, you're living, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm in debt."

"You are? Much?" asked Bartnyansky sympathetically.

"Very much. About twenty thousand."

Bartnyansky burst out laughing.

"Oh, you lucky fellow!" he said. "I'm in for a million and a half and with nothing behind me, but as you see I make out first-rate."

Oblonsky was convinced of this not by words alone but by what he saw on every hand. Zhivakhov owed thirty thousand and not a copper did he have to his name, but still he went on living, and living very well. Count Krivtsov had long since been considered done for, yet he kept two mistresses. Petrovsky had gone through five millions, but he in no way changed his mode of life and even held a high post in the world of finance, for which he received a salary of twenty thousand a year.

In addition to all this, St. Petersburg had a salutary effect on Oblonsky physically. He felt younger there. In Moscow he kept examining his grey hairs, fell asleep after dinner, stretched himself and climbed stairs slowly, breathing heavily, felt listless with young ladies and did not dance at balls. St. Petersburg took ten years off his shoulders.

He felt in St. Petersburg as his sixty-year-old cousin Prince Pyotr Oblonsky had described to him. Pyotr Oblonsky had just come back from abroad.

"We don't know how to live here," said Pyotr Oblonsky. "Would you believe it?–I spent the summer in Baden and

by Jove I felt like a young man! Every time I saw a pretty young lady my thoughts . . . er . . . h'm! Always took a drop with my dinner and felt strong and fit as a fiddle. Came back to Russia, had to join my wife—out in the country at that—and, well, in a fortnight I was back in my dressing-gown and had given up changing for dinner. As for thoughts of young ladies!... An old man, that's what. Nothing left but to think of the salvation of my soul. Then I went to Paris—everything tip-top again!"

Oblonsky felt just as Pyotr did. In Moscow he let himself go to such an extent that if he stayed there long enough without a break he would certainly reach the salvation-of-his-soul stage. But as soon as he got to St. Petersburg he was in full feather again.

The relations between Princess Betsy Tverskaya and Oblonsky were singular and of long standing. Oblonsky jocularly flirted with her and just as jocularly made improper remarks that he knew she enjoyed. On the day following his conversation with Karenin he called on her, feeling so youthful that he went too far with his flirting and got into a fix from which he hardly knew how to extricate himself; unfortunately he more than disliked her; he had an aversion for her; but the princess liked him exceedingly, and it was this that set the tone of their intercourse. Under the circumstances he was greatly relieved when the arrival of Princess Myakaya put an end to their tête-à-tête.

"And *you* are here!" said Princess Myakaya on catching sight of him. "And how is your poor sister? Don't look at me in that way," she added. "Ever since people who are a hundred times worse than she turned against her, I have been of the opinion that she behaved admirably. I cannot forgive Vronsky for not letting me know she was in St. Petersburg. I would have called on her and gone about with her everywhere. Pray give her my love. And now tell me all about her."

"Of course her position is very hard," began Oblonsky,

in his simplicity of heart taking the princess's "tell me all about her" as expressing genuine interest. As was her custom, Princess Myakaya forthwith interrupted him and did all the talking herself.

"She only did what everybody but me does, only they do it clandestinely and she did it openly, without deceit; and very right she was. And the best thing she did was to leave that stupid brother-in-law of yours, begging your pardon. Everybody said he was so clever, so clever! I was the only one who said he was a fool. Now that he has joined forces with Lydia Ivanovna and that Landau everyone admits he is a fool and I would be glad to disagree with them but in this case it is impossible."

"Pray explain to me the meaning of it," said Oblonsky. "Yesterday I went to speak to him in my sister's behalf and asked him for a final answer. He did not give me an answer, saying he would have to think it over, and this morning instead of an answer I received an invitation to go and see Countess Lydia Ivanovna this evening."

"You see?" Princess Myakaya picked up joyously. "They want to ask Landau what the answer is to be."

"Landau? Why? Who is Landau?"

"What? You don't know Jules Landau, *le fameux, Jules Landau, le clairvoyant*? He is an idiot too, but on him depends your sister's fate. That's what comes of living in the provinces–you don't know anything! This Landau, a *commis* in a Paris shop, went to the doctor one day. He fell asleep in the doctor's waiting-room and in his sleep began giving advice to the other patients. Amazing advice. Yuri Meledinsky's wife–he is ill, you know–heard about Landau and brought him to her husband. He is still treating him. So far as I can see he has done him no good for the poor man is as weak as ever, but they believe in him and take him with them wherever they go. They brought him back to Russia with them. Here everyone threw themselves at his feet and he is treating them all. He cured Countess

Bezzubov and she became so fond of him that she adopted him."

"Adopted him?"

"Yes, adopted him. He is no longer Landau, he is Count Bezzubov. But that's not the point; Lydia–I am very fond of Lydia but she is a little off her chump–naturally Lydia couldn't wait to get her hands on him and now neither she nor Karenin decide any question without consulting Landau. That is why the fate of your sister is in the hands of Landau, or rather Count Bezzubov."

21

Having partaken of an excellent dinner and imbibed a large quantity of cognac at Bartnyansky's, Oblonsky went to see Countess Lydia Ivanovna a little after the appointed time.

"Who is with the countess?" Oblonsky asked the porter on seeing, beside Karenin's familiar coat, a strange and unpretentious coat with unusual fastenings.

"Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin and Count Bezzubov," replied the porter solemnly.

Princess Myakaya was right, thought Oblonsky as he mounted the stairs. Very odd! But I must try to get into her good graces. She is very influential. If she speaks to Pomorsky the matter will be settled.

It was still light outside but the lamps were lit in Countess Lydia Ivanovna's little drawing-room, where the curtains were drawn over the windows.

The countess and Karenin were sitting at a round table with a lamp on it, talking quietly. A rather small thin man with womanish hips and knock-kneed legs, with a pale handsome face remarkable for its beautiful radiant eyes, and with long hair resting on his coat collar, was standing at the other end of the room studying the portraits on the wall. When Oblonsky had greeted the mistress of the house and Karenin, he could not help letting his eyes wander back to the stranger.

"Monsieur Landau," the countess said to him; he was struck by the soft guardedness of her voice. She introduced them.

Landau quickly looked round, came near, smiled and put a limp moist hand into Oblonsky's and instantly went back to resume his perusal of the portraits. The countess and Karenin exchanged meaning looks.

"I am happy to see you, especially on this day," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna, motioning Oblonsky to a seat beside Karenin.

"I introduced him to you as Landau," she said under her breath, looking first at the Frenchman and then at Karenin, "but actually he is Count Bezzubov, as you no doubt have heard. But he dislikes the title."

"Yes, I have heard," replied Oblonsky. "They say he completely cured Countess Bezzubov."

"She was here today, the poor dear," said the countess, turning to Karenin. "This separation is dreadful for her. Such a blow!"

"Is he definitely going?" asked Karenin.

"Yes, to Paris. Yesterday he heard the voice," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna, this time turning to Oblonsky.

"Ah, the voice," repeated Oblonsky, aware that he must be on his guard in this drawing-room where something extraordinary was taking place or was about to take place, something to which he had not yet found the key.

A moment of silence ensued, after which Countess Lydia Ivanovna, as if broaching the main subject of conversation, said to Oblonsky with a subtle smile:

"I have been acquainted with you for a long time and am happy to deepen our acquaintance. *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis.* But in order to be friends we must give consideration to the state of our friend's soul, and I fear you have neglected to do this in respect to Alexei Alexandrovich. You understand what I mean?" she asked, lifting her beautiful pensive eyes to Oblonsky's face.

"Partly, Countess; I understand that Alexei Alexandro-

vich's position..." began Oblonsky, not really understanding what was meant and therefore trying to be vague.

"The change of his position is not an outer one," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna solemnly, at the same time following Karenin, who had got up and gone over to Landau, with a loving eye. "It is his heart that has changed, he has been granted a new heart, and I fear you do not thoroughly appreciate the change that has taken place in him."

"I believe I can grasp the main features of this change. He and I have always been friends, and now..." said Oblonsky, returning the countess's glance with a tender glance of his own, reckoning the while which of two ministers she was closer to, so as to know which of them he should ask her to speak to on his behalf.

"The change that has taken place in him cannot lessen the love he feels for others; on the contrary, the change that has taken place in him must increase his love. But I fear you do not understand me. Will you have some tea?" she said, turning her eyes to the footman who was offering tea on a tray.

"Not entirely, Countess. It goes without saying that his misfortune–"

"A misfortune that has become the greatest fortune, for he has been granted a new heart that is filled with Him," she said, gazing at Oblonsky with eyes brimming with love.

Upon my word, I think I may ask her to speak to both of them, Oblonsky said to himself; then, out loud: "I see, Countess, but it seems to me such a change is so deeply personal that no one, not even one's best friend, would dare speak of it."

"On the contrary! We must talk about such things and help one another."

"Oh, yes, unquestionably, but people are of such different persuasions ... and besides..." said Oblonsky with a gentle smile.

"There can be no differences in questions of sacred truth."

"No, no indeed," Oblonsky murmured uncomfortably and said no more. He realized at last that the talk was about religion.

"I believe he is falling asleep," said Karenin in a whisper pregnant with meaning as he came up to Lydia Ivanovna.

Oblonsky looked round. Landau was sitting at the window, his head drooping, his body leaning against the arm and back of the chair. Sensing their eyes upon him, he lifted his head and gave them an artless, child-like smile.

"Pay no attention to him," said Lydia Ivanovna, lightly pulling up Karenin's chair for him. "I have observed–," she began, but was interrupted by a footman bringing her a letter. Lydia Ivanovna ran her eyes over it quickly, excused herself, wrote a reply with extraordinary dispatch and came back to the table. "I have observed," she said, resuming her interrupted thought, "that no people are as indifferent to religion as are the people of Moscow, especially the men."

"Oh, no, Countess; I believe the people of Moscow are celebrated for their firmness of faith," objected Oblonsky.

"But you, so far as I can judge, unfortunately belong to the indifferent ones," said Karenin with a weary smile.

"How is it possible to be indifferent!" said Lydia Ivanovna.

"It is not that I am indifferent, but that I am living in anticipation," said Oblonsky with his most conciliatory smile. "I believe the time has not yet come for me to consider such questions."

Lydia Ivanovna and Karenin exchanged glances.

"We cannot know whether the time has come or not," said Karenin severely. "It is not for us to decide whether we are ready or not. The Holy Spirit is not subject to human considerations; it has been known to withhold itself from those who strive for it and to descend upon those who are unprepared, as with Saul."

"No, not yet it seems," said Lydia Ivanovna, who was watching the Frenchman's every move.

Landau got up and came over to them.

"May I be allowed to listen?" he asked.

"Indeed you may, I did not wish to disturb you," said Lydia Ivanovna, looking at him tenderly. "Here, sit with us."

"One must not shut one's eyes if one would see the light," went on Karenin.

"Ah, if only you knew the joy we experience from the constant awareness of His presence within us," said Countess Lydia Ivanovna with a rapturous smile.

"But a person may feel that he is incapable of rising to such heights," said Oblonsky, conscious of his hypocrisy in acknowledging religion as a height, yet unwilling to declare himself a free-thinker to one who by saying a single word to Pomorsky could secure him the desired post.

"You wish to say that the sins of such a one make it impossible?" said Lydia Ivanovna. "But that is a false conception. There is no sin for those who believe; our sins have been atoned for. *Pardon,*" she said, seeing the footman approach her with another note. This time she answered it by word of mouth: "Tell the messenger–tomorrow, at the Grand Duchess's. No, there is no sin for true believers," she went on.

"Yes, but faith without works is dead," said Oblonsky, recalling this phrase from the catechism and defending his independence with a smile.

"There you are, that quotation from the epistle of St. James again," said Karenin with disapprobation, referring to something he and Lydia Ivanovna had obviously discussed before. "What harm the misinterpretation of this verse causes! Nothing turns people away from the faith as does this misinterpretation. 'I have no works, I can have no faith', whereas nothing of the sort is said. Indeed quite the opposite is said."

"To labour for the Lord, to win salvation through labour

and fasting," said Lydia Ivanovna with contempt,"–that is an invention of our monks. Nowhere are we exhorted to this. Everything is much simpler and easier," she said, turning upon Oblonsky the reassuring smile she turned upon young maids-of-honour overawed by the unfamiliar surroundings of the court.

"We are saved through Christ, who suffered for us. We are saved by faith," confirmed Karenin, glancing at the countess to show his approval.

"*Vous comprenez l'anglais?*" Lydia Ivanovna asked, and when Oblonsky replied that he did understand English, she got up and began looking for a book on her shelf.

"I wish to read you something from 'Safe and Happy', or 'Under the Wing'," she said, looking questioningly at Karenin. She found the book and came back to the table with it. "Just a short piece. A description of the way in which faith is acquired and the happiness exceeding all earthly happiness it brings the soul. A believer cannot be unhappy, because he is not alone. But you shall see." She was just about to begin reading when the footman came in again. "Borozdina? Tell her tomorrow at two. Yes," she said, putting her finger between the pages where the chosen passage was and with a deep sigh gazing into space with her beautiful pensive eyes, "that is the reward of true faith. Do you know Maria Sanina? And have you heard of her misfortune? She lost her only child. And what do you suppose? She found the True Friend and now she thanks God for the death of her child. That is the happiness that comes of true faith!"

"Ah, that is very . . . er. . ." murmured Oblonsky, pleased that she was about to read and give him a chance to pull himself together. Hm, looks as if I had better not ask for anything today, he thought. If only I can escape without putting my foot in it!

"You will find it dull, not knowing English," said the Countess to Landau. "But it is very short."

"I will understand," said Landau with that same smile, and he closed his eyes.

Karenin and Lydia Ivanovna exchanged significant glances and the reading began.

22

Oblonsky was completely bewildered by the strange things he heard spoken that evening. The diversity of St. Petersburg life always stimulated him and brought him out of his Moscow torpor. He understood and enjoyed the diversity within circles he found congenial and to which he was accustomed; he was stunned, perplexed and confounded by all he experienced in this uncongenial circle. As he listened to Countess Lydia Ivanovna and felt the eyes of Landau fixed upon him artlessly or impishly–he could not decide which–his head became as heavy as lead.

All sorts of thoughts floated through his mind: Maria Sanina is glad her child died... A cigarette would be just the thing now... To be saved a person only has to believe, and the monks don't know how to achieve this but Countess Lydia Ivanovna does... Why should my head feel so heavy? From the cognac I drank or from all the weird things they are saying?... So far I don't seem to have done anything improper. But I mustn't ask for anything... I've heard they force people to pray. I hope they don't do it to me. That would be too silly for words... What's that nonsense she's reading? A fine English pronunciation she's got... Landau-Bezzubov. Why Bezzubov? Suddenly Oblonsky felt his jaws irrepressibly stretching in a yawn. He patted down his side-whiskers to hide the yawn and shook himself. But the next moment he knew he was falling asleep and was about to snore. He came to on hearing Countess Lydia Ivanovna say, "He's asleep".

Oblonsky sat up in fright, feeling caught and guilty. But presently he was relieved to discover that "he's asleep" referred not to him but to Landau. The Frenchman had fallen asleep just as he had. But Oblonsky knew they

would be offended by his falling asleep (although everything was so queer he was not even sure of this), whereas they were delighted, Lydia Ivanovna in particular, when Landau fell asleep.

"Mon ami," murmured Lydia Ivanovna, cautiously gathering up the folds of her gown so as not to make a sound, and in her excitement calling Karenin not Alexei Alexandrovich but *mon ami, "donnez lui la main. Vous voyez?* Shhh!" she warned the footman who had just entered. "I will see no one."

The Frenchman was sleeping or pretending to sleep with his head against the back of the chair while with the moist hand lying on his knee he made little movements as if trying to catch something. Karenin got up with great care (even so he caught his foot in the table leg) and went over to the Frenchman and laid his hand on his. Oblonsky got up too, opening wide his eyes to make sure he was not asleep, and stared first at one, then at the other. No, he was not asleep. He could feel his head growing heavier and heavier.

"Que la personne qui est arrivée la dernière, celle qui demande, qu'elle sorte! Qu'elle sorte!" whispered the Frenchman without opening his eyes.

"Vous m'excuserez, mais vous voyez... Revenez vers dix heures, encore mieux demain."

"Qu'elle sorte!" repeated the Frenchman impatiently.

"C'est moi, n'est ce pas?"

Assured that he was the one the Frenchman was asking to leave the room, Oblonsky forgot that he had come to beg a favour of Lydia Ivanovna, forgot all about his sister's commission and, driven by the single desire to quit the room as quickly as possible, he tiptoed to the door and ran out into the street as out of a house infected with the plague. Once in a cab, he talked and joked with the driver in the effort to regain his equanimity.

In the French Theatre at which he arrived in time for the last act, and then at the Tartar tavern where he went

for champagne, he caught his breath, so to speak. Even so, he was not himself the rest of the evening.

When he got back to Pyotr Oblonsky's house where he was stopping in St. Petersburg, he found a note from Princess Betsy. She wrote that she was anxious to continue the conversation they had begun and asked him to call on her the following day. Scarcely had he read the note and made a wry face, when from downstairs came the thumping steps of men carrying a heavy object.

Oblonsky went to see what it was. It was his rejuvenated cousin Pyotr. He was too drunk to mount the stairs, but when he saw Steve he had them set him on his legs and threw himself on his neck and went into the room with him, where he began telling him about how he had spent the evening and fell asleep before he finished.

Oblonsky was in low spirits, a rare thing with him, and could not sleep. Everything he recalled was loathsome, but most loathsome of all was his recollection of the evening spent with Countess Lydia Ivanovna, which flavoured of a personal disgrace.

On the following day he received Karenin's positive refusal to give Anna a divorce, and Oblonsky realized that this decision was based on what the Frenchman had told them in his real or feigned trance.

23

In order to make any decision relating to the family, it is necessary that the husband and wife be in complete discord or in loving harmony. When the relations between them are neither the one nor the other but in a state of uncertainty, no important undertaking can be decided upon.

Many families go on living for years in a place obnoxious to both husband and wife only because there is neither complete harmony nor complete discord between them.

Both Vronsky and Anna found the heat and dust of Moscow insufferable at a season when the pleasant warmth

of spring sunshine had been replaced by the blaze of summer, when the trees of the boulevards had long been in full leaf and the leaves were already covered with dust; yet they did not go to the country as they had agreed to do earlier but went on living in the detested Moscow only because there was no longer harmony between them.

The rancour that separated them had no apparent cause and every attempt at an explanation not only failed to remove but even augmented it. It was a deep-seated rancour based for her on the diminishing of his love, and for him on his regret that for her sake he had placed himself in a difficult position which she, instead of alleviating, only made more difficult. Neither he nor she gave voice to the reason for their rancour, but each considered the other to be in the wrong and used every pretext to prove it.

Vronsky with all his thoughts, habits and desires, with all his moral and physical attributes, represented only one thing for her: a lover. And his love, which she felt ought to be given solely to herself, was diminishing; accordingly, as, she reasoned, he must be giving part of it to other women or another woman. And she was jealous. She was made jealous not by any particular woman but by his diminishing love. And since she had no concrete object for her jealousy, she set herself to find one. A mere hint was enough to make her shift her jealousy from one object to another. At one time she was jealous of those coarse women whom his bachelor state made easily accessible to him; at another she was jealous of the women he associated with in society; at still another she was jealous of an imaginary young girl he intended marrying after severing his ties with her, Anna. It was this last apprehension that tortured her most of all, especially since he had been so imprudent as to tell her in a moment of candour that his mother was so far from understanding him that she kept urging him to marry Princess Sorokina.

In her jealousy Anna was resentful and was always finding justification for her resentment. She blamed him for

all the discomforts of her position. Everything was his fault: the agonizing state of uncertainty in which she was kept in Moscow, suspended between heaven and earth; Karenin's delay and vacillation; the loneliness of her life. If he truly loved her he would see the bitterness of her position and find a means of putting an end to it. It was his fault that she was living in Moscow instead of the country, where she longed to be. He could not endure the thought of burying himself in the country; he must be in society. And so he kept her in this dreadful position and refused to see what it was costing her. It was even his fault that she had been separated forever from her son.

Not even the rare moments of tenderness they enjoyed could placate her; she now detected in his tenderness a tinge of self-assurance and complacency he had never shown before, and this irritated her.

It was early in the evening. Anna was alone, walking up and down Vronsky's study (the room most protected from street sounds) waiting for him to come home from a bachelor dinner, and as she walked she went over in her mind the details of a quarrel they had had on the day before. By tracing back all the harsh words to their source she was brought to the beginning of their conversation. She could scarcely believe that a quarrel could have sprung out of such innocent and unimpassioned matter. Yet that is what had happened. It all began with his making fun of schools for girls, which he considered unnecessary, and her defending them. He was contemptuous of feminine education generally and asserted that Hannah, the English girl Anna had taken under her wing, had no need for a knowledge of physics.

This irritated her. She fancied his contempt cast a slur on the things she occupied herself with, and so she thought of something to say that would repay him for the wound he had inflicted.

"I do not expect you to honour me and my feelings as

one who loved another would certainly do, but at least you might show me some consideration," she said.

He reddened with vexation and said something unpleasant. She did not remember her retort but then, obviously to cause her pain, he had said:

"I must confess that your devotion to that girl does not impress me because I find it unnatural."

The heartlessness with which he tore down the edifice she had built up with such effort to protect herself from her hard life, and the injustice with which he accused her of being unnatural, was more than she could bear.

"I find it a great pity that only crudely materialistic things appear natural and comprehensible to you," she said, and walked out of the room.

When they met later in the evening they did not speak of their quarrel, but both of them were aware that it had been merely glossed over, not forgotten.

He had not been home all this day, and she felt so lonely and was made so wretched by the remembrance of their quarrel that she longed to have it forgotten and forgiven, to make it up with him, to take all the blame upon herself and acquit him.

It's all my fault. I am irritable and inconceivably jealous. I will make it up with him and we will go to the country; I will feel more tranquil there, she said to herself.

Unnatural! she suddenly remembered, wounded less by the word than by his intention of causing her pain.

I know what he wanted to say; he wanted to say it was unnatural not to love your own child and to love another's. What does he know about love for children, about my love for Sergei, which I sacrificed for his sake? He only said it to wound me! Yes, he loves another woman, there can be no other explanation.

But when she saw that in her desire to pacify herself she had again gone back in her mind over the path covered so many times, and when she discovered it had brought her back to the same state of rancour, she was horrified. Is it

really impossible? Can I really not take myself in hand? she asked herself, and began all over again. He is honest and upright and he loves me. And I love him. And any day now the divorce will be granted. What more can I want? I must be calm and trustful; I must take a grip on myself. Yes, when he comes home I will tell him I was to blame, though I was not really to blame, and we will go away.

And so as not to think about it any more and not to give way to her rancour, she rang for the maid and had them bring the trunks to be packed for the country.

Vronsky came home at ten o'clock.

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"Well, did you enjoy yourself?" she asked with a timid, guilty look as she came out to greet him.

"The usual thing," he replied, a glance at her face telling him she was in one of her well-disposed moods. He was used to her fluctuations of temper by this time and he welcomed today's change because he himself was in the best of humours.

"What do I see? Well, I am very glad," he said, pointing to the trunks in the hall.

"Yes, we must go. I went out for a ride today and it was so pleasant I longed for the country. There is nothing to keep you here, is there?"

"I want nothing so much. I shall come back directly and we will talk it over. Have them bring tea."

And he went into his study.

There was something hurtful in the way he had said, "Well, I am very glad", as to a child who has come out of the sulks; but even more hurtful was the contrast between her guilty tone and his complacent one, and for a moment she felt rising within her the desire for conflict; but she suppressed it and met Vronsky in the same cheerful mood.

When he returned she told him how she had spent her day and her arrangements for moving, partly repeating words she had prepared beforehand.

"It dawned upon me as quite an inspiration," she said. "Why should we wait for the divorce here? Can we not wait just as well in the country? I cannot go on in this state of uncertainty. I don't want to hope, I don't want to hear anything more about divorce. I have resolved it shall not affect my life any more. Am I right?"

"Yes, indeed," he said, glancing anxiously at her agitated face.

"How did you spend your time? Who was there?" she asked after a little pause.

Vronsky named the guests.

"The dinner was first-rate and there were boat races and everything was as nice as you like, but nothing can come off in Moscow without something *ridicule.* There was a lady there–swimming-teacher to the Swedish queen, it seems–and she demonstrated her art."

"What? She swam?" asked Anna, making a face.

"In a red *costume de natation*–an ugly old hag. Well, when are we leaving?"

"What an absurd idea! Did she swim in some exceptional way?" asked Anna without replying.

"Nothing exceptional whatever. I told you it was absurd. Well, then, when are we going?"

Anna tossed her head as if trying to shake away an unpleasant thought.

"When are we going? The sooner the better. We can't be ready by tomorrow. The day after tomorrow."

"Good . . . but wait; no, the day after tomorrow is Sunday, I must go and see *maman,*" said Vronsky. The moment he pronounced the word *maman* she threw him a sharp suspicious glance that made him uneasy. His uneasiness confirmed her suspicions. The colour rose in her cheeks and she moved away from him. It was no longer the Swedish queen's swimming-teacher she saw in her mind's eye but Princess Sorokina, who lived in the country near Countess Vronskaya.

"Can you go tomorrow?" she asked.

"I told you I could not. The business that takes me to *maman*'s–getting a warrant and money–cannot be done tomorrow," he replied.

"In that case we shall not go at all."

"And why is that, pray?"

"I will not go later. On Monday or not at all."

"But why?" he asked as if in astonishment. "There is no sense in it."

"There may be no sense in it for you because you care nothing about me. You do not wish to understand my life. The only thing that occupied me here was Hannah. And that you call affectation. Did you not say yesterday that I don't love my own daughter but pretend to love the English girl, and that that is unnatural? I should like to know what sort of life can be natural for me here?"

For a moment she came to herself and was horrified to discover she was doing exactly what she had resolved not to do. But even though she knew she was bringing ruin upon herself, she could not stop, could not resist showing him he was in the wrong, could not surrender to him.

"I never said any such thing; I only said I felt no sympathy for the sudden attachment you had made."

"Why is it that you, who boast so of your candour, persist in not telling the truth?"

"I never boast and I never lie," he said quietly, fighting down his rising anger. "I am very sorry if you do not respect–"

"Respect is an invention to cover up the empty place where love ought to be. If you no longer love me it would be better and more honest to say so."

"No, this is becoming insufferable!" cried Vronsky, jumping up. He took his stand in front of her and said slowly: "Why do you try my patience this way?" He said it with a look that indicated he could say much more but eschewed doing so. "It has its limits, you know."

"What do you wish to say by that?" she cried, appalled

by the undisguised look of hatred in his face, especially in his cruel, menacing eyes.

"I wish to say..." he began, but interrupted himself with: "I am obliged to ask what it is you wish of me."

"What can I wish? I can only wish that you should not abandon me as you think of doing," she said, comprehending all that he had left unsaid. "But no, it is not that I wish, that is secondary. I wish to be loved, and there is no love. In other words, all is over."

She turned to the door.

"Wait! Wait!" said Vronsky, still frowning but putting his hand on her arm to stop her. "What is the trouble? I said we would have to postpone our departure for three days, in reply to which you said that I lie and am dishonourable."

"Yes, and I repeat that a person who could rebuke me with his having sacrificed everything because of me–" she said, recalling words spoken in an earlier quarrel, "–that such a person is worse than dishonourable, he is heartless."

"Oh, there is a limit to endurance!" he cried, dropping her hand.

He hates me, there is no doubt of it, she said to herself, and in silence, without looking back, she went out of the room with unsteady steps. He loves another woman, there is even less doubt of that, she went on as she entered her own room. I yearn for love and there is no love. In other words, everything is over, she repeated, and an end must be put to it.

But how? she asked herself as she sat down in the armchair in front of the looking-glass.

Her thoughts were of where she could go–to the aunt who had brought her up, or to Dolly, or abroad all by herself? She wondered what he was doing now alone in his study, and whether this quarrel was final or could be made up, and what their former friends in St. Petersburg would say about her now, and what Karenin would think. These and many other thoughts as to the consequences of

their separation came into her mind, but she did not give herself up completely to them. Deep within her there was another vague thought that intrigued her but which she dared not face. In recalling Karenin, she recalled the time of her illness after her confinement and the regret she had felt then: "Why did I not die?" had been her words and feeling at the time. And suddenly the vague, deep-lying thought took shape. Yes, this would answer all her problems. Yes, to die!

The shame and disgrace felt by Karenin and Sergei, and my own horrible shame—all this would be wiped out by death. If I died *he* would feel remorse and be sorry and love me and suffer for my sake. With a smile of self-pity frozen on her lips, she sat there putting on and taking off a ring, vividly imagining his feelings after her death.

Approaching steps, his steps, roused her. She made as if to be putting away her rings and paid no notice to him.

He came up to her, took her hand and said softly:

"Anna, we will go the day after tomorrow if you wish it. I agree to everything."

She did not reply.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You know only too well," she said, and at that moment, unable to stand the strain any longer, she burst into tears.

"Leave me! Yes, for good!" she gasped between sobs. "I will go away tomorrow. I will do even more. Who am I? An immoral woman. A stone around your neck. I don't want to torture you—oh, I don't want to do that! I will give you your freedom. You don't love me, you love someone else!"

Vronsky implored her to be calm and assured her there was not the slightest reason for her jealousy, that he had never ceased loving her and never would, that he loved her now as never before.

"Anna, why should you torture yourself and me like this?" he said, kissing her hands. His face was full of tenderness and she fancied she heard tears in his voice and felt them drop on her hand. And the desperate jealousy

she had just suffered turned into just as desperate and impassioned tenderness; she embraced him and covered his face, throat, hands, with kisses.

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Early the next morning, convinced that their reconciliation was complete, Anna began making vigorous preparations for leaving. Although it was not certain whether they were to set out on Monday or Tuesday, since each of them had deferred to the other the night before, she packed carefully, utterly indifferent as to whether they would leave a day earlier or later. She was standing beside an open trunk in her room selecting things to be discarded when he came in earlier than usual, fully dressed.

"I shall drive to *maman*'s and arrange for her to send the money through Yegorov. Tomorrow I will be ready to leave," he said.

Happy as was her mood, the mention of his driving out to the country to see his mother was a stab in the heart.

"Oh, but I shall not have time to get ready," she said, thinking the while: In other words, he could have done as I would in the first place. "No," she said, "let it be as you wished. Go and have breakfast and I will come as soon as I get rid of these unnecessary things," and she tossed something else on the heap of clothes Annushka was holding in her arms.

Vronsky was eating his steak when she entered the dining-room.

"You wouldn't believe how sick I am of these rooms," she said, sitting down to her coffee. "Nothing could be more ghastly than *chambres garnies.* They have no personality, no soul. These clocks, these curtains, but above all the wall-paper—a nightmare! I look forward to Vozdvizhenskoye as to the Promised Land. Have you sent off the horses yet?"

"No, they will come after us. Are you going anywhere?"

"I thought of going to see Wilson. I must take her some dresses. So it is definitely to be tomorrow?" she asked brightly, but suddenly her face changed.

Vronsky's valet came in to ask for the receipt for a telegram. There was nothing exceptional in Vronsky's receiving a telegram but there was something in his voice when he replied that the receipt was in his study, and in the haste with which he changed the subject that suggested he was keeping something from her.

"I shall certainly finish everything tomorrow," he said.

"Who was the telegram from?" she asked, ignoring his remark.

"From Steve," he replied reluctantly.

"Why didn't you show it to me? What secrets can there be between me and Steve?"

Vronsky called the valet back and asked him to bring the telegram.

"I didn't want to show it to you because Steve has a weakness for telegraphing: why should he send a telegram when nothing has been decided?"

"About the divorce?"

"Yes, he says he has been unable to get an answer as yet. He expects a final one any day. Here, read it yourself."

Anna took the telegram in trembling fingers and read precisely what Vronsky had told her. At the end was added: "Little hope but I will move heaven and earth."

"Last night I said it was all the same to me when I get a divorce or whether I ever get it," she said, flushing. "There was no need of hiding it from me."

In the same way he could and probably does hide from me his correspondence with other women, she thought.

"Yashvin and Voitov were thinking of dropping in this morning," said Vronsky. "It seems Yashvin won everything from Pevtsov, more than he can pay—something like sixty thousand."

"Why do you think," she said, irritated by his changing the subject, obviously to let her know she was irritated,

"that this matter is of such importance that you must hide it from me? I told you I did not wish to think of it and I should like you to take as little interest in it as I do."

"I take interest in it because I like things to be clear," he said.

"It's not form that gives clarity but love," she said, becoming more and more irate, not because of his words but because of the calm cold tone in which they were spoken. "Why should it matter to you?"

Good God, harping on love again! he said to himself, pulling a face.

"You know why: for your sake and the sake of the children who are to come," he said.

"There will be no children."

"A great pity," he said.

"You want it for the children's sake, but what of me?" she said, completely forgetting, or rather not having heard, that he had said *for your sake* and the children's.

The question of children had long been a bone of contention between them and one which was sure to rouse her animosity. She felt he did not prize her beauty if he wanted her to have children.

"But I said for your sake. Most of all for your sake," he repeated, grimacing as if with pain, "for I am convinced that your irritability is largely caused by the uncertainty of your position."

Ah, now that he has stopped pretending I clearly see how he hates me, she thought, not listening to him but gazing with horror at the cold and heartless judge staring out of his eyes taunting her.

"That is not the cause," she said, "and I cannot understand how the cause of what you call my irritability can lie in my being entirely in your power. Is there any uncertainty in that? Quite the contrary."

"I am very sorry you do not wish to understand," he interrupted her, intent on completing his thought, "that the uncertainty consists in your fancying I am free."

"As to that, you can be perfectly assured," she said and, turning away, began sipping her coffee.

She lifted the cup to her mouth with her little finger extended. When she had taken a few swallows she glanced at him and saw from his face that he felt an aversion for her hand and gesture and the sound she made with her lips.

"It is all the same to me what your mother thinks and how she means to find you a wife," she said, putting down the cup with a shaking hand.

"But that is not what we were talking about."

"Yes it is, that too. And I assure you I can take no interest in a heartless woman, be she old or young, your mother or someone else's; I don't wish to have anything to do with her."

"Anna, I must ask you not to speak disrespectfully of my mother."

"A woman whose heart does not tell her wherein lies her son's happiness and honour can have no heart."

"I repeat my request that you should not speak disrespectfully of a mother I esteem," he said, raising his voice and looking at her sternly.

She made no reply. She studied him intently—his face, his hands—and recalled in vivid detail the scene of their reconciliation on the previous evening and his passionate caresses. He has caressed other women in exactly the same way and will go on doing it and wants to do it, she thought.

"You do not love your mother. They are empty words—words, words, words," she said, looking at him with hatred.

"If that is how it is, we must—"

"We must make a decision, and I have made it," she said, and was about to go away when Yashvin came into the room. She spoke to him and remained where she was.

Why, when the storm was still raging within her and she was standing on the brink of some great change that threatened calamitous consequences—why at such a moment she should have put on a false front for this man who sooner or later was sure to know all, she could not have said;

but she put down the storm within her and sat down and began speaking to him.

"Well, and how are your affairs? Have you received what was owing you?"

"My affairs are so-so; I have little hope of receiving everything, and on Wednesday I must go away. When are you leaving?" asked Yashvin, frowning and looking at Vronsky, apparently guessing that they had been quarrelling.

"The day after tomorrow, it seems," said Vronsky.

"It has taken you a long time to make up your minds."

"But now it is settled," said Anna, looking Vronsky directly in the eye in a way that declared there was no longer any hope of a reconciliation. "And do you not feel sorry for that unfortunate Pevtsov?" she asked, turning back to Yashvin.

"I never ask myself whether I feel sorry or not, Anna Arkadievna. After all, my entire fortune is here," he said, patting his side pocket. "At present I am rich; tonight I will go to the club and perhaps leave it a beggar. Whoever plays with me wants to strip me of my shirt, and I want just as badly to strip him of his. Well, and so it goes, and that is the fun of it."

"If you were married," said Anna, "how would your wife feel?"

Yashvin laughed.

"I suppose that is why I am not married and never expect to be."

"And that time in Helsingfors?" said Vronsky, entering the conversation and glancing at the smiling Anna.

Anna caught his glance and responded with a cold, stern look as if she were saying: Nothing is forgotten. Everything remains as it was.

"Is it possible you have been in love?" she asked Yashvin.

"Oh Lord, how many times! But this is how it is: one man sits down to the card table ready to get up the instant

the time set for his *rendez-vous* arrives, whereas I may give myself up to love-making, but only until it is time to hasten away for the evening's game. I arrange my affairs accordingly."

"It is not of such affairs I am speaking, but of a real–" She wanted to say *Helsingfors,* but disdained repeating a word used by Vronsky.

Voitov arrived, who was buying a colt from Vronsky.

Just then Anna got up and left the room.

Before leaving the house Vronsky went to her. She made believe she was looking for something in the desk but, ashamed of her pretence, she looked him directly in the face with cold eyes.

"What do you wish?" she asked in French.

"Gambit's certificate; I have sold him," he replied in a tone that said more clearly than words: I have no time for explanations, and anyway they would lead to nothing.

I am not the least to blame, he said to himself. If she wishes to punish herself, *tant pis pour elle.* But as he was going out he fancied she said something, and he felt a pang of compassion for her.

"What is it, Anna?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied just as calmly and coldly.

If nothing, then *tant pis,* he said to himself; his own coldness came back and he left the room. In doing so he caught a glimpse of her face in the looking-glass–white and with trembling lips. He felt an urge to stop and say some word of comfort, but his legs carried him away before he had a chance to think of what to say. He was away all day along and when he came back late in the evening the maid-servant told him Anna Arkadievna had a headache and asked him not to come to her.

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Never before had a day ended without their making up a quarrel. This was the first time. And this was not a quarrel. It was a frank recognition that his love had grown cold.

How, otherwise, could he have looked at her as he had when he came into the room for the certificate?–looked at her, seen that her heart was broken, and passed her by in silence and with that calm, callous face? Not only had his love grown cold, he had come to hate her because he loved another woman, that was clear.

And as Anna recalled all the cruel words he had spoken, she invented words she was sure he wanted to speak and might have spoken, and in doing so she became more and more wroth.

I am not holding you, he might have said. You are free to go wherever you wish. I presume you did not want a divorce from your husband because you wanted to go back to him. Well, go back. If it is money you need, I will give it to you. How many rubles do you want?

The most heartless words that could be spoken by a brutal man were spoken by him in her imagination, and she did not forgive him for them, as if he had actually spoken them.

And was it not only yesterday that he, this upright, honourable man, swore that he loved me? Has he not driven me to despair time and time again? she then asked herself.

All that day, excepting for the two hours it took her to call on Wilson, Anna gave herself up to conjectures as to whether all was over or there was still hope of a reconciliation, and whether she ought to go away at once or wait and see him once more. She waited for him all day and when she went to her room in the evening, having told her maid to say she had a headache, she formulated an alternative: If he comes to me in spite of what the maid tells him, it méans he still loves me. If he does not, it means all is over and I will know what to do!

In the evening she heard his carriage draw up at the door, heard his ring of the door-bell, his steps, his voice as he spoke to the maid. He believed what the maid told him

and, not caring to make further inquiries, went to his room. In other words, everything was over.

And death, as the only means of restoring his love for her, of punishing him and of assuring her victory in the conflict the evil spirit within her was waging with him, rose clearly and vividly before her.

Now it made no difference whether they went to Vozdvizhenskoye or not, whether she was granted a divorce or not. Nothing mattered. Only one thing mattered–she must get revenge.

When she poured herself out the usual dose of opium and realized she had only to drink the entire bottle in order to die, it seemed so simple and easy that again she indulged herself in thoughts of how he would suffer, and be remorseful, and worship her memory when it was too late. She lay in bed with wide open eyes, staring at the carved cornice of the ceiling lighted by a dying candle and darkened in one place by the shadow of the screen, and vividly she imagined his feelings when she was no longer, when she was but a memory for him. "How could I have said such cruel things to her?" he would say. "How could I have left the room without speaking to her? And now she is no longer. She has left us forever. She is there, where..." Suddenly the shadow of the screen trembled, spread over the entire cornice, the entire ceiling, other shadows sprang up from all sides to meet it; for a moment they withdrew, then they rushed back, quivered, merged, and the next instant everything was plunged in darkness. Death! she said to herself. And so great was the horror that seized her that for some time she could not grasp where she was; for some time her shaking hands could not find the matches and light another candle to replace the one that had burnt out. No, no!–anything but death! After all, I love him. And he loves me! This has happened, but it will pass, she said to herself, aware that tears of joy for her return to life were flowing down her cheeks. And to rescue herself from her fears, she hurried to him in the study.

He was sleeping soundly in the study. She went over to him and held the candle above his head and stood looking at him. Now as he lay there sleeping she was engulfed in such a wave of love for him that she could not restrain tears of tenderness; but she knew that if he were to wake up he would turn that cold look upon her declaring that he was in the right, and before she could speak of her love she would have to prove to him that he was in the wrong. Without waking him, she went back to her room and after taking another dose of opium fell into a heavy half-sleep that never fully robbed her of consciousness.

In the morning a terrible nightmare that had visited her several times even before her intimacy with Vronsky came back and woke her up. An old man with a shaggy beard was bending over and pottering with some iron, muttering senseless words in French, and as always in this nightmare (that was what made it so terrible) the old man paid not the slightest attention to her even though she knew the fearful thing he was doing with the iron concerned her. She woke up in a cold sweat.

When she woke up recollections of the preceding day came to her as through a fog.

There was a quarrel. There was what had taken place several times before. I said I had a headache and he did not come to me. Tomorrow we are leaving. I must see him and get ready to leave, she said to herself. On learning that he was still in the study, she went to him. As she was passing through the drawing-room she heard a carriage stop at the entrance and through the window she saw a young lady in a lavender hat put her head out of the carriage window and say something to her footman, who was ringing the door-bell. There was a brief conversation in the hall, someone mounted the stairs and she heard Vronsky's steps outside the drawing-room. Then he ran downstairs and Anna went to the window again. There he was, hatless, going down the steps and over to the carriage. The young lady in the lavender hat handed him an envelope.

Vronsky smiled and said something and the carriage moved off. He ran quickly back up the steps.

Suddenly the fog enveloping her soul lifted. The feelings of yesterday gripped her sick heart more painfully than before. Now she could not conceive how she could have demeaned herself by remaining with him in his house for the past day. She went into his study to announce her decision to him.

"That was Princess Sorokina and her daughter, they stopped to give me money and papers from *maman.* I could not get them yesterday. How is your headache? Feeling better?" he asked with composure, not wishing to see or understand the dark, solemn expression of her face.

She stood in the middle of the room looking at him silently, intently. He glanced at her, frowned, and went on reading his letter. She turned round and went slowly out of the room. He could have called her back, but she reached the door without his speaking; there was no sound but the rustle of paper as he turned the pages.

"Ah, by the way," he said as she was about to pass through the door, "it is definitely settled that we are to leave tomorrow, is it not?"

"You are, but I am not," she said, turning to him.

"Anna, we can't possibly go on living like this!"

"You, but not I," she repeated.

"It has become insufferable!"

"You. . . you will repent of this," she said, and went out.

Frightened by the despairing look with which she uttered these words, he jumped up and would have run after her, but a moment's consideration made him sit down again, scowling and setting his teeth. He was exasperated by her threat, which he found in bad taste. I have tried everything, he thought. The only thing left is to pay no attention. And he set about making himself ready to go to town and then to his mother's to get her signature for the warrant.

She heard his steps in the study and dining-room. He

stopped outside the drawing-room but did not go in to her, he merely gave orders to allow Voitov to take the colt in his absence. Then she heard them bring the carriage, heard the front door open, heard him go out. Presently he came back into the house and someone ran upstairs. It was his valet fetching the gloves he had left behind. She went to the window and saw him take the gloves without looking as he touched the coachman on the back and said something to him. Without glancing up at the window, he assumed his usual pose in the carriage, with his legs crossed, and began pulling on a glove as the carriage disappeared round the corner.

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He has gone. Everything is over, Anna said to herself, standing at the window; and immediately the feelings she had experienced in the dark when the candle went out and when she had had that terrible nightmare merged into one, filling her heart with cold horror.

No, no, it cannot be! she cried, crossing the room and giving the bell-rope a sudden jerk. It was so fearful to be alone that she went to meet the footman without waiting for him.

"Find out where the count has gone," she said.

The footman replied that the count had gone to the stables.

"He asked me to say that if you wish to go for a drive, the carriage will be back directly."

"Very well. But wait—I will write him a note. Send Mikhail to the stables with it. At once!"

She sat down and wrote:

"I am to blame. Come home, we must have an explanation. For God's sake come, I am terrified."

She sealed it and gave it to the man.

Afraid to be left alone, she followed him out of the room and went to the nursery.

There is a mistake, this is not he! Where are his blue

eyes, his sweet timid smile? was the first thought that came to her when she saw her chubby, red-cheeked daughter with the curly black hair instead of Sergei, whom, in her confusion of mind, she had expected to find in the nursery. The little girl was sitting at a table banging the stopper of the water-bottle on it loudly and persistently; she looked up and stared vacantly at her mother with the two black currants of her eyes. Anna replied to the English governess's inquiry by saying she was perfectly well and would be leaving for the country the next day, then she sat down beside the child and began twirling the stopper to amuse her. But the child's loud, ringing laugh and the lifting of her eyebrows reminded Anna so vividly of Vronsky that she hastily got up and went out, fighting down her sobs. Can it be that all is over? No, it is impossible, she thought. He will come back. But how will he explain his smile, his vivacity, when he spoke to that girl? Let him not explain, I will trust him. If I do not trust him there is no other way out—and I do not want that.

She looked at the clock. Twelve minutes had passed. He has received my note and is on his way back. Soon. Another ten minutes... And if he does not come? No, no, he must come. Ah, he mustn't see me with weepy eyes. I will go and bathe my face. Dear me, have I done my hair? she asked herself. She could not remember. She ran a hand over her hair. Yes, my hair is done but I have not the slightest recollection of when I did it. Not trusting her fingers, she went to the looking-glass to see if she had really combed her hair. She had, but still she could not remember when. Who is that? she asked herself, gazing at the feverish face with glittering eyes that looked back at her in fright. Why, it is me, she realised, and as she studied her full-length reflection, she suddenly felt his kisses on her body and a thrill went through her and she lifted her shoulders and pressed her hand to her lips and kissed it.

What is it? Can I be losing my mind? and she went into

the bedroom where Annushka was tidying up.

"Annushka," she said, standing in front of her maid and staring at her without knowing what to say.

"You wished to go and see Daria Alexandrovna," said Annushka, as if she understood all.

"To Daria Alexandrovna? Yes, I will go."

Fifteen minutes there, fifteen minutes back. He is coming, he will be here any minute. She took out her watch and looked at it. But how could he have gone away and left me in such a state? How can he go on living without a reconciliation? She went to the window and looked down the street. He ought to have been back by this time. But perhaps she had made a wrong reckoning. Once more she recalled exactly when he had left and began counting the minutes.

As she went to the big clock to verify her watch she heard a carriage arrive. She glanced out of the window and saw it was his carriage. But nobody came up the stairs and she heard voices downstairs. It was the man she had sent with the note and he had come back in the carriage. She went to him.

"I didn't catch the count. His lordship drove off to the Nizhni Novgorod railway station.

"What did he say? What?..." she asked the gay redfaced Mikhail who was handing back the note she had sent. But he never received it, she reminded herself.

"Take this same note and go to Countess Vronsky's country house–you know the way? And bring me an answer immediately," she said to him.

And I? What will I do? she wondered. Yes, I will go and see Dolly; I must, or I shall go mad. Oh, and I can send him a wire. She sat down and wrote out a telegram:

"Must speak to you come back immediately."

Having sent it off, she went to change her clothes. When she was completely dressed, even to her hat, she looked

into the eyes of her fat, tranquil Annushka. In those kind little grey eyes she clearly saw commiseration.

"Annushka, darling, what am I to do?" said Anna, sobbing and sinking helplessly into a chair.

"Why should you upset yourself so, Anna Arkadievna? It happens, you know. You just go now, and you will feel better," said the maid.

"Yes, I will go," said Anna, pulling herself together and getting up. "And if a telegram should come while I am away, send it to Daria Alexandrovna's... No, I will come back for it myself."

I mustn't think, I must do something, I must go away; the main thing is to leave this house, she told herself, listening in terror to the dreadful hammering of her heart. Hurriedly she went out and got into the carriage.

"Where to, my lady?" asked Pyotr before climbing up on the box.

"To the Oblonskys' in Znamenka."

28

Now the weather was fair. All morning a fine rain had fallen, but now it had cleared. The roofs of the houses, the flags of the pavements, the cobblestones of the streets, the wheels, leather, copper and brass of the carriages—all glistened in the May sunlight. It was three o'clock, the time of greatest traffic in the streets.

As Anna sat in the corner of the comfortable carriage that swayed slightly on its springs from the swift pace of the pair of greys, as she moved amid the constant rumble of carriage wheels, exposed to a rapid shifting of impressions in the fresh air, going over in her mind once more all the events of the past days, her position did not look the same to her as it had looked at home. Now thoughts of death were not so vivid and terrifying, and indeed death itself no longer seemed inevitable. Now she blamed herself for accepting such humiliation. I have completely surrendered. I implore him to forgive me. I have owned myself

to be in the wrong. Why? Can I not live without him? Without answering the question, she began to read the street signs. "Office and Warehouse". "Dentist". Yes, I will tell Dolly everything. She doesn't like Vronsky. It will be painful, I will be ashamed, but even so I will tell her everything. She loves me, and I will take her advice. I will not surrender to him; I will not allow him to tell me what I ought to do. "Filippov's Bakery". I've been told they send their dough to St. Petersburg. Moscow water is so good. The wells in Mitischi... pancakes... She recalled having gone with her aunt to Troitse-Sergievsky Monastery many years before, when she was only seventeen. Still by horse and carriage. Could it really have been me with those red hands? How many things that seemed so enticing and out of reach in those days have proved to be worthless, and the things I enjoyed then have now passed out of my reach forever. Could I have believed then that I could fall so low? How proud and self-satisfied he will be when he gets my note! But I will show him!... Ugh! what a bad smell that paint has! Why must they always be painting and building? "Hats and Gowns", she read. A man bowed to her. Annushka's husband. Our parasites, Vronsky called them. Ours? Why ours?... The awful thing is that we can't pull up the past by the roots. We can't do that, but we can hide the memory of it. I shall certainly hide it. This led her to recall her life with Karenin and how she had rubbed it out of her memory. Dolly will conclude that if I am leaving my second husband I must be in the wrong. As if I wanted to be in the right! Oh, I cannot go on! she murmured and was on the verge of tears. But the next moment she found herself wondering what those two girls could be smiling about. Love, I suppose. They don't know how cheerless it is, how demeaning... The boulevard... children. Three boys racing about, playing at horses. Sergei! I will lose everything and not get him back. Yes, all is lost if I do not get him back... Perhaps he missed the train and has come home. There I go again—wanting to be humiliated! she said

to herself. I shall go to Dolly's and tell her everything–that I am miserable, that I deserve it, that I am all to blame, but still I am miserable, do help me! These horses, this carriage–how I loathe myself in his carriage!–everything his; but this is the last time I shall see them.

Still thinking of what she would say to Dolly and deliberately filling her heart with venom, Anna went up the steps.

"Any visitors?" she asked in the hall.

"Ekaterina Alexandrovna Levina," replied the footman.

Kitty! The Kitty Vronsky was in love with, thought Anna. The Kitty he spoke of so affectionately. He is sorry he didn't marry her. He thinks of me with hatred and is sorry he ever joined his life to mine.

The sisters were holding a conference as to the baby's feeding when Anna arrived. Dolly came out alone to meet the guest who had interrupted them.

"So you have not gone away yet? I meant to come to you myself. I got a letter from Steve today."

"We did too–a telegram," said Anna, glancing round for a sight of Kitty.

"He writes that he doesn't understand just what Karenin wants, but that he will not leave until he gets an answer."

"I thought you had a guest. May I read the letter?"

"I have Kitty," said Dolly in embarrassment. "She is in the nursery. She was very ill."

"So I heard. May I read the letter?"

"I will bring it. Don't think he has refused; quite the opposite. Steve has great hope," said Dolly, stopping in the doorway.

"I have no hope, and not even any desire," said Anna.

What's this? Does Kitty consider it debasing to meet me? thought Anna when she was alone. Perhaps she is right. But it is not for her, who was herself in love with Vronsky, to treat me so, even if she is right. I know that no respectable woman can receive me in my present position. I know that, from the very first moment, I sacrificed

everything for him. And this is my reward! Oh, how I hate him! Why should I have come here? I only feel worse, more humiliated. From the other room came the voices of the sisters conferring together. What can I say to Dolly now? Shall I give Kitty the consolation of knowing I am miserable and accept her patronage? No, and Dolly would not understand. I have nothing to say to her. The only satisfaction I can have is to see Kitty and show her how I despise everybody and everything and how little I care any more.

Dolly came in with the letter. Anna read it and handed it back without comment.

"I know all that," she said. "And it doesn't interest me in the least."

"How is that? I, on the contrary, have the greatest hope," said Dolly, looking at Anna curiously. Never before had she seen her in such a state of irritation. "When are you going away?" she asked.

Anna narrowed her eyes and gazed into space without answering.

"Is Kitty hiding from me?" she asked, looking at the door and blushing.

"What nonsense! She is nursing the baby and it is not going smoothly; I was giving her advice. She is very glad. She will come directly," said Dolly awkwardly, unaccustomed as she was to telling untruths. "Ah, here she is."

When Kitty heard that Anna had come she did not wish to see her, but Dolly persuaded her to do so. With a great effort she entered the room, her colour rising, went to Anna and held out her hand.

"I am very glad," she said in a quivering voice.

Kitty showed signs of the struggle taking place within her between her hostility to this sinful woman and her desire to be charitable; but the moment she saw Anna's beautiful appealing face her hostility vanished.

"I wouldn't have been surprised if you had chosen not

to see me. I have become used to everything. You were ill? Yes, you have changed," said Anna.

Kitty detected animosity in the glance Anna fixed on her. She attributed the animosity to the discomfort Anna, who had once patronized Kitty, must now feel, and she was sorry for her.

They talked about Kitty's illness, about the baby, about Steve, but it was clear that nothing interested Anna.

"I came to say goodbye to you," she said, getting up.

"When are you going away?"

Again Anna did not answer; she turned to Kitty.

"I am very glad to have seen you," she said with a smile. "I have heard so much about you from everyone, even from your husband. He called on me and I liked him immensely," she added, obviously with malicious intent. "Where is he?"

"He has gone back to the country," said Kitty, blushing again.

"Give him my regards—without fail!"

"Without fail," repeated Kitty artlessly, looking into Anna's eyes with commiseration.

"Well, then, goodbye, Dolly," and having kissed Dolly and pressed Kitty's hand, Anna went out with rapid steps.

"She is just the same, just as attractive. So very lovely!" said Kitty when she and her sister were alone. "But there is something pathetic about her. Terribly pathetic."

"She was not at all herself today," said Dolly. "When I saw her off in the hall I fancied she was on the verge of tears."

29

Anna got into the carriage in a worse state than the one in which she had left home. A sense of having been affronted and repulsed by Kitty was added to her other grievances.

"Where are we to go? Home?" asked Pyotr.

"Yes, home," said she without thinking of where she was going.

How they did look at me!–as at something frightful, incomprehensible, unaccountable. What can he be relating to him with such vehemence? she wondered, seeing two men walking down the street. As if it were possible to communicate one's feelings to another. I meant to tell Dolly, and it's a good thing I did not. How she would have gloated over my misery! She would have disguised it, but her main feeling would have been satisfaction at my having been punished for enjoying pleasures she envied. Kitty would have gloated even more. Oh, but I can see through her! She knows I was more than ordinarily gracious to her husband. And she is jealous and hates me. And holds me in contempt besides. In her eyes I am an immoral woman. If I were immoral I could have made her husband fall in love with me–if I had wished to do so. And I did wish it. That gentleman is very proud of himself, was her opinion of a fat red-faced man who passed her in a carriage and, taking her for an acquaintance, lifted a shiny hat to expose a shiny pate but presently caught himself in error. He thought he knew me. He knows no more about me than does anyone else in the world. I don't even know myself. I know my appetites, as the French say. Those boys over there want that filthy ice-cream. That they know for certain, she said to herself, seeing two boys stop an ice-cream vendor, who took his tub off his head and wiped his sweaty face on the end of a towel. All of us want sweets, dainties. If not chocolates, then that filthy ice-cream. Kitty, too: if not Vronsky, then Levin. She envies me. And hates me. And we all hate one another. I Kitty, Kitty me. That's the truth. "Tutkin. Coiffeur". *Je me fais coiffer par Tutkin.* I must tell him this when he comes home, she said to herself with a smile, but the next moment she remembered she had no one to tell funny things to. And there is nothing funny really, nothing diverting. Everything is disgusting. The bells are

ringing for vespers, and how fastidiously that merchant is crossing himself!–as if afraid of losing something. Why should there be churches and church-bells and all that humbug? So as to conceal the hatred we bear one another, like those cabbies cursing each other so viciously. Yashvin says: he wants to strip me of my shirt and I want to strip him of his. There's the truth for you.

These thoughts, in which she became so engrossed that she forgot about her situation, were interrupted by the carriage stopping at the door of her house. Only when she saw the porter come out to meet her did she remember that she had sent a note and a telegram.

"Is there an answer?" she asked.

"I will see," replied the porter and went to the desk, where he found the square thin envelope of a telegram and handed it to her.

"Cannot return before ten. Vronsky," she read.

"And hasn't the messenger come back?"

"No," replied the porter.

If that is how it is, I know what I must do, she said to herself and, conscious of her rising anger and longing for vengeance, she ran upstairs. I will go to him myself. Before I leave him for good I will tell him everything. Never have I hated anyone as I hate that man! she thought. Seeing his hat on the rack, she shuddered with repugnance. She did not realize that his telegram was in reply to her telegram and that he had not yet received her note. In her mind's eye she saw him conversing serenely with his mother and Princess Sorokina and taking joy in her misery. I must go as soon as possible, she said to herself, still not knowing where she must go. She only knew she must run away from the sufferings she endured in this terrible house. The servants, the walls, the furniture–everything roused her anger and loathing and crushed her under their weight.

I must go to the railway station, and if I do not meet him there drive out to the countess's and expose him. Anna looked up the train schedule in the paper. An evening train

went at two minutes past eight. I have time. She gave orders that the horses be changed while she packed the few clothes necessary for the next few days. She knew she would never come back to this house. Vaguely she mused upon various plans and decided that after whatever took place at the station or at the countess's country-house, she would take a ticket to the first large town on the Nizhni Novgorod railway line and stop there.

Dinner was on the table; she went over, caught a whiff of the bread and cheese and, finding the smell of all food repulsive, ordered the carriage and went out. Already the house threw its shadow across the entire street; the evening was clear and warm in the lingering sunshine. Annushka, who came out with Anna's things, and Pyotr, who put them in the carriage, and the coachman, who was evidently cross—all of them were hateful to her and everything they said and did irritated her.

"I won't need you, Pyotr."

"Who will buy your ticket, ma'am?"

"Just as you wish, it is all the same to me," she said curtly.

Pyotr leaped up on the box and folded his arms and told the coachman to drive to the railway station.

30

Here I am back where I was! Again everything is clear to me, Anna said to herself as soon as the carriage, swaying slightly, was rumbling along over the cobblestones and street impressions began following one another again in endless succession.

What were those last thoughts of mine that pleased me so? and she searched her memory for them. "Tutkin, coiffeur"? No, not that. Oh, yes, what Yashvin said, about the struggle for existence and hatred—that these are the only things that bind people together. No use in going, she mentally addressed a party in a coach-and-four headed,

apparently, for the country on a holiday expedition. Not even the dog you are taking with you can help. You cannot get away from yourselves. Noticing that Pyotr turned his head, she looked in the same direction and saw a drunken factory worker with bobbing head being dragged away by a policeman. That one is better off, she thought. Count Vronsky and I did not find happiness despite our great expectations. And now for the first time Anna focused a bright light upon her relations with him, throwing into high relief everything she had hitherto avoided contemplating. What did he seek in me? Not so much love as the gratification of his vanity. She recalled his words, the expression of his face which in the first days of their intimacy was as abject as that of a devoted dog's. Now everything confirmed it. Yes, his was the triumph of gratified vanity. Of course there was love, too, but mostly it was the pride of conquest. I was his boast. Now that is all over. There is nothing to be proud of. Ashamed, not proud. He took from me all he could get and has no more need of me. I am a burden to him but he does not wish to treat me dishonourably. He let it slip yesterday–he wants a divorce and marriage so as to burn his bridges. He loves me, but how? The zest is gone. That fellow is mightily self-satisfied and wants to show the world, she thought on catching sight of a red-cheeked shop assistant astride a hired horse. No, I no longer whet his appetite. If I leave him, he will secretly be glad.

This was not a mere assumption; she vividly discerned the truth of it in that penetrating light which now revealed to her the meaning of life and of human relations.

My love grows more and more impassioned and self-centred, his less and less, and that is why we have drifted apart, she went on. And there is no help for it. He is everything to me, and I want him to give himself more and more to me. And he wants to withdraw himself more and more from me. We moved towards each other until our union; since then we have been moving apart irrevocably. Nothing

can change it. He tells me I am insanely jealous, and I tell myself I am insanely jealous, but that is not true. I am not jealous, I am unsatisfied. But... She parted her lips and shifted her position, experiencing a flurry of heart induced by a thought that suddenly occurred to her: If I were able to be anything but his mistress, passionately yearning for nothing but his caresses! But I cannot and do not wish to be anything else. And my yearning evokes repugnance in him and anger in me, and it cannot be otherwise. Do not I know that he would not deceive me, that he has no designs on Princess Sorokina and is not in love with Kitty and that he would not be unfaithful to me? I know this, but that makes it no easier. If he does not love me but is kind and tender to me as a matter of duty, if he cannot give me what I crave–that is a thousand times worse than anger! That is hell! And that is how it is. He has not loved me for a long time. And where love ends hate begins. I don't recognize these streets at all. These hills, all these houses... houses... And in all the houses people... people... No end of them, and all of them hating one another. Let me now consider what I need to make me happy. Let us say I get my divorce, Alexei Alexandrovich lets me have Sergei, and I marry Vronsky. The thought of Karenin made his image rise in her mind with extraordinary clarity, as if he himself were confronting her with his weak, lifeless, lacklustre eyes, the blue veins on his white hands, the intonation of his voice and the cracking of his knuckles; and as she recalled the feeling which had existed between them, which also went by the name of love, she shuddered with aversion. Let us say I get my divorce and become the wife of Vronsky. Will Kitty no longer look at me as she did today? She will look at me in just the same way. And will Sergei no longer think or ask about my two husbands? And what new feeling can I invent for Vronsky and me? Is it possible that I can enjoy if not happiness, at least the end of my sufferings? No, no, and again no! she told herself without a shadow of doubt.

Impossible. Life itself is thrusting us apart and makes him miserable and he makes me miserable and neither he nor I can be made over. Everything has been tried; the screw has come unscrewed. A beggar-woman with a child. She thinks we feel sorry for her. Have not all of us been cast into this world to hate one another, and is not that why we torture ourselves and others? Here come some schoolboys—laughing. Sergei? I thought I loved him and revelled in the tenderness I felt for him. But I lived without him, I bartered him for another love and did not complain of the change so long as the new love satisfied me. And again with aversion she recalled that to which she had given the name of love. And she rejoiced in the clarity with which she now saw her own life and the life of others. We are all the same: I and Pyotr and coachman Fyodor and that merchant and the people who live on the Volga, to which that sign is inviting settlers—everyone, always and everywhere, she concluded as they arrived at the low building of the Nizhni Novgorod railway station and porters came running for her bags.

"Is it to Obiralovka?" asked Pyotr.

She had quite forgotten where she was going and why, and it cost her some effort to comprehend what he was asking.

"Yes," she said, handing him a purse with money in it; then, taking her little red bag, she got out.

As she made her way through the crowd to the first-class waiting-room, all the particulars of her situation and the various decisions she was considering gradually came back to her. And again first hope, then despair, probed the old sore-spots of her wounded and fearfully pounding heart. As she sat on the pentagonal seat and looked with loathing at the people coming and going (all of them seemed hateful to her), she saw herself arriving at the station and writing him a note, and she thought of what she would say in the note; then she thought of how even now he must be complaining of his lot to his mother (without understanding

her sufferings), and how she, Anna, would come into the room and what she would say to him. Then she thought she might still find happiness, but oh! how agonizing was her love and hatred of him, and how fearful the pounding of her heart!

31

A bell rang, some ugly, insolent young men passed by in a great rush, yet mindful of the impression they were making; Pyotr in his livery and buttoned boots, with his dull brute face, crossed the waiting-room to escort her to the train. The noisy young men became silent when she passed them on the platform and one of them whispered a remark to another, unquestionably salacious. She climbed up the high steps and sat down in an empty compartment on an upholstered divan that had once been white. Her bag jiggled on the springs and fell on its side. Pyotr bid her goodbye from the platform, smiling foolishly through the window and lifting his hat trimmed with gold braid. A brash conductor slammed the door shut and bolted it. An ugly lady wearing a bustle (Anna saw her naked in her mind's eye and was shocked by her ugliness) and a little girl who laughed unnaturally came running down the platform.

"Katerina Andreyevna has them, she has everything, *ma tante*," cried the little girl.

A mere child and even she is spoiled and affected, thought Anna. So as not to see anyone, she quickly moved to the opposite window of the empty compartment. A dirty, ugly old man in a workman's cap with matted hair showing under it, went past the window and bent down to do something to the carriage wheels. There is something familiar in that ugly man, Anna bethought herself. She remembered her dream and, trembling with horror, she got up and shrank against the door. Just then the conductor opened it to let in a man and his wife.

"Do you wish to go out?"

Anna did not reply. Neither the conductor nor the couple detected the horror on her face beneath her veil. She returned to her place and sat down. The couple settled themselves opposite her and secretly but intently studied her clothes. Anna found both husband and wife repugnant. The husband asked did she mind if he smoked?—clearly for the sake of speaking to her rather than of smoking. On receiving permission he began to talk to his wife in French of things that were even further away from his mind than smoking. But both of them did talk—and in the most artificial way and a lot of nonsense, only to attract her attention. Anna clearly perceived how sick they were of each other and how they hated each other. And it was impossible not to hate such miserable creatures.

A second bell rang and it was followed by shouts and laughter and a hauling of luggage. Anna saw clearly that no one was enjoying this and the laughter made her so sick with irritation that she almost put her hands over her ears to shut it out. At last the third bell rang, the whistle blew, the engine let off a blast of steam, there was a clank of chains and the husband crossed himself. I should like to ask him what that means to him, thought Anna, glancing at him with venom. She looked out of the window and fancied the people running beside the train and standing on the platform were being whisked away. The carriage in which Anna was sitting clicked regularly over the rail-joints, as it glided past the platform, a stone wall, a signal tower, other trains; the sound of the wheels grew smoother and more unguent and took on a little ring; the window was lighted by bright rays of setting sun; a breeze played with the curtains. Anna, swaying slightly with the movement of the train and breathing in the fresh air, became oblivious of her neighbours and once more gave herself up to her thoughts:

Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, I was thinking that it would be impossible to conceive of a situation in which

life was not torture, that all people are born to suffer, and that we know this and yet spend our lives thinking of ways of deceiving ourselves. And indeed, if we faced the truth, what should we do?

"That's what people were given intelligence for—to get rid of things that upset them," the wife said in French, evidently pleased with her aphorism and sticking out the tip of her tongue to punctuate it.

Her words were as if spoken in response to Anna's thought.

"To get rid of things that upset them," Anna repeated to herself. She glanced at the florid husband and skinny wife and realized that the wife considered herself a lady of mystery, and that her husband fostered this opinion and took advantage of it to deceive her. And now Anna turned the light upon them and thought she could read their story and see into all the dark recesses of their souls. But she found little of interest there and went back to her thoughts.

Yes, I am vastly upset and was given intelligence to rid myself of what upsets me; that is what I must do. And why should not one snuff out the candle when there is no longer anything to look at, when everything is hateful? But how? Why did that conductor run through the corridor? Why are they shouting, the young people in that other carriage? Why are they talking? Why are they laughing? All false, all lies, all deceit, all evil!

When the train stopped at her station Anna got out with the other passengers and, withdrawing from them as from lepers, stood on the platform trying to remember why she had come and what she had meant to do. Everything that had seemed so feasible before, now baffled her, especially in this noisy crowd of loathsome people who would not leave her alone. One moment porters ran up to offer their services; the next some young men went past talking loudly, pounding the boards of the platform with their stout boots, taking her in from head to foot; or she was jostled by people going in the other direction.

Remembering that she had intended going further if there was no reply to her note, she stopped a porter and asked him if there were not a coachman here taking a message to Count Vronsky.

"Count Vronsky? The Vronskys' carriage was here just now. Came to meet Princess Sorokina and her daughter. What's the coachman like?"

While she was talking to the porter, coachman Mikhail—red-faced, jovial, in a smart blue coat with a chain looped on his chest and bursting with pride in having fulfilled his mission so well, came up to her and handed her a note. She tore open the envelope, her heart sinking even before she read the message.

"Very sorry I did not get your note. I will be home at ten," Vronsky replied in a hasty scribble.

I see. Just what I expected, she said to herself with a vindictive smile.

"Very well, then go home," she said to Mikhail softly. She spoke softly because she could not breathe for the frenzied beating of her heart. Oh, no, I will not allow you to torture me so, she said to herself in a menacing tone addressed neither to him nor to herself but to the power that was causing her torture, and with that she set off down the platform past the station building.

Two serving-maids who were strolling along the platform turned their heads to look at her and commented aloud on her clothes: "The real thing," they said of the lace she was wearing. The young men came back and gave her no peace; they peered into her face and laughed and shouted with unnatural animation. The station-master stopped to ask her if she meant to go further. A boy selling *kvass* could not take his eyes off her. Dear God, where am I to go? she murmured as she went on and on along the platform. She stopped when she had nearly reached the end of it. Some women and children who had come to meet a gentleman in glasses and who were laughing and talking vivaciously, fell silent and stared at her when she reached

them. She quickened her steps until she came to the very edge. A goods train was approaching. The platform shook, giving her the impression that she was riding in the train again.

Suddenly, recalling the man who had been run over on the day when she first met Vronsky, she knew what she must do. With quick light strides she went down the steps leading to the rails and stopped close to the train that was now passing by. She looked at the lower part of the carriages, at the bolts and chains and at the high iron wheels of the first carriage revolving slowly on the rails, and she calculated with her eye when the middle of the carriage between the front and back wheels would be opposite her.

That's where! she said to herself, gazing through the shadow under the carriage at the mixture of sand and cinders packed between the sleepers. That's where, in the very middle, and I will punish him and get away from everybody and my own self.

She wanted to throw herself under the middle of the first carriage as it came opposite her, but by the time she had taken the little red bag off her arm it was too late. She had to wait for the next carriage. A feeling similar to the one she experienced before making the first plunge into cold water when bathing now took possession of her, and she crossed herself. The familiar gesture evoked in her soul a chain of childhood and girlhood memories, and suddenly the darkness that had settled upon everything was torn asunder and for a brief moment life presented itself to her with all the brightness of past joys. But she did not take her eyes off the wheels of the approaching second carriage. And at just the moment when the middle of the carriage between the wheels came opposite her, she flung away the red bag, hunched her shoulders and fell on her hands under the carriage, then with a swift movement, as if about to get up, she rose to her knees. Instantly she was horrified by what she was doing. Where

am I? What am I doing? What for? She tried to rise, to throw herself back, but something enormous and implacable struck her on the head and dragged her down. "God forgive me!" she murmured, knowing a struggle was useless. An old man, muttering to himself, was pottering with some iron. And the candle, by whose light she had been reading a book full of pain, deceit, sorrow and evil, flared up more brightly than ever before, throwing light on all that had hitherto been in darkness; then it flickered and waned and went out forever.

PART EIGHT

1

Almost two months had passed. The hot summer was half over, yet only now was Sergei Ivanovich Koznishev getting ready to leave Moscow.

Within this time an important event had taken place in his life. The preceding year he had finished his book, the fruit of six years of labour, entitled *A Tentative Survey of the Basic Forms and Principles of Government in Europe and Russia.* The introduction and some chapters of the book had been published in periodicals, other chapters he himself had read to members of his circle, so that it would be wrong to say the ideas expressed in his work were quite new to the public; even so Koznishev expected that the appearance of his book would make an impression; if it did not exactly bring about a revolution in scientific thinking, it would at least create a stir in the world of scholarship.

After painstaking polishing, the book had been published and distributed among the booksellers.

Koznishev never inquired about his book and he always replied to questions as to how it was selling with reluctance and feigned indifference, indeed he did not even ask the booksellers how it was going, yet he followed with strained attention the impression it made on editors and the public.

But one week passed, a second, and a third, and no impression at all was evinced; his friends among scholars and specialists sometimes spoke of it to him, but apparently just to be civil. The rest of his acquaintances, taking no interest whatsoever in the subject, did not even mention

the book to him. Everyone showed complete indifference, the more so since people's minds were occupied with a very pressing matter at this time. For more than a month it was not even mentioned in the journals.

Koznishev calculated the time required before a review could be expected to appear, but a month went by, another went by, and still not a word.

True, in *The Northern Beetle* a satiric article about opera-singer Drabanti, who had lost his voice, made a contemptuous reference to Koznishev's book, indicating thereby that everyone knew what it was worth and consigned it to general ridicule.

At last, in the third month, a criticism of it was printed in one of the serious journals. Koznishev knew the author of the article. He had met him at Golubtsov's.

The author was a very young and ailing feature-writer, pert with his pen, but lacking in education and timid with people.

Despite his complete contempt for the young man, Koznishev began reading the review seriously. The article was dreadful.

The reviewer understood the book in a way that was unpardonable. But he selected passages for quotation so adroitly that anyone who had not read the book (and apparently very few *had* read it) got the impression that it was nothing but a collection of high-sounding phrases, and even these were used irrelevantly (as indicated by abundant question marks), and that the author was an ignorant ass wholly unqualified for his task. All of this was written with such wit that Koznishev would have liked to have been so witty himself. But it was just that that made it so dreadful.

Conscientiously as Koznishev examined the justice of the reviewer's conclusions, he did not allow his attention to become fixed on the errors and drawbacks the reviewer held up to scorn–it was only too obvious that they had been chosen with an ulterior motive–but instantly and

involuntarily found himself searching his mind for all the circumstances surrounding his first meeting and conversation with the feature-writer.

Could I have offended him in some way? Koznishev asked himself.

With a little effort he recalled that on that occasion he had drawn the young man's attention to his misuse of a certain word, and this made the motive behind the review clear.

The review was followed by a deathly silence as to the book, both in print and in speech, and Koznishev saw that his six years of loving labour had passed without leaving a trace.

Koznishev's situation was made worse by his having nothing to take the place of his labour at the desk, which until then had occupied most of his time.

Being clever, cultivated, in excellent health and a man of action, he did not know how to make full use of his powers. Part of his time was taken up by conversation in drawing-rooms and committees, at conferences and meetings–everywhere where talking was possible; but he, who had lived so long in a big city, did not allow himself to give all his time to conversation as did his inexperienced brother when he came to Moscow. Consequently he had a surplus of leisure and intellectual energy.

Luckily for him, in the dismal months when his book was proving to be a failure, the usual topics of the day–dissenting sects, American friends, famine in Samara, art exhibitions and spiritualism–were eclipsed by the Slavic question, which heretofore had been merely smouldering in people's minds; and Koznishev, who had been one of the first to present this question somewhat earlier, now gave himself up to it wholly.

At this time none of Koznishev's friends wrote or spoke about anything but the Slavic question and the Serbian War. Everything the leisure class ordinarily did to kill time was now done for the benefit of the Slavs. Balls, concerts, din-

ners, speeches, ladies' fashions, beer, taverns—all of these were turned into an expression of sympathy for the Slavs.

Koznishev did not agree with everything that was said and written on this subject. He saw that the Slavic question had become one of those fads that society always takes up as a relief from ennui; he also saw that many people had taken it up to satisfy their vanity and promote their self-interest. He owned that the papers printed much that was exaggerated or unnecessary with the sole purpose of attracting public attention and out-shouting their rivals. He saw that in the general excitement men who were failures or who bore grievances rushed forward and shouted louder than others: generals without armies, ministers without ministries, journalists without journals, party leaders without parties. He saw that there was much of the superficial and the ridiculous in all this; but he also saw, and accepted as incontestable, a growing enthusiasm that united all classes and that could not but arouse sympathy. The massacre of brother Slavs, who were also brothers in the faith, called forth sympathy for the victims and indignation against their persecutors. The heroism with which the Serbs and the Montenegrins were fighting fired the entire nation with the desire to aid their brothers not in words but in deeds.

There was, moreover, another aspect of the situation that pleased Koznishev greatly. It was the clear-cut manifestation of public opinion. It was the national spirit that had manifested itself, Koznishev asserted. And the more he gave himself to the cause, the more convinced he became that it was bound to expand to grandiose dimensions; was, in fact, to mark an epoch.

And so he dedicated himself completely to this great cause and in doing so stopped thinking about his book.

All his time was now taken up; indeed he had no opportunity to respond to all the letters and appeals addressed to him.

So busy was he throughout the spring and early summer

that only in July was he able to set out to visit his brother in the country.

He went to enjoy two weeks of rest, and to enjoy them in the remoteness of the Russian village, that holy of holies of the Russian people, where he had no doubt but that he would witness the upsurge of the national spirit which he and all city-dwellers were convinced had taken place.

Katavasov, who had long intended fulfilling his promise to visit Levin, went with him.

2

On arriving at the Kursk railway station, which was particularly crowded on this day, Koznishev and Katavasov scarcely had time to get out of the carriage and look to see that the footman had also arrived with their luggage, when four hackney coaches brought a party of volunteers to the war. Ladies greeted them with flowers and a crowd of well-wishers flocked after them into the station.

One of the ladies who had come to see off the volunteers came out of the waiting-room and spoke to Koznishev.

"You have come to see them off too?"

"No, Princess, I am going away myself. For a little vacation at my brother's place. Do you make it a practice to see all of them off?" asked Koznishev with a scarcely perceptible smile.

"I should like to if I could," replied the princess. "It is true, is it not, that we have already sent off eight hundred? Malvinsky does not believe me."

"More than eight hundred. If we include those who do not go directly from Moscow—more than a thousand," Koznishev assured her.

"There now, just what I said!" the princess exulted. "And is not it true that donations amount to nearly a million?"

"More, Princess."

"And how do you like today's news? The Turks have been defeated again."

"Yes, I read about it," replied Koznishev. They were alluding to the latest telegrams stating that within the last three days the Turks had been defeated at every point and were retreating in disorder and that a decisive battle was expected on the following day.

"Ah, yes, I wished to tell you that a certain young man—and a very fine young man—has volunteered. But for some reason impediments have been placed in his way. Do be so kind as to write a note. I know him, he is being sent by Countess Lydia Ivanovna."

After learning all the princess could tell him about the young volunteer, Koznishev retired to the first-class waiting-room and wrote a note to the personage on whom the matter depended and gave it to the princess.

"Did you know that Count Vronsky, who ... well, he is going by this same train," said the princess with a triumphant and meaning smile as she took the note.

"I knew he was going but I did not know when. By this train?"

"I saw him. He is here. His mother is the only one seeing him off. I must say this is the best thing he could have done."

"Oh, yes, of course."

While they were talking the crowd pressed past them to the station restaurant. They joined the crowd and heard a gentleman with a wineglass in his hand making a speech to the volunteers in a loud voice. "Here's to the faith, to humanity, to our brothers!" said the gentleman, his voice growing ever louder. "Mother Moscow gives you her blessing as she sends you off in this good cause, *Jhivio!*" he concluded loudly and tearfully.

Everyone shouted *Jhivio* and more onlookers crowded into the room, almost knocking the princess off her legs.

"Ah, Princess! What a fine showing!" said the beaming Oblonsky, who suddenly appeared in the midst of the crowd. "Was it not a fine speech? So warm and enthusiastic! Bravo! And Sergei Ivanich! Why do you not say

something–just a few words of encouragement, you know; you are so good at that," he added with an affectionate, deferential, cautious smile, taking Koznishev's hand and gently pressing him forward.

"No, I am going away."

"And where might you be going?"

"To my brother's place in the country," replied Koznishev.

"Well, then you will see my wife. I have written to her but you will see her first; pray tell her that with me everything is *all right*" (using the English phrase). "She will understand. And tell her, by the way, that I have received my appointment on the Commission ... oh yes, she will understand. You know *les petites misères de la vie humaine*," he said, turning apologetically to the princess. "Princess Myakaya–mind you, not Liza but Bibish–is sending a thousand rifles and twelve nurses. Did not I tell you she would?"

"Yes, I have heard," replied Koznishev unenthusiastically.

"Too bad you are going away," said Oblonsky. "Tomorrow we are giving a dinner for two of the volunteers–Dimer-Bartnyansky of St. Petersburg and our own Grisha Veslovsky. Both are leaving. And Veslovsky has only just got married. A fine chap, is he not, Princess?" he asked, turning to the lady.

The princess glanced at Koznishev without replying.

But Oblonsky was not disconcerted by their evident desire to be rid of his company. He smiled and looked now at the feather in the princess's hat, now at the people about him, as if trying to recall something. On catching sight of a woman approaching and holding out a cup, he called her over and dropped a five-ruble note into it.

"These cups give me no peace so long as I have a copper in my pocket," he said. "What do you think of today's news? Good for the Montenegrins!"

The princess told him Vronsky was leaving by this train.

"You don't say!" he cried. For a moment his face clouded over, but the next he was walking into the waiting-room with his usual springy step, one hand putting down his side-whiskers, not a remembrance in his head of the tears of despair he had shed over his sister's body, seeing in Vronsky now only a hero and an old friend.

"One must give him his due, with all his faults," the princess said to Koznishev when Oblonsky was gone. "There you have true Russian, the Slavic nature! But I fear Vronsky will not be pleased to see him. Say what you will, but I am touched by that man's fate. Do speak to him on the train," said the princess.

"Perhaps I will, if I have a chance."

"I never liked him. But he is atoning for much. Not only is he going himself but he is taking a whole cavalry company with him at his own expense."

"Yes, I have heard."

A bell rang. Everyone moved towards the doors.

"There he is," murmured the princess, indicating Vronsky in a long coat and a wide-brimmed black hat, walking past with his mother on his arm. Oblonsky was walking beside them and talking with great animation. Vronsky was frowning and staring ahead of him as if he did not hear what his friend was saying.

Prompted no doubt by Oblonsky, he glanced to where the princess and Koznishev were standing and lifted his hat without speaking. His face, aged and drawn by suffering, might have been made of stone.

On reaching the train platform he silently stood aside to let his mother pass, then followed her into the carriage.

On the platform *God save the Tsar* was sung, to be followed by cries of *Hoorah!* and *Jhivio!* One of the volunteers, a very tall and very young man with a sunken chest, made a great show of bowing and waving his felt hat and a bouquet of flowers over his head. Behind him two officers and an elderly man with a big beard and wearing a greasy cap pushed themselves forward and bowed too.

3

Having said goodbye to the princess, Koznishev was joined by Katavasov and together they went into the overcrowded carriage just as the train started.

At the Tsaritsino station the train was greeted by a chorus of young people singing *Hail to the Heroes!* Again the volunteers leaned out of windows and bowed, but Koznishev ignored them; he had seen so much of volunteers that he knew the type and it did not interest him. Katavasov, absorbed as he was in scholarly pursuits, had had no opportunity to observe them before and was extremely curious and kept asking Koznishev about them.

Koznishev advised him to go into a second-class carriage and talk to them. At the next station Katavasov took his advice.

He went to a second-class carriage when the train stopped and made the acquaintance of the volunteers. They were gathered in the corner talking loudly, obviously aware that the attention of this newcomer, and the other passengers was centred on them. The tall youth with the sunken chest was talking louder than anyone else. He appeared to be tipsy and was telling them about something that had happened in their training school. Opposite him sat an officer, no longer young, in a Guards jacket. He smiled as he listened and interrupted the speaker from time to time. A third in an artillery uniform was sitting nearby on a suitcase. A fourth was asleep.

Katavasov entered into conversation with the tall youth and found out that he was a young Moscow merchant who had gone through a considerable fortune before he was twenty-two. Katavasov disliked him because he was spoiled, effeminate and in poor health; he seemed convinced, especially in his tipsy state, that he was a great hero and boasted in the most disgusting way.

Another, a retired officer, also made a poor impression on Katavasov. He seemed to have tried his hand at every-

thing. He had worked for the railways, been a steward, and run factories, and he talked about all this without any occasion for doing so and with a great misuse of big words.

The artilleryman, on the contrary, made a very good impression. He was a quiet modest fellow, who said not a word about himself and appeared to be overawed by the retired officer's knowledge and the young merchant's heroism. When Katavasov asked him what had made him go off to Serbia, he replied modestly:

"Oh, everybody seems to be going. Got to help the Serbs. Can't help feeling sorry for them."

"Yes, and I believe they are badly in need of artillerymen," said Katavasov.

"I haven't had much artillery experience; they may put me in the infantry or the cavalry."

"Why should they put you in the infantry when they need artillerymen most of all?" said Katavasov, concluding from the man's age that he must be of rather high rank.

"I haven't spent much time in the artillery, I am a retired cadet," he said and began explaining why he had failed to pass his examination.

His meeting with these men impressed Katavasov very unfavourably, and when the volunteers went to have a drink at the station he sought to verify his ill opinion by speaking to others. One of the passengers, an old man in a military coat, had been listening to Katavasov's conversation with them; when Katavasov found himself alone with him, he said:

"People from all walks of life seem to be going out there." Katavasov wished to give his opinion and at the same time to draw out the old man.

The old man was an officer who had served in two campaigns. He knew what was expected of a soldier. And from the way these volunteers looked and talked and from the zest with which they kept tipping their flasks during the journey, he knew they were bad soldiers. He lived, moreover, in a provincial town and he longed to tell Ka-

tavasov about a certain youth from their town, a thief and a drunkard, who joined the army for an indefinite term when nobody would give him a job. But, knowing from experience that with public opinion in its present state it would be dangerous to express any opinion running counter to it, especially one disparaging the volunteers, he held his tongue and studied Katavasov appraisingly.

"Oh, well, they need people to fight," he said, his eyes twinkling. And so they restricted their talk to the latest news from the war and each hid from the other his wonder as to whom the Slavs expected to fight in the decisive battle of the following day, all the latest despatches having declared that the Turks had been defeated at all points. Thus, without expressing their opinions, they parted.

Without meaning to be hypocritical, Katavasov gave Koznishev a false impression of the volunteers when he went back to his own carriage; he gave him the impression that they were a fine set of fellows.

At the next big station the volunteers were again met with songs and cheers and again the cup for donations was passed round and again the local ladies brought bouquets of flowers and followed the volunteers into the station restaurant; but all this was less enthusiastic and on a smaller scale than in Moscow.

4

While the train waited at a provincial station, Koznishev did not go into the refreshment room but walked up and down the station platform.

The first time he passed Vronsky's carriage, he noticed that the curtain was drawn over the window of his compartment. But the next time he saw the old countess at the window. She beckoned to him.

"I am accompanying him as far as Kursk," she said.

"Yes, so I heard," said Koznishev, stopping beside the window and glancing inside. "What a noble thing for him

to do!" he added, seeing that Vronsky was not in the compartment.

"What else was he to do after the catastrophe?"

"A dreadful thing, dreadful!" said Koznishev.

"Ah, if you only knew what I went through! But come inside... If you only knew what I went through!" she repeated when Koznishev was sitting beside her. "It is beyond belief! For six weeks he didn't say a word to anyone and ate only when I implored him to. We dared not leave him alone for a second. We took away everything he might use as a weapon. We lived on the first floor, but even so we were in constant fear. You know he shot himself once—on her account," she said, frowning at the recollection. "Yes, she ended her days as a woman of her sort could have been expected to do. Even the death she chose was low, despicable."

"It is not for us to judge, Countess," said Koznishev with a sigh. "But I well understand how hard it has been for you."

"Ah, don't speak of it! I was living in the country and he had come out to see me. They brought him a note. He wrote an answer and sent it off. We had no idea she was at the railway station. I had just retired for the night when my maid told me a lady had thrown herself under a train. It came like a thunderbolt. I knew it was she. The first thing I said was—don't tell him. But they had told him already. The coachman was there and saw everything. When I ran into his room he was no longer himself. It was terrible to see him. Without a word he galloped off to the station. I don't know what happened there but they brought him back as one dead. I didn't recognize him. *Prostration complète,* the doctor said. After that he almost went mad. Ah, but what is the use talking about it?" said the countess with a wave of her hand. "A dreadful time! Say what you will, she was a bad woman. Who ever heard of such frightful passions? All just to show she was someone out of the ordinary. Well, she has shown it. Ruined

herself and two fine people–her husband and my unfortunate son."

"What of her husband?" asked Koznishev.

"He has taken her daughter. At first my Alexei agreed to anything. Now he is gnawn by remorse for having given his daughter into strange hands. But it is too late to go back on his word. Karenin attended the funeral. We saw to it that he should not meet Alexei. For him–her husband–it was better. She has set him free. But she was my poor son's whole life–he gave up everything for her sake–his career, me . . . and even so she did not take pity on him but crushed him utterly. Deliberately. Oh, no, say what you will, her very death was the death of a wicked woman without religion. May God forgive me, but when I see how she has ruined my son I cannot but hate the very memory of her."

"How is he now?"

"God came to our aid with this Serbian War. I'm an old woman, I don't pretend to understand anything, but surely God sent him this war. Naturally as his mother I fear for him, especially since they say *ce n'est pas très bien vu à Petersbourg.* But it cannot be helped. This was the only thing that could rouse him. Yashvin–his friend–lost everything at cards and resolved to go to Serbia. He came and persuaded Alexei to go too. He is interested in it now. Pray talk to him, I want him to be distracted. He is in such low spirits. And on top of everything a tooth is troubling him. He will be glad to see you. Do speak to him. He is walking on the other side of the train."

Koznishev said he would be only too glad to do so, and he got out of the carriage on the side of the train away from the station.

5

Among the slanting shadows of evening cast by the sacks piled high on the station platform, Vronsky in his long coat and soft hat, his hands in his pockets, was pacing

like a caged animal–twenty paces and a sharp turn. As Koznishev approached he fancied Vronsky saw him but pretended not to do so. It was all the same to Koznishev. There could be no personal grievance between him and Vronsky.

At that time Koznishev looked upon Vronsky as an important figure in a great cause, and he considered it his duty to encourage him and express his approval. So he went up to him.

Vronsky stopped, gazed at him, recognized him and, coming forward, shook his hand warmly.

"Perhaps you do not wish to see me," said Koznishev, "but I thought I might be of some service to you."

"There is no one I could find it less unpleasant to meet than you," said Vronsky. "Pray don't be offended; nothing is pleasant for me any more."

"I understand, but I did wish to offer my services," said Koznishev, looking into Vronsky's suffering face. "May I give you a letter to Ristič or Milan?"

"Oh, no!" said Vronsky, as if it had cost him an effort to comprehend. "If you don't mind, let's walk. It's so stuffy in the compartment. A letter? No, thank you; it requires no recommendation to die. Unless to the Turks? . . ." he added, smiling with his lips alone. His eyes were still fretful and suffering.

"Yes, but since you must make contact with someone, would it not be better if this someone were prepared? But just as you say. I was very glad to hear of your decision. There have been so many criticisms of the volunteers that a man like you will raise them in the public estimation."

"I am a good man for the cause," said Vronsky, "because I place no value on my life. As for the physical strength to rush into attack and either slay or be slain, I know I have it. I am glad there is something I can give my life for; I have no need of it, I am sick of it. Someone else may find a use for it," and he clenched his

teeth irritably from the incessant pain that prevented him from giving his words the desired emphasis.

"Take my word for it, you will come back a different man," said Koznishev, truly touched. "The freeing of our brothers from a foreign yoke is an aim worthy of death and of life. May God give you success and peace of mind," he added, holding out his hand.

Vronsky pressed it tightly.

"As a weapon I may be of some use; as a person I am a wreck," he murmured.

He could hardly speak for the aching of his tooth. He stopped walking and his eyes came to rest on locomotive wheels turning slowly and smoothly on the rails.

And suddenly something quite different, not physical pain but a sense of dismay, made him forget his toothache. The sight of the locomotive and the rails just at this moment, when he was talking to a friend he had not met since the tragedy, made him recall *her*, or rather what remained of her when he had burst like a madman into the guardhouse at the station: on the table–her blood-drenched body, so recently full of life, shamefully exposed to numerous strange staring eyes; her uninjured head thrown back with the heavy tresses hanging down and the wisps curling at the temples, and on her lovely face with the red mouth half-open a strange frozen expression, piteous on the lips and terrible in the fixed open eyes–an expression that seemed to give utterance to the dreadful words she had spoken during their last quarrel: "You will repent of this!"

He tried to remember her as she had been when he had first met her, at a railway station then, too–mysterious, exquisite, loving, seeking and bestowing happiness, not cruelly vengeful as he remembered her at their last encounter. He tried to recall the best moments of their life together; but these moments were poisoned forever. He only remembered her triumphant in death, having executed her threat of blighting him with futile but imperishable

remorse. No longer aware of the aching of his tooth, his face was twisted by rising sobs.

When they had taken two turns past the sacks and he had got himself under control, Vronsky said calmly:

"Have you heard any news since yesterday? I know they defeated the Turks three times, but the decisive battle is expected to take place tomorrow."

They talked a little about Milan's being made king and the enormous consequences it was expected to have; then, when the second bell rang, each went to his separate carriage.

6

Since he had not known exactly when he would be able to leave Moscow, Koznishev had not sent his brother a wire asking him to meet the train. Levin was not at home when Koznishev and Katavasov drove up to the entrance of the Pokrovskoye house in a trap hired at the station. Both of them were covered with dust. Kitty, who was sitting on the balcony with her father and Dolly, recognized her brother-in-law and ran downstairs to meet him.

"Aren't you ashamed not to have let us know?" she said, giving Koznishev her hand and presenting her forehead to be kissed.

"We got here capitally without disturbing you," he replied. "I am too dirty to touch anything. There were so many things to attend to I didn't know when I could get away. You, I see," he said with a smile, "are once more enjoying the bliss of life in this quiet lagoon far from the main stream. And here is our friend Fyodor Vassilich; he has found time to come and see you at last."

"I am not a blackamoor—you will see when I wash myself," said Katavasov with his usual jocularity, holding out his hand and smiling with a particularly bright flash of teeth owing to the dirtiness of his face.

"Kostya will be delighted. He has gone to the farm. But he will be back any minute."

"Still engrossed in his farming. Life in a lagoon," said Katavasov. "We in the city have our vision of everything else cut off by the Serbian War. What does my friend think of it? Not what ordinary mortals do, I fancy."

"Oh, no; that is, yes, the same as everyone else," replied Kitty, glancing uneasily at Koznishev. "I will send for him. Papa is visiting us too. He just got back from a trip abroad."

When she had sent for Levin and given instructions to have the guests put up, one in the study and the other in Dolly's old room, and made arrangements for them to wash and be given lunch, Kitty ran up to the balcony, enjoying the privilege she had been deprived of while pregnant of moving about as fast as she liked.

"It's Sergei Ivanovich and Professor Katavasov," she said.

"Dear me, rather hard lines in this heat," said the prince.

"Oh, no, papa, he is really very nice, and Kostya is fond of him," said Kitty with a persuasive smile, detecting mockery in her father's tone.

"I have nothing against him."

"Go to them, darling," Kitty said to Dolly. "Entertain them. They saw Steve at the station, he is perfectly well. I must go to Mitya. I haven't fed him since breakfast. He has probably waked up and is crying," and she hurried off to the nursery, feeling the pressure of milk in her breasts.

It was not that she guessed but that she knew for certain (her physical ties with the baby were not yet severed) from the abundance of milk in her breasts that he was in want of milk.

She was sure he must be crying even before she got to the nursery. And he was indeed crying. She quickened her steps when she heard him. But the faster she walked the louder he cried. It was a fine healthy voice, but hungry and impatient.

"Been crying long, nurse? Long?" she asked hurriedly as she sat down and made herself ready for the feeding.

"Give him to me, hurry! Ah, nurse, how slow you are! You can tie his cap later."

The child was choking with greedy cries.

"That's no way, my lady," said Agafia Mikhailovna, who spent most of her time in the nursery. "He must be neat. Tsck, tsck, tsck!" she said to the baby, ignoring the mother.

The nurse brought him to Kitty. Agafia Mikhailovna followed at her heels with a face all soft with tenderness.

"He knows me, God's my witness he does, Katerina Alexandrovna. He recognizes me," said Agafia Mikhailovna, raising her voice above the baby's cries.

But Kitty was not listening. The more impatient the baby, the more impatient she.

And just because of this impatience nothing came of their mutual efforts at first. The baby sucked at the wrong place and was infuriated. At last, after vain efforts followed by desperate choking cries, everything fell into place and mother and child grew calm at the same time.

"Poor dear, he's all in a sweat," whispered Kitty. "What makes you think he recognizes you?" she added, cocking her head and looking down at the baby's eyes, which she fancied were glinting mischievously out from under his cap, and at his cheeks, working regularly, and at his little hand with the pink palm making circles in the air.

"It cannot be! If he recognized anyone, surely it would be me," said Kitty with a smile in reply to Agafia Mikhailovna's assurance that it was so.

She smiled because, despite her assertion that it was too soon for the baby to recognize anyone, her heart told her that he not only knew and understood who Agafia Mikhailovna was, but that he knew and understood many things no one else did, things that she, his mother, had only come to know through him. For Agafia Mikhailovna, for the nurse, for the baby's grandfather, even for his father, little Mitya was nothing more than a live creature clamouring to have his wants be supplied; but for his mother he

had long been a moral being with whom she had built up a fairly long record of spiritual relations.

"When he wakes up, God willing, you will see for yourself. I have only to do–this–and how he beams, the pet! How he beams! Like a summer's day!" said Agafia Mikhailovna.

"Very well, very well, we shall see," whispered Kitty. "Go away now, he is falling asleep."

7

Agafia Mikhailovna went out on tiptoe; the nurse drew the curtains, shooed away the flies that had got under the netting over the baby's bed and a hornet that was buzzing at the window-pane and sat down, fanning the mother and child with a withered birch branch.

"What heat! What heat! If only God would send us a shower," she murmured.

"Yes, sh-h-h!" replied Kitty, slightly rocking back and forth and gently pressing down the chubby little arm with the deep wrinkle at the wrist, which Mitya kept waving feebly as he opened and shut his eyes. The waving hand tempted Kitty; she longed to kiss it but dared not for fear of waking her son. At last the arm stopped moving and the eyes stayed shut, but for rare moments when, even in its sleep, the baby raised its long curved lashes and looked at its mother with eyes that appeared to be shiny black in the half-light. The nurse stopped fanning and drowsed off. From up above came the prince's deep rumbling voice and Katavasov's laughter.

They seem to have got together without my help, thought Kitty. Still, it's a pity Kostya's not here. He has probably gone out to the bees again. I'm sorry he spends so much time there, and on the other hand I'm glad. It takes his mind off other things. He is better, more cheerful, than he was in the spring. Then he was so gloomy and distressed that I feared for him. What a funny creature he is! she murmured to herself, smiling.

She knew what distressed her husband. It was his lack of faith. If she had been asked whether she thought that he, as an unbeliever, would be damned in the future life, she would have been obliged to say that she thought he would be damned, but this did not worry her; and even though she owned that there was no salvation for unbelievers, and even though she loved her husband more than anything else in the world, she could still reflect on his lack of faith with a smile and tell herself that he was a funny creature.

What has he been reading philosophy all year for? she mused. If the truth is made clear in those books, he ought to know it by now. If they do not tell the truth, then why should he bother reading them? He himself says he longs to have faith. Then why doesn't he have it? Because he thinks too much, I suppose. He thinks too much because he is alone too much. Always alone, always alone. He can't discuss these things with us. I dare say he will welcome the guests, especially Katavasov. He enjoys arguing with him, she thought; and with that she proceeded to consider where Katavasov had best be put up: in a room with Koznishev or alone? And this induced a thought that made her start with alarm and disturb Mitya, who opened his eyes reprovingly. I fear the laundress has not brought back the linen and all the guest linen is in use! If I don't speak to Agafia Mikhailovna, she may give Koznishev used linen! The very thought of such a thing made the blood rush to Kitty's cheeks.

I will speak to her, she assured herself, and returned to her reflections, remembering that she had not thought through something very important and trying to recall what it was. Oh, yes; that Kostya has no faith, she remembered with a smile.

Humph, an unbeliever! Better for him to remain so forever than to become like Madame Stahl or like I tried to be when I was abroad. Oh, but he will never be insincere!

And at this point a recent example of his goodness came into her mind. Two weeks before, Dolly had received a contrite letter from Oblonsky in which he implored her to save his honour by selling her estate to pay his debts. Dolly was in despair, she hated her husband, despised him, felt sorry for him, determined to refuse his request and divorce him, but in the end she agreed to sell part of her estate. With a tender smile Kitty recalled how embarrassed her own husband had been at this time, how he had made awkward attempts to broach the ticklish subject to Kitty, and how in the end, having decided there was only one means of helping his sister-in-law without injuring her pride, he had proposed that Kitty should give Dolly her own share of the estate, a measure Kitty herself had not thought of.

And you call him an unbeliever? With his greatness of heart, with his fear of offending anyone, even a child. Everything for others, nothing for himself! Koznishev takes it for granted that Kostya ought to manage his estate for him. His sister, too. And now Dolly and her family. And all those peasants who apply to him every day, as if he were obliged to serve them.

"Oh, darling, grow up to be just like your father! Just like him!" she whispered as she gave Mitya to the nurse and touched his cheek with her lips.

8

From the time Levin had watched his beloved brother dying and had first contemplated the problem of life and death through the prism of what he called his new convictions–the convictions that had gradually, from the age of twenty to thirty-four, supplanted the faith of his childhood and youth–he had been appalled not so much by the thought of dying as of living without the slightest knowledge of where life comes from, what it is, why it is, and to what purpose. His former faith had been supplanted by

concepts such as the organism, its development, its disintegration, the indestructibility of matter, the law of conservation of energy. These words and the concepts they stood for were excellent for intellectual purposes; but they were of no help in living, and Levin suddenly felt as one who has exchanged a fur coat for a gauze garment and, finding himself out in the bitter cold, knows not through logical thinking but from immediate experience that he is as good as naked and is doomed to a miserable death.

From that moment, even though he did not recognize the fact and went on living in his former way, Levin was constantly haunted by the fear arising from his ignorance.

He was, moreover, vaguely aware that what he called his convictions were not only ignorance, but represented a frame of mind that precluded the possibility of achieving essential knowledge.

In the first period of his marriage, his new joys and duties and his adaptation to them silenced these thoughts; but later on, when he was living in Moscow with nothing to do after his wife's confinement, he was faced with a question that presented itself to him more and more often and with growing urgency.

The question took the following form: If I do not accept the answers offered by Christianity, what answers do I accept? And in the entire arsenal of his convictions he could find no answers, nor even anything resembling an answer.

He was like a person looking for food in a toy shop.

Involuntarily, unconsciously, he now sought in every book, in every conversation, in every person, an attitude to this question and an answer to it.

He was amazed and distressed to see that most of the people of his age and circle who, like himself, had exchanged their former faith for new convictions, did not look upon this as a misfortune and were perfectly content. And so to the main question were added other ones: Are

these people sincere? Are they not pretending? Or do they have a different and a clearer understanding of the answers science offers to the questions disturbing him? And he assiduously studied the opinions of these people and the books in which these problems were treated.

One thing he discovered while studying these questions was that he had erred in assuming, on the basis of his university friends, that religion had outlived itself and no longer existed. All the good people in his life, those who were close to him, were believers: the old prince, and Lvov, who so attracted him, and Koznishev, and all the women (indeed his wife still believed in exactly the same way he had believed in early childhood), and ninety-nine percent of the Russian people, and the simple people whose way of life he respected above all other ways.

Another thing he discovered after reading many books was that the people who shared his present views accepted them at their face value and, offering no explanations, simply ignored the questions whose answers he felt he could not live without; instead, they posed other questions that did not interest him in the least, such as the evolution of live organisms, the mechanistic explanation of the soul, and so on and so forth.

In addition to all this, a singular thing had occurred while his wife was giving birth. He, an unbeliever, had begun to pray, and while he was praying he had believed. But the moment passed, and later he found that the mood of that moment was inconsonant with his usual life.

He could not admit that at that moment he had seen the truth and that now he was in error, because as soon as he began calmly reflecting on it, everything fell to pieces; nor could he admit that *then* he had been in error, because he cherished that spiritual experience and felt it would be desecration to look upon it as merely a moment's weakness. A terrible conflict was taking place within him and he strained all his powers to resolve it.

9

The harassment of his thoughts grew sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker, but never was he free of it. He read and thought, and the more he read and thought the further away from a solution did he find himself.

Convinced that the materialists could offer him no answers, he turned once again, while in Moscow and later in the country, to philosophers who did not give a materialistic explanation of life: to Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Schelling, Hegel and Schopenhauer.

He found their ideas stimulating while he was reading them or while he himself thought of means of refuting other theories, especially those of the materialists; but as soon as he finished reading or refuting certain theses, the same thing always happened. When he had accepted the given definition of abstract words such as *the soul, the will, freedom,* and *substance,* and when he had deliberately stepped into the trap of words set for him by the philosophers or by himself, he seemed on the verge of comprehending something. He had, however, but to abandon the artificial train of thought, step back and contemplate the course of logical reasoning that had brought him such satisfaction from the vantage point of life itself, and the artificial edifice collapsed like a house of cards and it became clear that it was built up entirely of marshalled words, dependent upon nothing of more importance than the human reason.

Once, while reading Schopenhauer, he substituted the word *love* for *will,* and for a day or two, until he threw it off, this new philosophy comforted him; but it, too, collapsed when he stepped back and contemplated it from the vantage point of life itself; it turned out to be nothing but gauze garments that could not keep him warm.

Koznishev advised him to read Khomyakov's theological works. Levin read the second volume and for all his dislike

of the author's elegant, witty, polemical tone, he was struck by his teaching as to the church. He was struck first of all by his idea that the attainment of divine truth is not given to man but is given to the congregation of men united by love: the church. He was happy to find how much easier it was to begin by believing in the present, immediate, living church, comprising the faith of all people with God at its head, and therefore sacred and infallible, and proceed therefrom to a belief in God, the Creation, the Fall and Redemption, than to begin with God–a distant, mysterious God–the Creation, and so on. But when, later, he read the history of the church written by a Catholic author and the history of the church written by a Russian Orthodox author, and saw that both churches, infallible by definition, denounce each other, he was disillusioned in Khomyakov's teaching and this edifice collapsed just as the philosophers' edifices had done.

All that spring he was not himself and suffered terrible moments.

Without a knowledge of what I am and why I am here I cannot live. But I cannot know these things. It follows that I cannot live, Levin told himself.

In infinite time, in infinite space, in infinite matter, a tiny bubble appears, and this bubble exists for an instant and then bursts, and this bubble is–me.

This was an agonizing untruth, but it was the only and the latest conclusion drawn from centuries of human thinking in this direction.

This was the latest belief, and the one on which all the searchings of the human mind in almost every field were based. It was the prevailing conviction, and Levin, finding it more lucid than others, embraced it unconsciously, not knowing himself when and how he did so.

But it was more than an untruth, it was a cruel mockery emanating from an evil force, an evil and repugnant force to which one must not surrender.

One must free oneself of this force. And the means of

freeing oneself was accessible to everyone. One only had to wrench oneself out of the clutches of evil, and the means of doing it was–death.

And Levin, a hale and hearty and happily married man, was several times so close to committing suicide that he hid ropes to keep from hanging himself, and he avoided carrying a gun to keep from shooting himself.

Levin did not shoot himself and he did not hang himself; he went on living.

10

When Levin meditated on who he was and what he lived for, he found no answers and was driven to despair; but when he stopped asking himself such questions it was as if he knew who he was and what he lived for because he lived and acted firmly and resolutely; of late he had been living more definitely and resolutely than ever before.

On returning to the country at the beginning of June, he resumed his usual activities. All his time was taken up with farming, relations with the peasants and neighbouring landowners, looking after his sister's and brother's properties, attending upon his wife and relatives, showing interest in the baby and bee-hunting, which he had taken a fancy to in the spring.

He gave himself to all these activities not because he justified them by lofty principles, as he had in the past. Quite the opposite. On the one hand, disappointed as he was by the failure of his former activities for the public weal; and on the other, busy as he was with his meditations and with all the work that faced him wherever he turned, he had no time whatever to think of the public weal. He did what he did only because he felt he had to do it, could not help doing it.

Formerly (and this meant almost from childhood until he was a full-grown man), when he had tried to do things

for the good of all–for humanity, for Russia, for "all-the-world-and-his-wife"–he observed that the idea of it brought him pleasure but that there was some awkwardness in the doing of it; he did not feel sure that what he was doing was really needed, and his undertakings, which seemed so momentous at first, gradually petered out. Now, after his marriage, when he limited his activities more and more to those serving his own interests, he perhaps got little satisfaction from the *idea* of what he was doing, but he certainly felt that what he was doing was needed, and he saw that his undertakings were expanding instead of petering out.

Now, almost against his will, he dug himself deeper and deeper into the soil, like a plough, and he could not pull himself out without turning a furrow.

There was no doubt in his mind but that his family must live as his father and grandfathers had lived, which is to say that their life must be just as cultivated and their children brought up in the same way. This was as essential as is food for the hungry; and just as the food must be prepared in order to feed the hungry, so the estate at Pokrovskoye had to be well managed so as to bring in an income. And just as a person is obliged to pay his debts, so was he obliged to preserve the family property in such a condition that his son, on inheriting it, would thank him as Levin had thanked his grandfather for all he had built and planted. And to achieve this he must not rent out the land but work it himself, raise cattle, fertilize the fields and plant woods.

Nor could he neglect his sister's and Koznishev's property or turn his back on the peasants who were accustomed to coming to him for advice, any more than a person can throw down a child entrusted to his hands. He had to see to the comfort of his wife and child and his sister-in-law and her children, and he had to spend at least a small part of his time with them.

All of these activities, in addition to his shooting expe-

ditions and his new hobby of bee-hunting, filled Levin's life–the life that had no meaning for him when he reflected upon it.

Besides knowing without doubt *what* he had to do, Levin knew without doubt *how* he had to do it, and what came first.

He knew he had to hire labourers as cheaply as possible. Nor must he take advantage of their need by paying them less than a fair wage, however profitable that might be for him. He could sell the peasants straw for their beasts when their fodder ran out, even though he was sorry for them; but he must do away with the tavern and the pub, however tempting the income they brought him. For the stealing of timber in his woods he must punish the peasants severely, but he must not fine them for letting their beasts graze in his meadows, and he must return their beasts to them even though this incensed his watchmen and encouraged the peasants to do it again.

He must lend money to Pyotr so that he could pay his debt to a money-lender who was charging him 10 percent interest; but he must not allow the peasants to ignore or fall behind with their rents. He must see that the steward had all the meadows mown and the hay sold for a good price; but the 200 acres of land on which he had planted a young wood must not be mown under any circumstances. He must not pay a workman who drops his work at the height of the season and goes home for a month because his father has died, even though he sympathizes with the man's loss, and he must deduct the cost of the lost time from his wages; but he must keep up his monthly payments to the old and the infirm.

Levin also knew that when he came home he must go first of all to his wife, who was not well, letting the peasant, who had been waiting to see him for three hours, wait a little longer; and he must forego the pleasure of installing a swarm of bees himself and let the old man who was his bee-keeper do it while he withdrew and

talked to some peasants who had sought him out at the apiary.

Whether what he did was right or wrong he did not know, and he did not wish to discuss the matter or even to ponder it.

Discussions only gave rise to doubt and prevented him from seeing what he ought and what he ought not to do. When he did not think but just lived, he was constantly aware of an infallible judge within him pointing out to him which of two possible choices was the better one; and every time he did what he ought not to do, he knew it at once.

Thus he went on living without knowing and without seeing any chance of knowing who he was and why he was living in this world, and the torture of this lack of knowledge was so intense that he feared he might commit suicide. And at the same time he went on making his own individual path in life.

11

The day on which Koznishev came to Pokrovskoye was a most difficult day for Levin.

It was the height of the season, when all the country people give themselves to their work with an intensity of self-renunciation that is not to be matched in any other walk of life and would be highly appreciated if the country people themselves appreciated it, and if it were not repeated every year, and if the fruits of this labour were not so homely and familiar.

To reap and bind the rye and oats and cart them away, mow the meadows, replough the fallow lands, thresh the seed and sow the winter wheat–all of this appears to be simple and ordinary; but to accomplish all this in time requires that for some three or four weeks all the village folk, young and old, work without respite, three times more than usual, threshing and carting sheaves even at night, sleeping no more than two or three hours out of

twenty-four and eating nothing but black bread and onions washed down by *kvass.* And this takes place every year throughout the whole of Russia.

Having lived most of his life in the country and in close relations with the peasants, Levin always shared their excitement at this season.

Early in the morning he rode out to see the first sowing of winter rye, then the carting and stacking of oats, returning home when his wife and sister-in-law were up so as to take coffee with them; after that he walked out to the farm buildings where a new threshing-machine was being used to get the seed-corn ready.

All day long as Levin talked to his steward, the peasants, his wife, father-in-law, Dolly and the children, he kept thinking of one and the same thing, the only thing besides his farm cares that interested him at this time; in everything about him he sought some relationship to the main question: "What am I, and where, and why?"

Standing in the coolness of the granary which had just been rethatched, breathing in the fragrance of the freshly-peeled aspen beams and the lattice of hazel wands with leaves still clinging to them, Levin gazed through the open double-doors where the dry bitter dust from the threshing-floor was billowing and twining, at the grass lighted by hot sun, at the fresh straw just brought from the barn, at the speckle-headed white-breasted swallows that darted with a whistle under the roof and made fluttering silhouettes in the doorway, and at the people moving about in the darkness and dust of the threshing-floor; and as he gazed strange thoughts came to him.

Why, he thought, are they doing all this? Why am I standing here, exacting this labour of them? Why are they trying so hard to show me how conscientious they are? Why should my friend, old Matrona (I doctored her when the beam fell on her in the fire) work so hard? he mused, watching a thin old woman raking up the seed, moving her bare sunburnt feet gingerly over the hard and

uneven threshing floor. She recovered that time, but today or tomorrow or in ten years' time she will be buried and nothing will be left of her, nor of that vain little thing in the red skirt beating the left-over seed out of the chaff with such subtle and graceful movements–they will bury her too, and that piebald horse will go very soon, he said to himself, noticing the creature's drooping belly and dilated nostrils. They will bury the horse, and they will bury Fyodor with his curly beard full of straw and his white shoulder showing through the rip in his blouse. And yet just see how diligently he is untying the sheaves and giving orders and scolding the women, and how deftly adjusting the belt on the wheel. But not only they–I too will be buried, and nothing will be left of me. What is the sense of it?

These were his thoughts, and at the same time he looked at his watch, calculating how much they threshed in an hour. On this depended the task he would set the peasants the next day.

Almost an hour and they've only begun the third stack, thought Levin, and he went over to Fyodor, who was feeding the sheaves into the drum; raising his voice above the din of the machine, he told him to feed it in slower:

"You're doing it too fast, Fyodor. See, it jams, and that holds it up. Take it easy!"

Fyodor, his sweating face smudged with dust, shouted something back in reply, but he went on working in the old way.

Levin went up to the machine, pushed him aside and began feeding the sheaves into it himself.

He worked with the peasants until dinner-time, which was not long, then left the threshing floor with Fyodor and stopped to talk to him beside stacked yellow rye waiting to be threshed.

Fyodor was from a distant village where Levin had in the past rented out his land to his cooperative association. Now he rented it to Kirillov, a former house-servant.

It was about this land Levin spoke to Fyodor, asking him if he did not think Platon, a rich and reliable peasant from that same village, would take it the following year.

"The rent's too high, Konstantin Dmitrich, Platon won't be able to make it pay," replied Fyodor as he pulled bits of straw off his wet chest.

"How is it Kirillov can?"

"Oh, Mitka (as he called Kirillov contemptuously), he'll get his money you may be sure! Squeezes it out of his workmen, he does. Got no pity for us Christians. Not like Uncle Fokanich" (as he called old man Platon). "Would he ever skin a man alive? Not he! Gives one man a loan, lets another off without paying. Never squeezes the last copper out of a person. He's human, he is."

"And why should be let a man off without paying?"

"Well, now, people's different, you see. One man lives just for his own wants–Mitka, for instance. He only thinks about stuffing his belly. But Uncle Fokanich–he's a righteous man. Lives for his soul's sake. Keeps God in mind".

"What do you mean, lives for his soul's sake, keeps God in mind?" Levin almost shouted.

"It's clear enough–lives the right way, the godly way. People's different, you see. Take you, now–you wouldn't wrong a man either."

"I see, I see, goodbye," murmured Levin, choking with excitement. Turning away abruptly he took his stick and set off rapidly for home. The peasant's statement that Uncle Fokanich lived the right way, the godly way, for his soul's sake, released a multitude of ideas that had been locked up, as it were, within him, and now swarmed towards a single target, blinding him with their light.

12

Levin walked with broad strides down the road, giving himself up less to his thoughts (he could hardly make

them out yet) than to a state of mind he had never known before.

The words spoken by the peasant had acted as an electric charge suddenly transforming and fusing the separate thoughts, ineffectual in disunion, that never ceased to occupy him. They had been occupying him unconsciously when he spoke to Fyodor about the land.

He felt that some new thing had entered his soul, and he took pleasure in examining this new thing, eager to discover what it was.

Doesn't live for his own wants but for God. And who might God be? And what could be more senseless than what he said? He said we ought not to live for our own wants–that is not for what we understand, what attracts us, what we desire–but we ought to live for something we don't understand, for God, whom nobody understands or can define. Well? And did I not understand Fyodor's senseless words? And, understanding, did I doubt their truth? Did I find them stupid, muddled, vague?

I did not. I understood them in precisely the same way he understood them. I understood them fully and more clearly than I understand anything else, and never in my life have I doubted them and I am incapable of doubting them. And not I alone, but everyone, everyone in the whole world understands them and they are the only thing nobody doubts and everyone agrees with.

Fyodor says that Kirillov, the house-servant, lives for his belly. That is clear and rational. All of us, as rational beings, cannot help living for our bellies. And then Fyodor says it is wrong to live for our bellies, that we ought to live for goodness, for God, and I instantly understand him! I and the millions who lived before me and the millions living now, peasants, the poor in spirit, as well as the wise men who have pondered these things and written about them in their inadequate language–all of us are agreed about this one thing: what is right, what we ought to live for. One thing alone is clear and certain and beyond

doubt for me and all people, and this one thing cannot be explained by our reason; it is beyond reason, it has no cause and can have no effect.

If goodness has its cause, it is not goodness; if it has effect–a reward–again it is not goodness. In other words, goodness is beyond the chain of cause and effect.

That I know and everyone else knows it.

And I was looking for a miracle, I was sorry that I had never seen a miracle so that I might be convinced. And here it is, the miracle, the only possible miracle, ever present, encompassing me on every hand, and I did not see it!

What greater miracle could there be than this?

Is it possible that I have found the solution of all my problems, that my sufferings have come to an end? thought Levin as he strode along the dusty highroad, oblivious of the heat and his weariness, feeling only the relief that comes with the end of suffering. It brought him such joy he could hardly believe it. His excitement made him short of breath and, unable to go on, he turned off the road into the woods and sat down on the unmown grass in the shade of an aspen tree. He took his hat off his damp head and stretched out on the lush woodland grass, propping himself up on his elbow.

I must be calm and think it over, he said to himself, gazing at the grass waving in front of him and following the movements of a green beetle climbing up a stem and stopping at an angelica leaf that blocked its way. From the very beginning, he said to himself, bending back the leaf to allow the beetle to pass and bending down another stem so that it could cross over onto it. Why am I so glad? What new thing have I discovered?

I used to say that in my body and in the bodies of that grass and that beetle (oh, so it didn't want to climb that other stem–spread its wings and flew away!) a transformation of matter is always taking place according to physical, chemical and physiological laws. And that everything–this aspen, those clouds, a whorl of mist–is in a constant state

of development. Developing from what? Into what? Eternal development and struggle? As if there could be direction and struggle in what is eternal! And I was surprised that, intently as I pursued this line of thought, it did not bring me to a revelation of the meaning of life, the meaning of my impulses and aspirations. And the meaning of my impulses is so clear that I live by it constantly, yet I was amazed and delighted when that peasant told me what it was: to live for God, for the soul.

I have not discovered anything. I have only recognized what I already knew. I have come to understand the force that not only gave me life in the past but is giving it to me now. I have been freed of delusions. I have recognized the master.

And he briefly went over in his mind the entire course of his thinking throughout the past two years, beginning with his vivid and inescapable perception of death while watching his beloved brother succumb to his illness.

It was then that he comprehended for the first time that nothing but suffering, death and eternal oblivion awaits all men, himself included, and he knew he could not go on living with such a conviction; he had either to find an explanation of life that did not reduce it to a demonic joke, or to shoot himself.

He did not, however, do the one or the other but went on living and thinking and feeling; he even got married in that time and had many joyous moments and was happy until he began thinking about the meaning of his life.

What did this prove? It proved that he lived rightly, and thought wrongly.

He lived (without knowing it) by the spiritual truths he had imbibed with his mother's milk, but in his thinking he not only refused to recognize these truths but steadfastly avoided them.

Now he saw plainly that it was only the faith in which he had been brought up that made life supportable for him. What would I have become, what sort of life would

I have lived if it had not been for that faith, if I had not known I must live for God and not for my own wants? I would have robbed, lied, killed. Nothing that constitutes the greatest happiness of my life would have existed for me.

And try as he might, he was incapable of conjuring up in his imagination a picture of the bestial creature he would have been if he had not known what he lived for.

I sought an answer to my question. But thought could not supply the answer–it is incommensurable with the question. Life itself provided the answer: my knowledge of right and wrong. I did not acquire this knowledge myself, it was given to me, as to everyone else; *given* because I had no means of acquiring it.

How did I get it? Was it by reasoning I came to know I must love my neighbour and not cut his throat? I was told this in childhood and I believed it gladly because it corresponded with what was already in my soul. Who discovered it? Not reason. Reason discovered the struggle for existence and the law that you must cut down anyone who stands in your way. That is the conclusion arrived at by reason. Reason could not have taught me to love my neighbour because that is not reasonable.

Yes–pride, he said to himself as he turned over on his stomach and began tying a knot in a blade of grass, trying not to tear it. Intellectual pride. And intellectual stupidity as well. And even worse–trickery, intellectual trickery. Skulduggery of the mind, he said to himself.

13

And Levin recalled a recent scene he had observed with Dolly and her children. Left alone, the children began cooking raspberries in their milk cups over the candles and pouring milk straight out of the pitcher into each other's mouths. Dolly caught them at it and in Levin's presence began lecturing them as to how much labour it had cost

their elders to make the things they were destroying, that this labour was expended for their sakes and that if they broke all the cups they would have nothing to drink out of, and if they spilt all the milk they would have nothing to eat and would die of starvation.

Levin was struck by the bored, indifferent scepticism with which the children listened to their mother. The only thing they minded was that their fun was stopped; they did not believe a word she said. And how could they believe it, when the number of things given them was so great that they could not believe the ones they destroyed were essential to them, were the things they lived by?

They just come of themselves, was what they thought. It's silly to make all this fuss over things that always have been and always will be. The same old things. They are no concern of ours, we get them ready-made. What we want is something new and different, and so we thought of this—cooking raspberries in our cups over candles and pouring milk straight into each other's mouths. That's new and it's fun, much better than drinking out of cups!

Is not that what we all do—what I did—when we try to reason our way to the meaning of natural forces and the significance of human life? he mused. And is it not what all systems of philosophy do when by strange and abstruse thinking, not natural to man, they only bring him to a knowledge of what he has known all along, and known so surely that he couldn't have lived without it? And cannot it be clearly seen from the way in which each philosopher develops his system that from the very outset he knows just as surely as peasant Fyodor (and not a bit more clearly) the true meaning of life, and only wants by a tortuous intellectual path to bring people back to what they already know?

And what if you let those same children make their cups themselves and milk the cows themselves and do everything themselves? Where will their pranks be then? They will die of starvation. And what if you set us loose

with our passions and our thoughts without any conception of the One God, the Creator? Without any understanding of right and wrong? Without any explanation of evil-doing?

What would we come to without such understanding?

We would only destroy things because we are used to having everything given us. Like the children.

How have I, along with the peasant, come by this joyful knowledge that alone can bring peace to the soul? Where has it come from?

Brought up in a knowledge of God, a Christian, nourished all my life on the spiritual blessings Christianity offers, imbued with and living by these blessings, I, like those children, destroy them without realizing what I am doing—destroy the things by which I live. But when crucial moments come in my life I, like the children when they are cold and hungry, turn to Him; but even less than the children, who are scolded for their mischief by their mother, do I feel that I am held responsible for my childish attempt to break crockery.

I know what I know not through my reason but because it has been given to me, has been revealed to me; my heart tells it to me and I believe in the main thing taught by the church.

The church? The church, repeated Levin to himself, turning over and leaning on his elbow to gaze across the river where a herd of cows was coming down to the water's edge.

But can I believe in everything the church teaches? he asked himself, putting himself to the test, calling to mind things that might disturb his present equanimity. He deliberately recalled the ecclesiastical teachings that had seemed most strange to him and had undermined his faith. The creation? But how did I explain existence? By existence? Didn't explain it at all? . . . Or the devil and sin? And how is sin to be explained? . . . The redeemer? . . .

No, I know nothing and cannot possibly know anything except that which is known to everyone.

And now it seemed to him that there was not a single teaching of the church that destroyed the main teaching: belief in God, in goodness, and the serving of them as man's sole purpose in life.

Behind the church's every teaching stood a belief in the necessity of doing what is right rather than what is expedient. And none of its teachings violated this, and each served to perpetuate the main thing, the constant miracle on this earth by which it was possible for every individual along with millions of other individuals of the most different sort–the wise and the foolish, the young and the old, along with everyone, with peasants, with Lvov, with Kitty, with Tsars, with paupers–to accept one and the same thing as incontestable, and to create that life of the spirit which alone is worth living, which alone is of value.

Now he was lying on his back and looking up into a cloudless sky.

Do I not know that that is infinite space and not a round dome? But try as I may, half-closing my eyes and straining all my powers, I see it only as something domed and finite, and for all my knowledge of infinite space, I am right in seeing a solid blue dome, more right than when I try to see beyond it.

Levin stopped thinking and began listening, as it were, to secret voices talking joyously and earnestly within him.

Can this be faith? he wondered, afraid to believe in such happiness. Dear God, I thank thee, he murmured, swallowing down the lump in his throat and brushing away his tears with both hands.

14

Levin turned his gaze to the herd ahead of him and presently saw his farm-cart drawn by Blacky and driven by his coachman approach the herd, where the coachman

exchanged a few words with the herdsman; a little later he heard the rattle of wheels coming towards him and the snorting of a happy horse, but he was so absorbed in his thoughts he did not ask himself why the coachman should be coming here.

He asked himself this only when the coachman was close by and called out to him.

"The mistress sent me. Your brother's come, sir, and a gentleman with him."

Levin got into the cart and took the reins.

As one awakened out of a dream, he could not take in his surroundings at once. He looked at his sleek horse, the sweat in a lather between its haunches and on its neck where the harness rubbed, he looked at coachman Ivan sitting next to him, he remembered that he had been expecting his brother and feared his wife must be anxious because of his long absence, and he tried to guess who the gentleman who had come with his brother could be. Now his brother, his wife, and the unknown guest presented themselves to him in a different light than they had done before. He supposed that now his relations with all people would be different.

There will no longer be that aloofness there has always been between my brother and me—we won't argue any more; and I will never quarrel with Kitty again; and I will be kind and cordial to this guest, whoever he may be; and I will be different with the servants—with Ivan, for instance.

Holding in the good horse that kept snorting with impatience, eager to be given the reins, Levin glanced at Ivan beside him, who was worried by his hands now that he had nothing to do with them and kept plucking at his shirt; Levin sought a pretext for talking to him, he thought of telling him he had pulled the saddle-girth too tight, but that was in the nature of a rebuke and he wanted to talk amiably to him. He could think of nothing else to say.

"You'd better pull to the right here, sir, there's that stump," said the coachman, touching the reins.

"Don't touch them and don't teach me!" said Levin, angered by the coachman's interference. That was a weakness of his, that he could never endure interference, but this time he sorrowfully recognized his error in supposing that his new spiritual state would instantly change his response to petty irritations.

When they were almost home, Levin saw Grisha and Tanya running to meet them.

"Uncle Kostya! Mamma's coming, and grandfather, and Sergei Ivanich, and another man," they said as they climbed up into the cart.

"Who is the other man?"

"Awfully funny. Keeps doing this with his hands", and Tanya interrupted her climbing to mimic Katavasov's habitual gesture.

"Is he old or young?" asked Levin, laughing. Tanya's mimicry reminded him of someone.

If only the visitor is not someone I dislike, he thought.

On turning a corner he saw some people coming towards them and he immediately recognized Katavasov in a straw hat, swinging his arms in the very way Tanya had done.

Katavasov was fond of discussing philosophy, getting his ideas from men in the natural sciences, who never go thoroughly into philosophy. On Levin's last visit to Moscow he had many an argument with him.

One of these arguments–one which Katavasov was convinced he had won–was the first thing that came to Levin's mind when he recognized him.

No, no, I will not argue with him and foolishly expound my ideas–not for the world! Levin promised himself.

When he had got out of the cart and welcomed his brother and Katavasov, Levin asked for his wife.

"She took Mitya to Kolok Grove." (Kolok Grove was not far from the house.) "She thought he would be more comfortable there, it's so hot in the house," said Dolly.

Levin had always urged his wife not to take the baby to the grove, fearing it was unsafe, and so he was piqued by this news.

"She keeps toting him from one place to another," smiled the old prince. "I suggested she should put him in the ice-house".

"She was going out to see the bees. She thought you were there. That is where we are going now," said Dolly.

"Well, and what are you doing with yourself nowadays?" asked Koznishev, dropping behind to be with his brother.

"Oh, nothing in particular. Busy with my farming as usual," replied Levin. "Have you come for long? We've been looking forward to this visit for such a long time."

"About a fortnight. I've so much to do in Moscow, you know."

As he said this the brothers' eyes met and despite Levin's constant wish, now stronger than ever, to be on friendly terms with his brother and, above all, to feel unconstrained with him, the old awkwardness asserted itself. He dropped his eyes, not knowing what to say.

He went over in his mind topics that would be of interest to Koznishev and yet would circumvent talk about the Serbian War and the Slavic question, matters Koznishev had hinted at in referring to his Moscow activities. Levin's choice fell on Koznishev's book.

"Have any reviews of your book appeared?" he asked.

Koznishev smiled at the baldness of the question.

"No one thinks of that now, I least of all," he said. "Look, Daria Alexandrovna, it's going to rain," he added, pointing with his umbrella at some white clouds that had appeared above the tops of the aspens.

No sooner were the words spoken than the relationship not of hostility but of aloofness, which Levin had been so anxious to avoid, stood between the brothers.

Levin went to Katavasov.

"I'm awfully glad you've come," he said to him.

"I've been meaning to ever so long. Now we shall have plenty of talk, take a look at each other's ideas. Have you read Spencer?"

"Not to the end," said Levin. "I have no need of him now."

"What's that? Very interesting. Why not?"

"I've become firmly convinced that he and his like cannot supply answers to the questions I am interested in. Now I—"

Suddenly he was struck by the serene and rather amused look on Katavasov's face, and he was so sorry to have spoiled his happy mood by beginning this conversation in violation of his resolution that he broke it off.

"Oh, well, we shall talk of it later," he said. "If it's to the bees we are going, then this way, along this path," he said, addressing everyone.

They went down a narrow path until they came to an unmown open space bound on one side by a thick growth of cow-wheat interspersed with high dark-green hellebore bushes, and there Levin placed his guests in the shade of young aspens, on benches and logs put there to accommodate visitors who were afraid of the bees, and he himself went down a side-path to bring the visitors fresh cucumbers and honey and loaves of bread.

Trying to avoid abrupt movements, listening to the bees that zoomed past him in increasing numbers as he advanced, he came to a log hut. At the entrance a bee got entangled in his beard and buzzed menacingly; he cautiously released it. Inside, he took his net off the hook and put it over his head and thrust his hands in his pockets, then went out into the fenced-off apiary where in the middle of a mown quadrangle stood even rows of

old hives, each tied to posts with bast thongs, each familiar to him, each with its own history, whereas the young hives, set up only this year, stood in a row along the wattle fence. At the opening of each hive a twinkling swarm of bees and drones circled and played and hovered in one spot, while out from among them darted the worker bees following a single course–to the flowering linden trees in the wood, and back again–going for and bringing back their gleanings.

There was no end to the multitudinous sounds coming from the hives–the zoom of the worker bees off on their task, the trumpeting of the idle drones, the anxious hum of the sentinel bees guarding their wealth from the enemy, ready to sting the first trespasser. On the other side of the fence the old bee-keeper was whittling a hoop and did not see Levin. Without calling to him, Levin stood quietly among the hives.

He was glad to be alone, to withdraw from his surroundings, which had so quickly succeeded in deflating his spirits.

He recalled that he had already been cross with Ivan, shown coldness to his brother and talked foolishly with Katavasov.

Can it have been but a passing mood, gone without leaving a trace? he wondered.

But at that very moment the mood came back, and he realized with joy that something new and important had happened to him. Reality had temporarily clouded his spiritual peace, but it remained whole within him.

Just as the bees swarming around him, threatening and distracting him, deprived him of physical peace, so the worldly cares that had assailed him the instant he had taken his seat in the cart deprived him of spiritual peace; but this lasted only so long as he was among those worldly cares. Despite the bees, his physical strength remained intact within him; and just as intact within him remained his newly-found spiritual strength.

15

"Do you know with whom Sergei Ivanich came here in the train, Kostya?" asked Dolly as she doled out honey and cucumbers to the children. "With Vronsky. He's on his way to Serbia."

"And not alone. Taking a whole company of cavalry with him," put in Katavasov.

"Very good of him," said Levin. "You mean to say volunteers are still going?" he asked, turning to Koznishev.

Without replying, Koznishev carefully plied a blunt knife to extract a bee, still alive, that had got stuck in a piece of honeycomb at the bottom of his cup.

"Aren't they, just! You should have seen what went on at the station yesterday," said Katavasov as he munched a cucumber.

"How is one to understand it? Upon my word, I don't know where all these volunteers are going and who they are fighting; explain it to me, Sergei Ivanich," said the old prince, evidently picking up a conversation dropped when Levin arrived.

"The Turks," replied Koznishev with a serene smile as he pulled out the bee, dark with honey and wriggling its legs helplessly; he transferred it from the knife to a stiff aspen leaf.

"And who, pray, has declared war on the Turks? Ivan Ivanich Ragozov and Countess Lydia Ivanovna, together with Madame Stahl?"

"No one has declared war, but people's sympathies have been aroused by their brothers' sufferings and they want to help them," said Koznishev.

"It was not of help the prince spoke, but of war," said Levin, in support of his father-in-law. "The prince maintains that private individuals have no right to take part in a war without the government's permission."

"Look, Kostya! A bee! Will it sting us?" asked Dolly, waving away a wasp.

"Not a bee, a wasp," said Levin.

"Come, come, let's have your theory," Katavasov urged Levin with a smile, challenging him to an argument. "Why, pray, should not private individuals have a right?"

"This is my theory: war, on the one hand, is such a cruel, brutal and fearful business that not a single person, to say nothing of a Christian, would take upon himself the responsibility of beginning a war; only a government would do it, that being what governments are for and what they are forced to do. On the other hand, theoretically and as mere common sense, private citizens must renounce their own wishes in governmental matters, especially in the matter of waging war."

Katavasov and Koznishev offered ready answers at one and the same time.

"Ah, but that's the whole thing, my boy, that there may be occasions when the government does not carry out the will of the people, and then the people declare what they want."

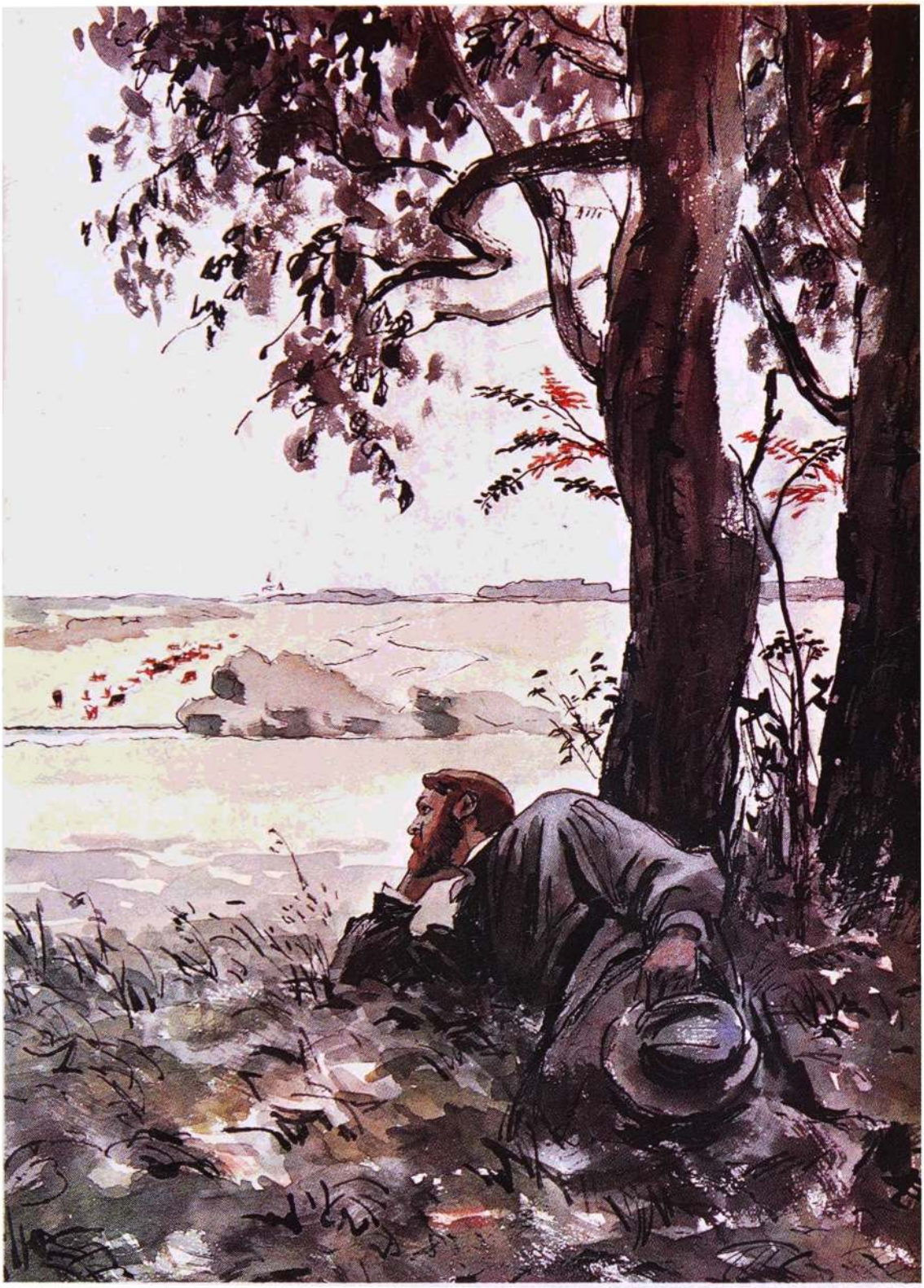
Koznishev appeared to disapprove of this argument, for he frowned and offered his own:

"You are mistaken in putting the question in this way. It is not a question of declaring war at all, but simply of expressing human, Christian feelings. Our brothers—blood brothers and brothers in the faith—are being massacred. Even if they were not our brothers, but just women, children and old people, we Russians would be indignant and rush to their rescue. Supposing you were walking down the street and saw a drunkard beating a woman or a child; I don't think you would stop to ask whether war had been declared, you would fling yourself on him to defend the helpless victim."

"But I wouldn't kill him," said Levin.

"Oh, yes, you would."

"I can't say. If I saw such a thing I would obey a spontaneous impulse; I cannot say in advance what I would



do. But there is not and cannot be any spontaneous impulse in respect to the oppressed Slavs."

"You may not experience it but others do," said Koznishev with an involuntary frown. "Legends about the sufferings of Slavs of the true faith under the yoke of the 'unrighteous sons of Hagar' are still alive. Our people have heard of their brothers' sufferings and have expressed their will."

"Perhaps," said Levin evasively. "But I haven't seen it; I myself am part of the people, and I don't feel it."

"Nor do I," put in the prince. "While I was abroad I read the papers and I must own that even before the Bulgarian atrocities I could not understand why the Russians should suddenly have such an upsurge of love for their brother Slavs. I had no such feeling. I was quite distressed, decided I must be a freak or that Carlsbad had done something to me. But I felt reassured when I got home and saw I was not the only one whose interests were restricted to Russia and did not include their brother Slavs. Konstantin, for instance."

"Individual opinions mean nothing," said Koznishev. "Who cares about individual opinions when the whole of Russia, the entire people, have expressed their will?"

"I beg your pardon, but I am not aware of any such thing. The people know nothing and don't want to know anything," said the prince.

"Oh, papa, that is not so. What about Sunday, in church?" said Dolly. "Do hand me that towel," she said to the old prince, who was smiling at the children. "It cannot be that nobody—"

"Well, what about Sunday in church? The priest had instructions to read the message and he did so. They understood nothing; only drew deep sighs as they always do during a sermon," went on the old prince. "Then they were told the church was taking up a collection for a soul-saving purpose, and they drew their kopeks out of their

pockets and dropped them on the plate. I swear they didn't know what they did it for."

"The people cannot but know; deep within the people is a consciousness of their destiny, and at moments like this it asserts itself," declared Koznishev, turning to look at the old bee-keeper.

The handsome old man with an iron-grey beard and thick white hair was standing motionless with a jug of honey in his hand, gazing calmly and mildly at these gentlemen from the vantage-point of his great height, and it was clear that he did not understand what they were saying and did not care to understand.

"Exactly so, sir," he said in response to Koznishev's look, wagging his head importantly.

"Ask him. He doesn't know and doesn't give a fig," said Levin. "Have you heard about the war, Mikhailich?" he asked him. "Did you hear what they read out in church? What do you think? Ought we to fight for our fellow-Christians?"

"Who am I to think? Emperor Alexander Nikolayevich, it's him as does our thinking for us; it's him will take care of all these things. He sees them better than we do. Shall I bring another loaf? Will the boy have some more?" he asked Dolly, nodding towards Grisha, who was finishing up his piece.

"I have no need of asking," said Koznishev. "We have seen, and are still seeing, hundreds and hundreds of people leaving everything to serve the good cause, coming from every corner of Russia, stating their aims and motives in no uncertain language. They come bringing their kopeks and volunteering their services and saying plainly why they are doing it. What does this show?"

"It shows, to my mind," said Levin with some heat, "that out of eighty million people there are always not hundreds, as now, but tens of thousands who are ready to set off on some adventure–join Pugachev's band, or go to Khiva, or

Serbia–because they have lost social status, or just for the daredevilry of it."

"Not hundreds, I tell you, and not daredevils, but the finest representatives of the Russian people!" retorted Koznishev so vehemently that he might have been defending his last kopek. "And the donations? Here, certainly, we find the entire people expressing their will."

"The word *people* is so vague," said Levin. "The local scribe and teacher and one peasant out of a thousand may understand what it is all about. The rest of the eighty millions, like Mikhailich, not only do not express their will but do not have the least notion of what they ought to express their will about. So what right have we to say it is the will of the people?"

16

Experienced polemist that he was, Koznishev switched the subject to other ground:

"Oh, of course, if you resort to arithmetic to understand the soul of the people, you will find yourself in difficulty. The practice of voting has not been and never can be adopted by us because it does not reflect the people's will; but there are other means of divining it. It is felt in the air, it is felt by the human heart, to say nothing of those undercurrents that have been set in motion in the vast sea of the people and are clearly detected by any but a prejudiced eye. Look at society in its narrow sense. All sorts of factions in the intellectual world, bitterly opposed until now, have got together; all differences have been forgotten, all public organs say the same thing, all are conscious of an elementary force that has swept them up and is carrying them in a single direction."

"Yes, the papers all say the same thing, that's true," remarked the prince. "So much the same that they are like frogs croaking before a storm. Can't hear anything else for their croaking."

"Frogs or no frogs–I do not own a paper and have no wish to defend them; what I am saying is that the intellectuals are of one mind," said Koznishev, turning to his brother.

Levin was about to answer, but the old prince spoke first.

"As for that one mind, it can be viewed from another angle," he said. "Take my son-in-law, Stepan Arkadich–you know him. He has been appointed secretary of some committee or other–can't remember the name. I only know there is nothing for him to do there–why, Dolly, that is no secret!–and with a salary of eight thousand rubles! Well, if you ask him if his job is important he will prove to you it is the most important job in the world. And he is an honest man; but how can one doubt the importance of eight thousand rubles?"

"Oh, yes, he asked me to tell you he had received the appointment, Daria Alexandrovna," said Koznishev with a pained look, feeling that the prince's remark was in bad taste.

"So it is with the one mind of our newspapers. I've had it explained to me: a war doubles their profits. How can they help believing that the fate of the people . . . that our dear brother Slavs . . . and all that?"

"I disapprove of many of our papers, but you are being unjust," said Koznishev.

"If I had my way, there is one condition I would lay down," continued the prince. "Alphonse Karr put it very well in something he wrote just before the war with Prussia. 'You think we ought to go to war? Good. But see to it that all those who preach war be put in a special storm legion to lead the attack.' "

"A nice showing our editors would make!" guffawed Katavasov, seeing in his mind's eye the editors of his acquaintance in that select legion.

"They would run away," said Dolly. "They would only make mischief."

"If they try to run away–a volley from behind, or mounted Cossacks with whips," said the prince.

"If that is meant to be a joke, I find it a bad one, Prince," said Koznishev.

"I don't find it a joke at all; I think–" began Levin, but Koznishev cut him off.

"Every member of society is called upon to do what he can do best," he said. "And thinking people are only performing their duty when they give expression to public opinion. The full expression of public opinion is the contribution being made by the press, and we welcome it. Twenty years ago we would have remained silent, but now we hear the voice of the Russian people, who are ready to rise as one man and lay down their lives for their oppressed brothers; that is a great step forward and a foretaste of our strength."

"Not only to lay down their lives, but to kill Turks," put in Levin gently. "The people are willing to sacrifice themselves and always will be ready to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their souls, but not for murder," he added, unconsciously connecting this conversation with his recent reflections.

"For their souls? That, sir, is a concept hard for a scientifically-minded man to understand. Just what is the soul?" asked Katavasov with a smile.

"You know what it is."

"Upon my word I have not the slightest conception!" said Katavasov, laughing again.

" 'I bring not peace but a sword,' said Christ," Koznishev quoted blandly, as if this verse from the Gospels, which had always been a stumbling-block for Levin, was the simplest thing in the world to understand.

"Exactly so, sir," said the old bee-keeper in response to a glance that chanced to fall upon him.

"Worsted, worsted! completely worsted" cried out Katavasov gaily.

Levin reddened with vexation, not because he had been

worsted in the argument but because he had broken his resolution not to argue.

I must not argue with them, he said to himself. They are in armour, I am naked.

He saw it was impossible to convince Katavasov or his brother and even more impossible to agree with them. The things they advocated were inspired by the intellectual pride that had almost spelled his doom. He could not agree that dozens of people, including his brother, had a right to assert, on the basis of what they were told by glib-tongued volunteers passing through the capital, that they and the newspapers were expressing the will of the people, which was to take aim and fire to kill. He could not accept this because he had not found it to be the will of the people among whom he lived, and he did not find it to be his own will (and he saw himself as but one of the individuals comprising the Russian people); but the main reason why he could not accept it was because neither he nor the people as a whole knew or could possibly know what was best for them in the long run, but he knew without doubt that they could attain what was best for them only by strictly obeying the law of right and wrong which was revealed to every person, and for that reason they could not possibly want war or advocate war for the sake of some incomprehensible cause. His attitude was that of the old bee-keeper and the people as a whole, expressed most aptly in the legend of the invitation to the Varangians: "Be our princes and rule over us. Gladly do we promise submission. All the labour, all the humiliation, all the sacrifice we take upon ourselves; but we will neither pass judgement nor make decisions." And now the people, according to Koznishev, had renounced this right, bought at such a price.

He would have liked to ask why, if they so revered public opinion, did they not consider revolution and the Commune just as legitimate as the movement to aid the Slavs? But he knew no arguments could move them. One

thing was clear—at the present moment Koznishev was irritated by the argument, and so it was wrong to argue. And Levin stopped arguing and called his guests' attention to the gathering clouds and suggested that they should go home before it began to rain.

17

The old prince and Koznishev got into the cart and rode off; the rest of the party walked home at a quick pace.

But the clouds, now light, now dark, advanced so rapidly that they had to walk even faster if they hoped to reach home before the rain. The nearest clouds, black as smoke and soot, were flying ahead with extraordinary speed. The house was still some two hundred paces away when the wind rose and the storm threatened to break any moment.

The children ran ahead with frightened and delighted screams. Dolly, struggling with the skirts that furled round her legs, broke into a run too without taking her eyes off the children. The men strode along briskly, holding their hats. Just as they reached the steps of the veranda the first big drop struck and was shattered on the tin waterspout. The children with the grownups at their heels rushed under the shelter of the roof with much merriment.

"Ekaterina Alexandrovna?" Levin asked Agafia Mikhailovna, who met them at the door with coats and shawls.

"We thought she was with you," she said.

"And Mitya?"

"They must be in Kolok Grove, and the nurse with them."

Levin snatched some shawls and ran for the woods.

In a short time the clouds had covered the sun with their densest mass, so that it was as dark as during an eclipse. The wind pushed Levin back with stubborn insistence, tore flowers and leaves off the linden trees, bared and dis-

torted the boughs of the birches and bent everything in one direction—grass, flowers, weeds, acacias, and the crowns of the trees. The girls who had been working in the garden ran squealing to the servants' quarters. A bright curtain of rain blotted out the far woods and half of the near fields and was swiftly moving towards Kolok Grove. The air was laden with the damp of shattered raindrops.

Head down, fighting the wind that tore at his clothes, Levin had almost reached Kolok Grove and had already caught sight of a dim whiteness behind a big oak tree when a sudden flash set the world ablaze and a crash split open the sky. With dazzled eyes Levin strained into the thick curtain of rain cutting him off from the grove, and to his horror saw a singular change in the crown of the oak that stood in the middle of it. Can it have been struck? Scarcely had this thought crossed his mind when he saw the top falling faster and faster until it disappeared behind other trees and he heard the smash of a big tree falling on other trees.

The flash of lightning, the blast of thunder and a feeling of cold in the bottom of Levin's stomach merged into a single sensation of horror.

"My God! My God! Only not on them!" he prayed.

And though he knew it was absurd to plead that they should not be killed by an oak that had fallen already, he repeated his plea, knowing he could do nothing better than murmur this absurd prayer.

He ran to the spot where they were usually to be found but they were not there.

They were at the other end of the grove, under an old linden, and they called to him. Two figures in dark frocks (they had been light ones) stood with their bodies curved over some object. They were Kitty and the nurse. By the time Levin reached them the rain had stopped and it was growing lighter. The bottom of the nurse's skirt was dry but Kitty was soaked through and through and her clothes clung to her. They were still standing in the position they

had taken when the storm broke, even though the rain had stopped. Both of them were bent over a pram with a green sunshade.

"Alive? Unhurt? God be praised!" he cried as he splashed through the puddles in his water-logged boots.

Kitty turned a wet flushed face to him and smiled shyly from under her sodden hat.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself? I don't know how you can be so reckless!" he burst out.

"Truly I am not to blame. We were just about to go home when he woke up and I had to change him. We were only–" began Kitty in self-defence.

Mitya was whole, dry, and had slept through the storm.

"Well, thank God. I hardly know what I'm saying."

They gathered up the wet diapers; the nurse picked up the baby and carried him home. Levin, ashamed of his outburst, walked beside his wife and squeezed her hand when the nurse was not looking.

18

For the rest of the day Levin took part in the conversation around him with only the "outside" of his mind. Disappointed though he was that the expected change in his character had not taken place, he was constantly aware of the joy in his heart.

After the rain it was too wet to go walking, and besides, the storm clouds still lingered on the horizon, lowering and rumbling at the rim of the sky. And so everyone stayed home.

There were no more arguments; on the contrary, everyone was in high spirits after dinner.

First Katavasov entertained the ladies with a jocularity that charmed everyone who met him for the first time. At Koznishev's suggestion he related his interesting observations of common house flies, their way of life, differences in character and even in the faces of males and fe-

males. Koznishev was also feeling gay and on Levin's request told them his views on the Eastern Question, and did it so well and so simply that everyone listened with pleasure.

Kitty could not stay to hear him. She was called to give Mitya his bath.

She had been gone only a few minutes when Levin, too, was summoned to the nursery.

He was sorry to leave his tea and the interesting conversation, but he was also anxious to know why he should have been summoned, for this occurred only on rare occasions.

Interested as he was in hearing the rest of Koznishev's exposition of how the emancipated forty million Slavs together with the Russians were to introduce a new historical epoch, and anxious as he was to know why he was being summoned to the nursery, no sooner did he find himself alone than his thoughts of the morning came back to him. And all Koznishev's weighty postulates as to the significance of the Slavic element in world history appeared to him so insignificant in comparison with what had taken place in his soul that he instantly forgot all about them and was transported to the mood of the morning.

This time he did not go over in his mind the entire train of thought; it was not necessary now. He was immediately caught up by the feeling that guided him and that was connected with his thinking, and he discovered that the feeling was stronger and more definite now than before. Formerly, when he searched his mind for consolation, he had to retrace the path of his reasoning step by step in order to arrive at feeling. Now, on the contrary, the feeling of joy and peace was stronger than before and his thoughts could not catch up with his feeling.

He crossed the veranda and saw two stars that had just come out in the dark sky. Yes, he recalled, it was when I was watching the sky that I told myself the dome was not really an illusion; but I did not carry the thought through,

I hid something from myself. Well, whatever it was, it cannot change anything. I have but to reflect, and everything is clear.

As he was about to enter the nursery he remembered what it was he had hidden from himself. It was that if the main proof of the Godhead is the revelation of the difference between right and wrong, then why should this revelation be the monopoly of the Christian Church? What was the relationship of, say, Buddhists and Mohammedans to this revelation? They, too, taught this difference and strove to do good.

He believed he had an answer to this question, but before he had time to tell himself what it was he found himself in the nursery.

Kitty was standing with her sleeves rolled up beside the tub in which the baby was being bathed; on hearing her husband's steps she turned and beckoned to him with a smile. With one hand she was supporting the head of the chubby little bather floating on his back and kicking his heels, with the other she was regularly squeezing water over him out of a sponge.

"Look, look," she said as her husband came towards her. "Agafia Mikhailovna was right. He does recognize us."

Mitya had indubitably begun on that very day to recognize those about him.

As soon as Levin reached the tub he became witness of an experiment, and a highly successful one. The cook, who had been called for that purpose, leaned over the baby. Mitya frowned and shook his head. Kitty leaned over him; his face lighted in a smile, he seized the sponge in both hands and pursed his lips to produce a sound that threw not only Kitty but the nurse and even Levin into raptures.

The child was lifted out of the tub, water was poured over him from a jug, he was wrapped in a towel, dried, and given to his mother, all of this accompanied by his piercing shrieks.

"Well, I'm glad you've begun to love him," Kitty said to her husband when she was settled in her usual place with the child at her breast. "I'm awfully glad. I was beginning to be alarmed. You said you felt nothing at all for him."

"Surely I couldn't have said that. I only said I was disappointed."

"In him?"

"In my feeling for him. I had expected more. I had expected a wonderful new feeling to unfold within me, like a surprise. And instead—only pity and repugnance."

She listened to him attentively over the baby's head as she put her rings back on her slender fingers.

"The pity and the fear far outweighed any pleasure. But today, when I was so frightened by the storm, I realized how much I loved him."

Kitty gave a radiant smile.

"Were you terribly frightened?" she asked. "I was, too, but it seems even more frightening to me now when I remember it. I shall go back and have a look at the oak. How charming Katavasov is! And on the whole the day has been delightful. You can be very nice to Sergei Ivanich when you want to be. Well, go back to them now. After the bath it is always so hot here, and steamy."

19

The minute he was alone outside the nursery he returned to the thought that was not clear to him.

Instead of going directly to the drawing-room, from which the sound of voices was carried to him, he stopped on the veranda, leaning on the balustrade and looking up at the sky.

It was quite dark now and in the south, which he was facing, there were no clouds. The clouds were in the opposite side of the sky. From there came flashes of light-

ning and the growl of thunder. Levin listened to the drops falling regularly from the linden trees in the garden and gazed at the familiar triangle of stars with the Milky Way passing through them. Every flash of lightning obliterated the Milky Way and the bright stars as well, but no sooner did the lightning fade than they appeared again in exactly the same places, as if tossed back by a sure hand.

Let's see, what was it that troubled me? Levin asked himself, certain that an answer to his question was ready in his soul even though he did not yet know what it was.

Yes, the one obvious and indubitable manifestation of the Godhead is the law of right and wrong, which is given to the world by revelation and which I recognize in myself, thereby not so much binding myself to others as being bound to them whether I wish to be or not in a fellowship of believers called the church. And what of the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Confucians, the Buddhists? What about them? He found himself confronted by the very question he had thought perilous. Can it be that these hundreds of millions of people are deprived of that blessing without which life has no meaning? He considered this a moment. But what am I asking myself? he went on. I am asking myself about the relationship to the Godhead of all faiths of all lands, many of which are but shadowy conceptions to me. I am asking myself about the manifestation of God to the whole of humanity. Why should I?

There can be no doubt but that to me personally, to my heart, has been revealed knowledge inaccessible to reason, and yet I stubbornly try to put this knowledge into words and subordinate it to reason.

Do I not know that the stars are motionless? he asked himself, looking up at a bright star that had moved to the top branch of a birch tree. But when I watch the stars moving in the firmament it is hard for me to imagine the rotating of the earth, and so I tell myself the stars are moving.

And could the astronomers comprehend anything or make their calculations if they took into account all the varied and complicated movements of the earth? All their amazing deductions as to the distance, weight, movements and deviations of heavenly bodies are based solely on their observation of the movement of the spheres round the motionless earth, on that same movement which I am watching now and which has been seen by millions of people in the course of the ages, and which has been and always will be the same and can be trusted. And as the deductions of the astronomers would be idle and suspect if they were not founded on observations of the visible sky in relation to a definite meridian and point in the horizon, just so would my deductions be idle and suspect if I did not base them on the understanding of right and wrong that always has been and always will be the same for all men, which was revealed to me through Christianity, and which my soul can trust. As to other faiths and their relationship to the Godhead, I have neither the right nor the possibility to judge of them.

"What? You haven't gone in?" Kitty asked him suddenly, stopping beside him on her way to the drawing-room. "Nothing is troubling you, is it?" she asked, anxiously studying his face by the light of the stars.

She would not have seen it clearly if a flash of lightning had not put out the stars and lighted his countenance at that moment. She had time to assure herself that he was perfectly calm and happy, and she smiled.

She understands, he said to himself. She knows what I am thinking of. Shall I tell her or not? Yes, I will tell her. But just when he was about to do so she spoke.

"Kostya, dear, be so good as to go into the corner room and see if it has been made ready for Sergei Ivanich," she said. "I don't like to go myself. See if they have brought the new wash-basin."

"Of course, I will go at once," said Levin, straightening up and kissing her.

No, I will not tell her, he thought as she went out ahead of him. It is a secret of vital importance to me alone, and it cannot be put into words.

This new feeling has not made a new, enlightened, enraptured man of me as I had hoped, any more than did my love for my son. It, too, did not burst upon me as a glad surprise. Is it faith? Perhaps. I cannot say. But it has come to me imperceptibly and through suffering and has rooted itself firmly in my soul.

I will still lose my temper with Ivan the coachman, and still argue and foolishly tell my thoughts, and there will still be a wall between the holy-of-holies of my soul and other people, even my wife, and I will still become vexed with her for causing me alarm and will repent of it, and I will still fail to understand with my mind why I pray and yet I will go on praying. But now my life, the whole of my life irrespective of what becomes of me, every minute of it, will no longer be empty of meaning as it was before, but will have the incontestable meaning of the good, which I myself have the power of imparting to it.

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